







V. MORELLO
(Rastignac)

PEACELESS ADRIATIC

English version by
PIETRO SANTAMARIA



Publishers ALFIERI & LACROLX - Milan
ROME (II) Via Zanardelli, 7



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To the Heroes of the Adriatic.

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The last year of the European war will be registered in History — when History is written with the object of serving Truth, and Truth only, — when it is written merely to pander to the undisciplined cravings of our Allies — as the history of the Italian Navy. It can truly be asserted that never before have the hearts and the minds of our seamen, closely welded together, constituted a more nobly-tempered weapon; a weapon of more rapid and sure action; a very weapon of precision intended to attain military victories as well as moral victories; than during the year which wafted on Illyrian winds, from Durazzo to Buccari, the names of the heroes who, in Trieste Harbour, in that of Pola (which was several times violated), and at Premuda, struck the finishing blow to the naval power of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Deeds of the greatest daring were carried out in the deepest silence; the greatest results were obtained by means of the most unforeseen combats. A handful of men, as

many as could be contained in an almost invisible boat were enough to reduce destinies in subjection to their power. On moonless nights these men, led by an infallible eyesight, sustained by an inflexible will, becoming disembodied ghosts, mere shadows, mere images, were able to pass through mazes sown with mines, break through barriers of steel and carry with them confusion and death into the deep lairs where the monsters of the enemy fleet lay hidden; and one of their number, Luigi Rizzo, the David of the Adriatic, at last, on a May dawn, in the open sea under the wondering skies, and like a hero of the legends of old, threw with his sling the deadly missiles and felled the monsters which had incautiously emerged from their dark lairs with the intent of blasting out Italy's sea defences. For they were Boroevic's vanguards, the vanguards of the chief who was at that moment preparing to fulminate Italy from the uplands and on the Piave. Truly a marvellous historical basis for the poetry of centuries to come. At that moment, the cause of the Entente seemed as good as lost. The English armies were already with their back to their sea. Ludendorf's guns were pointed on Paris, which, in apprehension of the imminent invasion, had already removed her Penates to Avignon. The souls of the people of England and France were cast down in trepidation and anxiety, as had been those of the Christians on the eve of the year One Thousand. The Italian victory at Premuda at one stroke,

cleared the horizon of the terror which darkened it and completely changed the course of events. The naval power of Austria-Hungary once overthrown, and Lissa avenged, Italy forthwith proceeded to beat down the Dual Empire's military power also, on the Piave; thus reducing by one half the strength of Germany; the half represented by the forces of her faithful Ally: so that the Entente, after four years of a struggle which seemed desperate, could finally overcome her formidable foe as never before she could hope to do, until Italy had overthrown Austria-Hungary on land and sea.

Yet, Italy's victory was her crime.

That which was immediately acknowledged by the Generals and the Statesmen of the Central Empires: by Boroëvic and Ludendorf, by Czernin and Brockdorff-Rantzau, namely, that Italy's victory had determined their defeat, neither France nor England by means of the preordained propaganda of their Governments, nor America (indeed the Americans arrived here too late to examine and judge affairs in a direct manner, disinterestedly, with their minds clear of prejudice and their soul clear of jealousies), neither France nor England, I say, would ever admit or acknowledge. They did their utmost, on the contrary, to underrate our victories and to lessen the importance which they bore on the results of the war. The suppression or the mutilation of our War Bulletins, including the historic one issued by Ge-

neral Diaz on the 21st. of October 1918, clearly show the tendency which was followed by the Allies during the armistice and became further accentuated at the Peace Congress.

How has it been possible that two great Powers, which wish to be considered amongst the most civilized and most liberal minded in the world, have thought fit to pursue, immediately after Germany's defeat, the same conduct towards Italy, their Ally, as the small Balkan nations pursued, towards one another, after Turkey's first defeat?

The writings on the subject of our policy and of the policy of the Allies, which I have collected in this volume and which first came to light during the war, and precisely from the day of the fall of Mount Lowcen, will, I trust, illustrate the reasons and the causes of the Allies' conduct towards us; reasons and causes which I have culled in the heat of the daily conflicts.

During the war, France and England remained firm in their old traditional mentality, which was made up of diffidence and hostility towards Italy; and Italy remained firm in her old, traditional prudery and pusillanimity in the face of the Allies, as, in the past she had remained in the face of her peace Allies; for, mental cowardice is the predominant characteristic of Italian Statesmen.

Besides, the war was felt and considered, by the Powers of the former Entente merely as an isolated episode, at the termination of which each of them would resume her old relations with

Austria, more or less defeated and reduced in power, with Greece, with Serbia or with Yugoslavia in order to continue the raising of obstacles against the expansion of Italy — Italy the intruder, Italy the troublesome — in the eastern Mediterranean, as well as to prevent her from penetrating into the Balkan Peninsula and into Asia. And Italy, on her side, did not possess the necessary moral force to unhinge the mentality of those two Powers; and, beyond the usual generalities, so full of hypocrisy and so devoid of essence, about the brotherhood of the peoples united for the glory of Democracy, oblige them to consider the war under the aspect of a real and true revolution of minds and interests in international relations. In any case, she did not find the elementary audacity nor the elementary sagacity to prevent, by means of special actions of warfare undertaken of her own accord, the by no means occult designs of her Allies; and to act in a way as to cause apprehension by those actions; or, at all events, to place her Allies in the presence of accomplished facts on the day of reckoning. Whence it has happened that no sooner were arms laid down than she found herself at the Paris Congress with clean but empty hands, by the side of her war Allies, which, the war once ended, have not considered themselves any longer as Allies, and have taken no further trouble to recognize or to guarantee the Treaties concluded during the war. Which one of the two, the representative of Great

Britain, or the representative of France has been the most forgetful - let us call him so - at the Paris Congress? We will not waste time in seeking to discover to whom the lead in the race belongs. Both one and the other have acted in conformity with their respective individual and national character: Lloyd George has acted with the serene nonchalance of the trader who, having already done his stroke of business, endeavours to reap all the profit for himself, and to leave to his partner, if anything, the remembrance of the honour reaped in the effort made in collaboration. Clemenceau has acted with frisky Gallic insolence which, according to Macchiavelli, in days of good fortune does not acknowledge the benefits received and the help solicited in times of ill-fortune. The less wise of the two, Clemenceau, with so much French glory around him, was wrong in attempting to humble the glory of Italy, which is, like that of his own country, made up of tears and of blood. He, having in his hands the future of a country like France, which is exposed to all perils, and in need of all possible help, ought not to have alienated for ever the soul of the Italian people, that soul which was entirely his!

In any case, both Lloyd George and Clemenceau, with the object of diverting, for their own particular ends, Mr. Wilson's sight from the rents which they were tearing in his Fourteen Points, gave him a free hand against innocent and ill-defended Italy; so that, in company with the Yu-

goslavs and the American bankers who are subsidizing Yugoslavia, he might amuse himself by composing on Istria and Dalmatia his games of puzzles which they had forbidden him to compose on their own geographical maps; and that he might likewise amuse himself by fishing out of the Adriatic that famous principle of his of the Freedom of the Sea which, even before the opening of the Congress they had so blithely caused him to lose at the bottom of both Oceans. Even the most solemn mythologies are apt to end in the « Bantering of the gods ».

What solution will be arrived at, to-morrow, at the Paris Congress, on our questions, if it will be arrived at, or if a solution is in any way possible?

My firm belief is that the Paris Congress will be unable to solve in a serious and lasting manner either our own questions or the other European questions which it is called upon to solve, on account of the moral, intellectual and political derangement which permeates it; and, likewise, on account of the equivocal ends it wishes to reach through that derangement in contempt of the permanent and fundamental interest of the nations; and furthermore, in order to attain the triumph of momentary and particular interests appertaining to more or less accredited financial groups; or perhaps even for the sake of the experiments on ideology which Mr. Wilson thinks himself

authorized in making on the scarred bodies of the nations of Europe.

Democracies are founded upon the concept of responsibility of individuals exercising power, and these individuals can exercise this power only in so far as their action is liable to be submitted to judgement and approved and disapproved of, or even annulled together with their function by the prescribed judges, that is, by the so-called representatives of the peoples' sovereignty.

Now, Mr. Wilson, in his function as President of the United States is intangible: no control, or only a useless control can be exercised over his actions, as the judgement would not entail any penalties; and he could never be sentenced to loss of power on account of any error or injustice he were to commit at the Paris Congress, because he is inevitably destined to remain President of the United States until the end of his term of office. And if, to this condition of irresponsibility enjoyed by him, we add the fact that as President of the United States he is at liberty to employ the immense financial, industrial and food resources of his great country, and, by their means, to exercise a pressure on the will of the representatives of the European nations and especially of those who are the least wealthy and, consequently, the more easily influenced, it is easy to understand what strange and hitherto unheard-of form of tyranny he has come to exercise in Europe in the name of the most liberal-minded people of the

world. In exercising this tyranny he represents his own personality and « a thought of his brain », but he represents neither the spirit nor the interests of the American Nation. And, through no fault of ours and through no desire on our part, we find ourselves dragged into a conflict with the people of America, whereas it is only Mr. Wilson who is in conflict with us and in conflict with the history and the geography of our most ancient country, which he does not know, and which he is neither in a position to know, nor to understand.

Yet, what is to be done? Unfortunately we are all moving in absurdity. And, from absurdity only chaos can emerge, and not the state of order and of peace which the world is anxiously awaiting.

Therefore, we cannot, on our own account, conceive any hopes in the Paris Congress. And we must consider our former Allies as enemies.

I dedicate this book to our Heroes of the Adriatic.

Let them keep a vigilant guard over our rights and our honour! Let them keep our enemies, and especially our Allies at a distance from both shores of that sea! And, above all, let them be the winners of the diplomatic battle which our political men have been incapable of fighting, and which they have so miserably compromised.

Italy, by now, has faith in nought else but their valour, in which the loftiest wisdom resides.

V. MORELLO.



LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS.

We all remember the delightful scene between Marguerite and Armand, which closes the first act:

« You are moved, Armand; your accent is sincere; you are convinced of what you are saying... Your emotion, your sincerity deserve a reward... Take this flower ». (*She gives him a camelia*).

« What am I to do with this flower ? »

« You will return it to me ».

« When ? »

« When it is faded ».

« And how long will that take ? »

« Oh, the length of time it takes a flower to fade... The length of an evening or of a morning ».

« Ah, Marguerite, how happy I am ! »

« Well, tell me once more that you love me ».

« Yes, I love you ! »

« And now, go ».

« I go ». (*s'éloignant à reculons*, say the stage instructions).

And so, in the same manner as Armand, the good Denys Cochin has left Greece, with a camelia in his hand. But he has not had time to see

his flower fade. The wind, during the journey, has blown the leaves away.

It is really pathetic to see what sweet sentimentality prevails in the war diplomacy of our Allies. The house is burning, treason is at our heels, the submarines are in the *Ægean*. Yet our French friends cannot find anything better wherewith to extinguish the conflagration, to stifle the treason, to destroy the submarines, than to send a lover of Athens along the streets of that city to shout: « *Zeto Greece!* » and to get maudlin over the cry that re-echoes, of: « *Zeto Gallia!* » *Oh, m'amour!*

We are at war, we are struggling in the fiercest war that the history of mankind records; yet that lover loses thirty days in huzzas and salaams in a country which has already all gone over, arms and baggage, to the enemy: in a country which not an hour ago, but for fully a year has been bound to the enemy by a graceful pact — graceful, was it not? for it was made in defiance of an old-standing treaty of fidelity with *Servia* — and, instead of choosing and using weapons, be they merely legal ones, to obtain a divorce, care is taken to select the most pleasing expressions to compose toasts with, and verses for future *Alexandrine* anthologies? Courtesy prevented us, some days ago, from commenting upon as they deserved, the interviews granted by *M. Denys Cochin*, all mingled with honey and ambrosia in honour of *Greece*; but fearing, and not unjustifiably, alas, by what has taken place up to now, that the decisions which the French Government will have to take together with the other Allies in view of the new replies that *King Constantine's* Government is sure to make, may bear the same stamp as those romantic interviews, we are in duty bound to make our protests in anticipation.

No, Gentlemen, war is not conducted that way; the Mediterranean is not held thus: and all will be lost. You must decide to issue from the prejudice in which you have wrapped yourselves up since the beginning of the war, like the women of the Middle Ages in the belt of chastity, whilst their husbands overran the East: you must issue forth from the prejudice that your marriage with Greece is indissoluble. You must conceive your future differently from what you had designed and prearranged it to be before the German competitor fell upon the coveted prey. Believe me, no new song can be composed out of old sentiments, nor new politics out of old ideas. Cut away you must, and cut ruthlessly into the raw and living flesh. If you do not make a clean cut of it, to-morrow gangrene will set in. As an Italian writer, I do not want gangrene to set in also in Italy. Let us avoid infection.

I know not what the Government will do and say on the subject of Greece: and I am not supposed to know. But I have read that the French Press, with some apprehension, has reproduced the threat — made under the form of courteous advice — by the officers of the Greek army to those of the Entente, to fall back on Salonika before the Austro-Germans descend from the Serbian mountain passes. I have read that the English Press, with no less anxiety, reproduces the other threat, also under the form of courteous advice, of taking away the Salonika railway and port from the operations of the Allies. And lastly, I have read that in the House of Commons, Lord Robert Cecil replying to a question on the subject, has been obliged to say that « he was sorry that he could not give a reassuring answer and could not state that an understanding had been arrived

at between the Quadruple Alliance and the Greek Government ».

When, then, will this understanding be arrived at, if up to now it has not been? And until when will the Greek Government drag the Entente along the ill-chosen road of its intentions? At every halting-place of the Austro-German-Bulgarian army on its way towards the Greek boundary line King Constantine's Government becomes renitent or renegade. What are the Powers of the Entente waiting for? That the last link of the Balkan chain be welded on Greek territory, and that that Austro-Germano-Bulgarian chain be rivetted on their ankles? Evidently declarations of a mellifluous character coming from the Ministers of Gorgias will not be wanting in these days. But declarations are made up of words, and war does not brook words. Signor Sonnino, in his speech of the day before yesterday said with candid precision that the Balkan peoples have allowed themselves to be dominated and have determined their action by their own particular appetites and resentments rather than by the high ideal reasons of their existence or by right. What shall be said of Greece, then, which, to those two elements adds another: fear, in a negative sense; and a fourth in a positive sense: the promise made by Germany as reward for her line of conduct? In the conduct of Greece are in action two elements more than are to be found in the conduct of the other comrades of the Balkan Cain...

And are there people who believe that new and old elements can be won over by a camelia?

Oh, now more than ever is the time come to call: *Nanin, courez chercher le médecin!*

ANTWERP MOUNT LOWCEN.

We have placed ourselves, as citizens, under the strictest discipline, which imposes upon us the most complete, the most absolute renunciation of all personal ideas and of all personal sentiments for the cause of the fatherland. But, as writers, we have not given up our mission as observers and critics of all the actions and events which, directly or indirectly, bear upon the politics of the war. Discipline does not exclude criticism; on the contrary, criticism serves to strengthen discipline and to render it more intelligent and more scrupulous. We can abstain from gathering news and from commenting on facts which, at a given moment, might offer to the enemy some useful elements of information or of judgement. But we cannot refrain from examining and discussing events which belong to the domain of history: which are, rather, history itself. Discussion is always useful to clear up and explain the motives of action and to avoid, at all events, misunderstandings and errors in the future.

Last November, Winston Churchill appeared in the House of Commons to explain the reasons

of his resignation from the office of First Lord of the Admiralty. Public opinion had charged him with two grave responsibilities: that of the fall of Antwerp and that of the Dardanelles Expedition. On the first charge he excused and defended himself stating that having been informed too late, he was barely in time to send to the relief of Antwerp the Naval Reserves, which were very poor in quality and very little trained. On the second charge he said that having been unable to obtain from the War Office the 40,000 men demanded by the Admiralty for a combined action on land and sea on the Gallipoli Peninsula, he was constrained to limit himself to a sea action only. In consequence of that speech England was at last informed that on two most serious issues of the war she had been wanting in men for her military operations. And, it may be said that from that point the conscription propaganda gained its first victory.

With all due reserve, I believe that with regard to the situation on the Adriatic the fall of Mount Lowcen has the same importance that the fall of Antwerp had in the situation of Northern Europe. This opinion, to judge from Press comments, is accepted by many writers on military matters both in Italy and in the allied nations. It would be interesting to know, from the point of view of the politics of the war, whether the Italian Government be of the same opinion.

Winston Churchill, in the speech above referred to, stated that on the first announcement of the decision of the Belgian Government to evacuate Antwerp and give up the defence of that place he offered, in the Cabinet, to go in person to Antwerp for the purpose of inducing the Belgian Government to continue in the resistance.

He went, in fact, and succeeded in his intent. But, owing to the scarcity of means he could not equally succeed in bringing over the necessary help. As to Mount Lowcen, I ask: Was there a want of judgement or a lack of means on the part of the Italian Government? Did the Italian Government believe that it was unnecessary or inopportune to assist Montenegro in holding the positions on Mount Lowcen, or were the Italian forces insufficient for the undertaking?

In the event of the second supposition being true, we cannot express an opinion for want of positive evidence. But if the first supposition were true, namely, if it were a question of the policy which underlay the direction of the war, I, for my part, would feel that I was seriously failing in my duty towards the public if I did not condemn that policy.

The recollection of our war in Lybia is a recent one.

At an early stage we could have struck down Turkey by land and sea and have thus rapidly decided the fortunes of the war. But we allowed the Turkish Fleet, which we had at the mercy of our guns, to escape whilst it was returning home through the Dardanelles from the ports of Asia Minor; and we allowed ourselves to be persuaded to turn back from Prevesa, whilst the gun fire of the Duke of the Abruzzi was commencing to do « wonders ». We lost, in that manner, a year and half of precious time and a milliard and half of money in the sands in striving to build up an edifice which is still wanting of foundations. We had then to yield to the wishes of Germany in respect of the Turkish Fleet, and to those of Austria in respect of Prevesa. But now, if we are not actually at war with Germany, we cer-

tainly are with Austria. And are we, with our own hands, to bind ourselves in this war with the same chains that Germany and Austria together placed round us in the previous war?

Even not wishing to extend our operations beyond the limits rendered possible by our forces in the East, we cannot consider any point on the opposite shore of the Adriatic as being beyond the pale of our war — which at the very least is essentially an Adriatic war. To restrict our action to the Alpine boundaries would be, not for the European war alone but for our own war, the grossest of errors.

The « Niggardly Company » cannot be the ideal model of a nation. It was at most the model of a bygone Italian Ministry which was neither fortunate nor long-lived.

In last evening's « *Tribuna* » it was said that « the territorial conquests of the enemy do not constitute in themselves a decisive factor » — and up to this point I may agree — but it was added: « It would certainly pay Austria very much better not to occupy Mount Lowcen, and not to have her currency depreciated by 41 per cent and her bonds by 50 and 60 per cent » — and here I cannot agree. If the commercial war were the equivalent of the military war, evidently one of the two would be unnecessary. Nor let it be said that one could not exist without the other. The fact is, that no military war has ever terminated in Stock Exchange Reports. And if we calculate the fall in the value of bonds as liabilities, we must also calculate conquests as assets. Now, I do not believe it to be a sound war policy not to take measures to prevent everywhere and at all times the conquests of the enemy: especially if these be gained on our very threshold.

All ideas, all arguments and even all events should be discussed publicly, so as to test, during the discussion, their soundness and validity.

The Italian People has such sound nerves and heart, is so firm and tenacious of purpose, so daring and resolute in action, that it can well listen to our discussions — and, better still, become their judge.

SOME TRUTHS.

We have an unbounded belief in the final victory of the Quadruple Alliance; but, notwithstanding all that, we are not inclined to excuse its deficiencies or justify its errors.

The deficiencies must be displayed in broad daylight and must not be excused, that is, hushed up; and the errors must be discussed and must not be justified, that is, attenuated. We are at war: mental reservations and begging the question are not admissible in war.

At every success of the Central Powers we hear, with irritating monotony, this perpetual refrain: — « But the question will be settled at the end of the war, after the victory of the Quadruple Alliance » — or this other: — « But the question will be decided on another field ». — Propositions, these, which contain a large portion of truth, but cannot contain the whole truth. Undoubtedly, all the questions will be resolved at the end; but we must not allow the enemy to compromise them all by his successes. Undoubtedly, the war will be won more in the West than in the East. But no harm would be done if it were won both in the East and in the West, and wherever fighting

is going on. In any case, would it not be better to make an effort to win all over ?

After the last Montenegrin comedy and the consequent surprise of the public, the Press of the Quadruple Alliance is now striving to demonstrate that, since the beginning of the war the conduct of the Cettigne people was equivocal and that it could not fail, in the end, to fall on the side on which it was leaning. But is this a justification ? Is it not rather an accusation against the Quadruple Alliance ? Given such people and such suspicions, the Allies' diplomacy cannot put forward any excuse for its failure, having had ample time to take precautions. That was the time, of all times, to do at Cettigne what had been done at Salonika : to take possession of it, plant ourselves there firmly, organize — whether the Petrovichs liked it or not — the defences against the invader, if not before at least immediately after the defeat of the Servians, that is, when there was no further doubt as to the nature of Austria's designs. Instead of that, we have stood idle in the most fatalistic manner, watching the supplies furnished by Italy rot on the quays of St. John of Medua, and awaiting the ripening of events on Mount Lowcen. No: even if all were agreed in upholding and demonstrating the contrary, I should never desist from proclaiming that the diplomacy of the Allies can put forward neither excuses nor extenuating circumstances for the failure in Montenegro. This diplomacy does not possess, nor has it shown itself to possess, either the mind or the means necessary to conceive and put into execution a serious war programme, a serious programme of power and command. The diplomacy of the Allies does not possess the revolutionary spirit which is absolutely essential

in the great crises of history : its soul is not eager for renovations and upheavals ; one would say, rather, that it is afraid to see ideas and things displaced from the point in which it found them and where it was accustomed to admire them until yesterday. It issues forth to meet the barbarous, troublous, turbulent action of Germany with a minuet step and to the music of the ocarina. In her war of invasion Germany employs all means, especially the factor Man : the Allies ignore Man. Through man, by means of reasoning, persuasion, corruption, Germany endeavours to conquer Governments and States before she launches forth her armies. The Allies, the miserly Allies, are afraid or hesitate to open their hearts or their purses even to the Balkan peoples, whose maxim : « The friend is valued for what he gives and the enemy for what he takes away from you », is well-known. In such a manner they have allowed the people of Montenegro to slip through their fingers ! And they have permitted them to do, in an inverse sense with Mount Lowcen, what they did in April 1913 with Scutari. Do you remember the taking of Scutari, at that time ? At first it seemed, after a long siege, a glorious conquest ; and it turned out to be nothing more than a stupid comedy instead ; precisely like yesterday's surrender of Mount Lowcen.

After this last misadventure of Montenegro, the Press of the Allies, finally apprehensive as it seems, is crying out unanimously from London, Paris and Rome : « Unity of consultation and of decision is necessary ». This may be attained, although after all that has taken place it appears to me that it will come too late. But, rather than unity of consultation, a transformation of mind and conscience is indispensable, a transformation of

the soul from which counsel generally emanates. The diplomacy of the Allies possesses a sluggish soul: an *animula*, rather than a soul, *vagula* and *blandula*; and it needs, instead, the formation of a proud and unprejudiced soul: a revolutionary soul in the truest and highest sense of the word; a soul new and innovatory, for there is no greater revolution than this European war, and it is impossible to govern this immense war by means of the unaggressive and moderate ideas which prevail in times of ordinary administration.

As to Italy, there is no one, I believe, in our country who is not convinced of the necessity of our war. The more Austria unfolds and carries out her Balkan programme, the more this necessity reveals itself in an evident and imposing manner. Austria's descent on Servia, on Montenegro and on Albania could not have or have any other final goal than the definite and complete vassalage of Italy in the Adriatic.

But is Austria to be allowed to accomplish this programme in its entirety and in all its details during the war, even if it has to be overturned afterwards, like so many other things, at the end of the war? Or, rather, would it not be better to prevent her from carrying it out, now, day by day, whilst the war is raging and we are all involved in it?

The problem seems to me to be of a certain gravity.

Neither I, nor you, readers, have the power to solve it.

But to propound it, it is to be hoped, yes.

UPPER AND LOWER ADRIATIC.

Was it well or ill to have failed to help Montenegro — whether she wished it or not — in the defence against the Austrian advance? Was there the possibility of bringing an efficient help in any case, at the proper time or at the last moment? Whose was the responsibility for the failure to cooperate with Servia and Montenegro in good time or at the last hour? All these questions are past by this time, and it would be useless and dangerous to protract a discussion upon them. We are in time of war, and time cannot be wasted in discussing the past. Every hour that is lost in inquiries on an event that has already taken place, is lost for the preparation of a new event: it is lost, in fact, for action. Let us, then, pass on.

The defeat of Montenegro creates a new situation in the Lower Adriatic. Montenegro was the natural barrier to the Austrian penetration in Northern Albania. This barrier once fallen, Austria can more easily and surely make a descent in Albania, towards Durazzo and Elbassan, and join the Bulgarian forces proceeding from Macedonia towards the Adriatic coast. What steps are to be taken to meet this new situation? And

should this situation be taken into consideration and declared to be a cause of anxiety on our part before it be on the part of the Allies ?

In his speech at Ancona, Signor Barzilai said that in the scale of political values the positions of the Lower Adriatic cannot have the same worth to-day that they had during the thirty years of the Triple Alliance, and that these positions are to be defended to-day by means of the conquest of the positions on the Upper Adriatic that garrison them. But, in Signor Barzilai's words there is, if I misake not, *totum in fieri nihil in esse*. For we do not yet possess the positions on the Upper Adriatic and Austria, who holds them, is on her way to conquer those of the Lower Adriatic too. Hence, with regard to us, the problem must be put upon a different basis from that upon which Signor Barzilai has placed it, namely: « Is it in the interests of Italy — who has not yet in her power the positions of the Upper Adriatic — to allow Austria to conquer those of the Lower Adriatic also ? »

I may be mistaken, but to put the problem is to solve it.

Ay, solve it, also for another reason which I have stated in another article, in contradiction to a statement of the *Tribuna*, namely that the solution of all questions should not be postponed until the end of the war, but that efforts should also be made to solve some of them on the way. The integral conception of the final victory should not exclude efforts for partial successes.

Now, to conclude on this vital point, I do not believe that it is sound war policy, whilst Trieste, Istria, Dalmatia and the islands are still under the sway of Austria, to allow the shores of Montenegro as well as those of Albania also to fall

under Austrian power. It is not sound war policy to allow the aggrandizement and the enrichment of the enemy, in the hope of taking everything away from him all at once afterwards. The « policy of the artichoke », in the Italian tradition, means to strip the symbolical vegetable leaf by leaf: not to increase its size and cover it with new and fresher leaves whilst it is on the enemy's table.

Should the principle of the depreciation of the Lower Adriatic — combined with the second principle of rendering the final accounts after the victory of the Allied armies, and co-ordinated with a third principle of the concentration of our effort on the one point where we are called upon to defend our frontier — prevail, one could arrive even at the conclusion that the evacuation of Valona is desirable; taking into consideration, according to the statement made by Signor Barzilai, that we have organized the Valona expedition for the purpose of assisting the Servians during their retreat; and this once accomplished: « Italy's conduct will be based on the conception of a common struggle as far as that conception can be usefully pursued and attained ». But will it be possible to arrive as far as the evacuation of Valona? I trust that no one will dare place himself, on the road of formal logic, from deduction to deduction, on the declivity that leads to such consequences. Italy, who is giving blood and money with a generosity and a calmness of mind worthy of the high sense of her historic responsibilities, would have no argument of satisfaction from the abandonment of a position of hers, held by her before entering the field.

I dare not push my indiscretion in the discussion of war matters beyond the limit of my rea-

sonable competence. But, without being a clever mathematician, one can, in critical moments, try to count on one's fingers to see whether two plus two really make four, or not more and not less. Now, I notice that Austria, after having seen that she could not meet Italy on the side of the Alps, has endeavoured and is endeavouring to meet her on the side of the Adriatic — be it even the Lower Adriatic. And noticing this, I cannot understand why Italy, on her side, has not attempted to go round the opposite way and seek Austria on that road. Some days ago, I read an erudite article in the *Corriere della Sera* written by a most learned writer who evidently is well versed in the question and is familiar with the localities belonging to the sphere of offensive and defensive operations in the territories that are now overrun by Austria; an article written to demonstrate the terrible difficulties of the enterprise on the part of Italy — and not, from what I can gather, on the part of Austria. But all the arguments in favour of « not doing » will not persuade me that, at bottom, war is the art or science of « not doing ». Especially as arguments in favour of « not doing » can be found and can always be found; although to my way of thinking, they should not be sought for in war time.

In any case, if even in war time our cautious *bourgeois* spirit does not allow the eulogy of the cothurnus, I do not think useful and opportune the glorification — and consequent substitution of — the domestic slipper.

Now, if I mistake not, the policy of our war in the Lower Adriatic is coddling itself in that foot-wear more than is necessary.

And, out of doors one walks very uncomfortably in slippers.

THE GERMANS AND THE ADRIATIC.

The article of the German *Post* which was reprinted in its almost entirety by the *Tribuna* last evening, deserves immediate and peremptory refutation rather than comment. It is rooted in falsehood; and as a fit reply it is necessary to cut it down at the roots.

« What does Italy claim in the Adriatic? She cannot claim greater rights than are due to her in proportion to her real power, which is not superior to that of Austria or of Greece. — Her real and proper field of action is not the Adriatic, but the Mediterranean: her rivals are not Austria and Greece, but France and England: it was a mistake, for which she will suffer hereafter, to have chosen Austria as her rival and enemy rather than France and England. — Now that Serbia is defeated and Montenegro fallen, she must be content to see Austria increase her possessions on the Adriatic to the same extent to which she refused to allow Serbia to increase hers. Italy has started from a false premise. The consequence could not be other than the victory of Austria, who had started from a true premise ». — Such is — in its essential points — the article

of the *Post*, which resumes the ideas and principles of the German political world. Its confutation will not be difficult.

It is pleasant to observe and to note, in the first place, the exquisitely delicate sense of legal right which our ex-Allies show whenever they discuss a question of Italian affairs or interests. One would think they were so greatly imbued with the supreme reasons of law as to pronounce sentences (as you know, *sententia* is derived from *sentio*) in Latin mood and with Latin conscience; instead of judging (*ordaliare*, to judge — In German *urtheilen*, if I remember right) in German mood and with German conscience. But they need not disturb themselves! We know exactly what value to put upon this delicate sense of legality of theirs, in so far as it is applied to our affairs. It is tantamount to the proverbial saying: «Get out of there, I want to take your place». Germany has always preferred that Austria should be on the Adriatic, and even Greece, so long as Italy were not there; or, at most, that she should be on the opposite shore. Her sense of legality is well-known. So also is the goodness of her heart.

A statement of fact which must not horrify the defenders of the *Realpolitik* is that Germany has never had the opportunity of doing a good turn to any one; not even indirectly, not even in an oblique manner. Russia, even though it was to erect a rampart against Turkey and Austria, has created *ex nihilo*, Bulgaria, and no one can deny that in 1848 she fought whole-heartedly and *gratuitously* in Hungary for Austria. France, after the Revolution, has shed much blood in Europe, for her military reputation and for her ideals. Even England, at a certain period, gave away

some islands to Greece. But Germany, not even by mistake, not even through absent-mindedness has ever given a handful of beans to any one. I do not say she was wrong: I simply state a fact. It is perfectly true that from 1870 onwards, she has always pointed out many roads to those who were willing to follow them: roads which served to rid her of importunate people. Thus, she pointed out the road to the East to Austria after Sadowa; she pointed out the road to Tunis to France after Sédan, and when the hour had struck, she pointed out the way of the Mediterranean to Italy, instead of that of the Adriatic. So with Greece; she pointed out the way of the Adriatic, instead of that in which Greece would have met Bulgaria and Turkey. So with Rumenia: instead of the way to Transilvania she pointed out the way where that country would have come face to face with Russia. Ah, yes; when the European war broke out and Italy had declared her neutrality, Germany very politely came to see us to persuade us of the interest we had of turning westward, of taking the places of France and England in the Mediterranean, rather than of Austria in the Adriatic. Only she quite forgot to elicit our intentions on this interest of ours and to prepare with us, in advance, the plan for carrying it out, on the eve of the war, before her Fleet locked itself up in Kiel; and reserved her intention of displaying the new horizon to our eyes when she imagined she could *divide us internally* by means of a new improvised programme which would supply new and improvised inspirations. Not only; but Germany never showed that she felt this tender care on behalf of our Mediterranean interests during our Lybian war, when she was all ablaze against us, because we were disturbing

Turkey's Mediterranean position; or when we concluded the recurrent Mediterranean agreements with France and Russia. As to Italy, Germany was quite forgetful of the existence of the Mediterranean until Italy had shown that she was not willing to sacrifice her rights on the Adriatic in favour of Austria. And the thought never struck her that the Adriatic is also a portion of the Mediterranean, and that a nation like Italy, being essentially Mediterranean, needs be strong in the Gulf of Venice; and that the stronger she is in the Mediterranean, the stronger will her position be in the Adriatic portion of that sea.

Let us therefore put all bad jokes aside, at least in war time! And if the German papers have really a mind to have some fun, let them amuse themselves in some other way. Our racket is busy in other games.

But what we should never allow, even in joke, in our colleagues beyond the Rhine, is to falsify history on Austria's account, for the purpose of feeding rancour and diffidence against Italy among the dispersed Servians. If not respect to historical truth — it is true that Treitschke, their divine Master, says that historical truth is a stupidity unworthy of a healthy, full-blooded and martial race, and only fit for anæmic and contemplative ones — respect, at least, for misfortune should restrain them from showing themselves cruel with deceit and falsehood against the Servians, whom they now force to go wandering around Europe. To say, to-day, to these homeless fugitives, after having defeated them: «It was Italy's wish and Italy's interest that defeat should overtake you», is going far beyond the limits of irony. It is to be hoped that they are more considerate with their Belgian *protégés*.

The part assumed by Austria and Germany between the first and the second Balkan war is within the memory of even the most humble of the Adriatic fishermen; when, defeated by the Allies, Turkey's fate seemed to be settled for ever in the Balkans for the Central Powers. Kiderlen's last interview on the Balkan question, on the eve of his sudden death, is well known: «Henceforth we must drag Bulgaria into our game, and have care to create and encourage interests that will bind her to us». And Austria's action — after the capture of Scutari, against Montenegro, and after the victories of the first Balkan war against Serbia to prevent the latter from obtaining an opening on the sea under threat of war — is also well known. To avoid war, Italy — and that was her mistake, and not the only one of that time, a mistake which not even the new condition in which the Lybian campaign had left her is sufficient to excuse — was constrained to follow Austria, who was claiming compensations even for the expenses that she said she had been obliged to sustain for her mobilization during the Balkan war, and to assist in the adjustment of the Lower Adriatic by means of the aerial creation of the Kingdom of Albania, which was destined to become, in Austria's intention, the excuse for the future rupture with the Ally. All this is known. And all this being known, because it is but of yesterday, is it not supremely ridiculous to attempt to-day to lay Austria's action to Italy's charge and call Italy responsible for the situation created by Austria in the Lower Adriatic in her blind hatred against Serbia?

Italy, at that time, committed one fault: that of not opposing herself to Austria's manœuvres

and of showing herself in the view of the Balkan peoples, on the same stage as Austria. But it is useless to make retrospective criticisms now. At present, it is only useful and necessary to place the facts again in their true position, which the German newspapers are trying to turn upside down and misrepresent.

« Austria has won », continues the *Post*, « and Italy will be unable to boast of having obtained by the war that which she was not willing to obtain by peaceful agreement ».

A correction is necessary: Austria has vanquished Montenegro after having vanquished Serbia in company with Germany and Bulgaria; and no one denies the glorious feat. But, well or ill-inspired, Italy has not fought by the side of Montenegro and, on the other hand, has not counselled Serbia in her action. In any case, would Serbia have accepted Italy's advice? And, at any rate, may not Serbia's distrust of Italy have been the result of Austria's action in 1913? If an Austrian victory must be vaunted, let the victory gained in peace time, in 1913, be mentioned. Austria won, then, truly, against her enemy, Serbia, and against her own Ally, Italy, at the same time: she won in time of peace and thanks to the Alliance. Now, things are quite changed.

But, if I err not, the war is still going on, and has not come to an unexpected termination with the compromise of the Montenegrin General Bebir, nor with that of his assistant, the Montenegrin Major, Lovepar.

STILL TO SUBSTRACT: TURKEY AND GREECE.

The Battle of Verdun continues to rage violently, after fifteen days of incessant fire, and it is as yet impossible, therefore, to count the dead and wounded that are lying on the field. Meanwhile, it will be well to speak of the victims, ascertained beyond all doubt, that Germany has made up to now around her. These victims are not Belgium and Servia — Belgium and Servia will rise again, and until they do, civilized Europe will not be in peace — but Turkey and Greece. Every day that passes, and every calculation that can be made on the events of the day that has flown, demonstrate how and in what measure the great warlike Empire and the small Kingdom of the Levant — *arcades ambo* — and rivals to each other — have been brought low by Germany's protection. The one under the heel of Granduke Wladimir; the other under the arm of General Sarrail. The only difference between Turkey and Greece is this: that in the end Turkey, at least, will be able to say she has lost everything save honour. Greece, instead, will have to be content with a handful of beans which will

compensate her for the fleeting dream of Byzantium.

It seems impossible to imagine — being the case of an empire on the basis of harems — that Turkey should have become Germany's Foolish Virgin. Giving way to the fascination of an adventurer like Enver Pacha — not a vulgar one by any means, as many believe — after so many years of sloth and fanaticism, Turkey lived her day of ambition and pride, and dreamed the most inordinate dreams of glory and greatness that she had ever dreamed from the Siege of Vienna to this day. Germany, in accord with the adventurer, had kept up these dreams and, worse still, had infused through them in the Turkish soul a thirst for conquest. Why, then, not re-capture all the dominions of Mediterranean Africa? Why not sweep away, not only from the Mediterranean Africa, but also from all the inlets of the East, the enemies and competitors of Germany? And, encouraged and stimulated by her Berlin protectors, and dragged along and terrorized by her autochthonous adventurer, she gave herself up to the wildest incursions by land and sea, trustful that in Germany's name she would have routed the monsters and subdued the Christian dogs. (It can hardly be doubted that the Turkish mentality is somewhat diffused among other peoples of Europe). Truly, after a year and half of incursions, the Army of the Prophet is nought but a vain name, with a von der Goltz at its head, and a Liman von Sanders at the tail. But the English, who were to have been thrown out beyond the Suez Canal and beyond the Persian Gulf, out of Egypt and out of Mesopotamia, are still on the Nile and at Kut-el-Amara. And the Russians, who were to have been cut up on the Caucasus,

have reached beyond Erzerum and are returning to the ancient delightful legends of Bitlis and Trebizond. Asiatic Turkey is melting away under the footsteps of the Cossacks of the Don. And of all this great *gesta Macometti per Germanos* there remains nothing, in Turkey's balance-sheet save the transfer of territories to Bulgaria, to induce her to enter into war against Servia. More gloriously and, let us say the truth, more stupidly, than this, Turkey could not have ended. She came into European history armed with the scimitar; now she leaves it to the sound of a jeer. Really, were it but for her disinterestedness, she deserved a better fate!

Greece, however, was seized by means of a different artifice: with her own artifice:

(50 lines censored).

It is clear that the defeat of the Entente in the Balkan policy and the disappearance of the Kingdom of Servia is principally and specially due to the conduct of Greece. Had not Bulgaria received a perfect assurance directly from Greece, and through Greece from Germany, that she could act without fear of surprises, she would not have moved so easily; on the contrary, she would not have moved at all against Servia. And as the Balkan defeat has inflicted serious damage on the Entente, it is natural that, sooner or later, Greece will have to be called upon to pay them. But I have not understood, nor can I succeed in understanding, the generosity of the Italian Government towards Greece, after Servia's defeat which has evidently exercised a not indifferent action upon the affairs of our war, by means of the greater pressure brought to bear by the Austrian

army on Montenegro and on the Southern Adriatic. In force of that millionth part of judgement on the development of the war to which, as an Italian, I have a right (will Signor Sonnino be so courteous as to pay attention), I declare the Italian Government culpable of not having turned against Greece for the damages which have accrued to us in consequence of the Servian defeat and of the irruption of the Austrians towards Albania. The Italian Government has wished to act and has acted with too much delicacy towards Greece, who has shown that she understands and appreciates, in the way we all know, such delicacy!

In any case, and apart from the digression relating to Italy, it is by no means unprofitable to take into consideration the victims which Germany has made and the losses she has had to sustain during the course of the war. Until yesterday there were entered in the liabilities column only her African and Asiatic colonies. But to-day we must also add her colonies in Europe: Turkey and Greece.

For the cash account only; for nothing else.

THE JOURNEY TO PARIS.

Two days hence, Signor Salandra and Baron Sonnino will be starting for Paris to return the French Government's visit. They will also be the bearers of the greetings of the Italian people to the heroic army which has been fighting its great battle for four weeks; and, together with those greetings, the wishes for a speedy victory.

This is not the time for festivity and gladness. All national and international manifestations are covered up with the violet cloth of Passion Week ceremonies. Whilst Statesmen meet in council or at dinner, the flames are rising high on the horizon, and in that fire the sacrifice of two generations is being consummated. « *Ah, vous voilà bien placé* » said the King of France to Marshal Tressan, on the day of the Battle of Fontenoy. And the courtier replied: « Sire, I am certain that to-day will be a feast-day for Your Majesty's House and for the nation ». But those were other times; and other wars! Which stand to the present war as the musket stands to the 305 gun. A sea of mourning surrounds the territory of European nations to-day, which grows wider as the carnage spreads in the effort to reach

the haven of peace. None but necessary words can be or should be spoken. The superfluous is put off until the day following victory, which everyone, by this time, after two fierce years of scientific cruelties, wishes near. The chemical laboratories of the German Universities must surely have exhausted all the experiments initiated during their forty-five years of war preparations.

The journey of the Italian Ministers to Paris coincides with the various Allied Congresses which are to discuss all the questions concerning the conduct of the war; such as the financial question, that of munitions and of armaments, which, it is to be hoped, will all be finally co-ordinated and resolved. We shall never tire of recommending the three important questions of freights, exchange and coal, which represent the nervous plexus so essential to our existence. We have entered in the great war by the side of the Allies, not under the pressure of a German threat or offence, but of our own free election, to claim from Austria those rights which are justly due to us, and for the protection and the exaltation of the rights of European civilization against the ferocious aggression perpetrated by the two Central Empires. And no one can deny or refuse to acknowledge the moral value of our attitude and the material weight of our action. Hence the duty on the part of the Allies to respond to our generosity with equity and not to create in our economic existence conditions that may not be propitious to our resistance during the war. It is in the interest of all that Italy should not issue exhausted from the struggle in which she is engaged, and in which her action is by no means without profit for her Allies.

Time wears out not only ideas, but also and

perhaps in a greater measure, our sentiments; and it is not to be wondered at that actions which yesterday aroused enthusiasm should be looked upon with mere indifference to-day. We, ourselves, in our character of artists more than of politicians — like Vico, for Machiavelli is but a vanity of our name and of our culture — are apt, in the variety and mutability of our impressions, to under-estimate our work day by day and not to take into account yesterday's deed in to-morrow's calculation. We are re-born every day, and present ourselves naked at the font, asking incessantly for fresh water of new baptism. I trust that the Italian Statesmen at the Paris Congresses will be able to demonstrate the just value of all that Italy has accomplished, from the declaration of neutrality to the declaration of war, and will know how to draw and get others to draw, the necessary consequences for our future. Italy needs to lay on the scale together with her weapons also her spirit and her mind. For the spirit and the mind which at the moment of supreme danger affirmed the rights and the defence of European civilization deserve some honour and some consideration.

The Italian Statesmen will find, after two years of war, a France different to that which the enemy had believed to place under his heel after the Caillaux case.

Never, perhaps, has France been so lofty and so noble as she appears now in the sight of nations; not even during the storm of the Revolution, or during the glory of the Napoleonic era. Sorrow has refined, if that were possible, all her heroic qualities, and to the purification of the heart it has added that of thought. A severe Spartan wrinkle lines the shining forehead of

Joan of Arc. And thus France fights, on land and in the skies; and acquires fresh vigour from her dead and fresh consciousness of life from the enemy's strength. War, which, in 1870 had dissolved and disbanded her, has to-day regenerated her, caused her to gather her strength anew and bound her as in steel coat-of-mail; and has given her back the unity, the gravity and the austerity which party politics had deprived her of, or had, at least, weakened in her.

Italy, too, has strengthened and completed her personality in the war; and together with independence has regained the conscience she had lost and the confidence in her genius and her destiny which she had never troubled to cultivate.

Jealous of each other no longer, to-day, but mindful of their fate, the two Latin nations, trustful, by now, of one another, will be able to say to each other the essential words which will most serve their interests for the present and for the future.

There is no room for rhetoric when there are armies in the field which are writing history with their blood.

BEYOND DEMOCRACY.

On the basis of a book by M. Hermann Fernau, Signor Labriola erects, in this morning's « *Messaggero* », a small triumphal arch in honour of French Democracy for the Verdun resistance, and in honour of Democracy in general for the resistance shown throughout the European War. Let us leave books alone: they contain so many strange ideas and statements concerning the war that not even Cardinal d'Este would have been astonished any more at them! But with all due respect to those persons who uphold the method of breaking through open doors, I do not believe that History could easily pass under that triumphal arch without first having her feet or her head cut off. Supposing we rid ourselves once for all of old constructions and old nomenclatures? And, in the face of this terrible phenomenon, unexpected and unforeseen by Democracy, which is called the European War, supposing, I say, we judged with our minds cleared of recollections and of doctrinal and party prejudices? We should, without doubt, render truth a greater service, and we should all gain greater credit and greater confidence from the public which,

by this time knows and instinctively understands what value to place on words and ideas which, at last, it has had the opportunity of experimenting and has found useless, or nearly so, for its defence and protection.

Democracy can boast of numerous and great merits in the history of modern civilization, but it would be difficult to weave garlands round her brow with the iron and the laurel of the war which is to-day fought on all the battlefields of Europe. Till the eve of the war, she denied even the hypothesis and the possibility of war; and when the war broke out she found herself, and caused the nations under her domain to find themselves, unprepared in a moral and military sense to meet the enemy's aggression. And if to-day, after two years, those nations, that is, France, England and Italy, commence at last to organize their defences, this is not due to the French Radical-Socialist Government, nor to the English Radical Government, nor to the chaotic parliamentary democracy of Italy, but to the primitive instincts of self-preservation and of defence which have risen up and have taken the reins which guide the races of mankind, and have hurled down all the particular principles of parties and of classes. Democracy has accepted and has fought the war for the simple reason that at the moment when it broke out she found herself at the head of affairs, and only she could assume the responsibilities and the conduct of the struggle. But like the queen bee which dissolves and disappears on the very instant of fecundation, so Democracy has dissolved and disappeared in the very act of the war: she, that had been forced to recognize the fact which she had ever excluded from her foresight; forced to accept the fact which

she had always denied in her doctrine; the fact of the war. Think of it: the speeches delivered by the English Radicals — commencing with Lloyd George's — those English Radicals who called for nothing less than the dismissal of old Lord Roberts, for his propaganda in favour of conscription, contain nought but a perpetual *mea culpa*. Remember: between June and July 1914, that is, on the eve of the war and after the French general elections, the only Government which could be set up in France was that of the Radical-Socialist Party which had fought against the Three Years' Conscription Law; and M. Viviani on two occasions had to prepare a formula which should reconcile the pacifist aspiration of the Radical-Socialist Party with the respect — temporary, at least — of the approved Law. What is to be said of Italy? It is useless to remind ourselves of our own stupidity. « One cannot be a prophet », that is the usual, much abused, excuse. But then, no claim for glorification should be put forward after having shown so little perspicacity, foresight and preparation in the policy of the State. The dominant Democracy of Western Europe, entirely engrossed, and with the best of intentions, in the cultivation of the little orchard of her individualism, of her parliamentarism, of her pacifism, has never found the time or the way to be informed of what was seething in the mind of the imperialism of the German peoples, nor of what was being moulded in the Krupp and Skoda workshops: worse still, all engrossed in reading her books over and over again, and in perusing her speeches a century old, she never found the leisure to read and think over, and much less take in real earnest, the books that were published, and the speeches that were made in

Germany, in which the dream of Teutonic imperialism was so neatly delineated, so pompously coloured, so prodly accoutred with everything; oh, yes, everything but metaphors! The Democracy of Western Europe did not believe in war, did not think of war, laughed at everyone who, from time to time, attempted to wrest her from the Elysium of her phantasies, in order to push her a little more closely against the thorns of international reality. And now, in the end, she would lay claim to the glory of the war?

Now, I do not say that Democracy should possess the same ideals as those of the Empires of the Hohenzollerns and of the Hapsburgs. But I do say that if the void which the war has effected in her principles is now openly known, she must, at the very least declare the imperfection and the deficiency of her doctrine. After all, it should serve to govern human society which lives in alternation between peace and war; and, confessing the deficiency, Democracy should endeavour to cover it and complete it with a new order of ideas which will assure the existence and the defence of human kind. Until this happens, let us postpone the building of triumphal arches. These appertain only to those who triumph over themselves, before they triumph over their enemies.

Democracy, as it was understood and practised up to the eve of the war, has exhausted her function in European civilization. She that, during a century of splendid struggles had succeeded in constructing the political basis of the new society which was born out of the fire and the blood of the French Revolution, no longer possesses the mind and the energy necessary to build up the loom and the tower which serve to weave

and to defend the new existence of the peoples who will emerge, mutilated or smoked out, from the hell of this war.

Prepare then, oh, ye Apostles, oh, ye Practitioners of lost ideas, to resign your soul and your gospel into the hands of the new combatants. Together with the geographical map of Europe will be changed, after the war, also the chart of the value of souls. And the new generations which are in the field will themselves undertake the task of tracing the lines of this chart.

It would be ridiculous to prophesy: but it is not at all ridiculous to assert that it is not possible that the world of to-morrow can be governed by the same doctrines and by the same men who were powerless to preserve it from the whirlwind which is now overturning all things.

It is not possible that war, which consumes so much human life, so much labour, so much social wealth, should not also consume the words and the ideas which lit the flame or which could not prevent the lighting of it.

A great war — and no war has been greater than this one — is a crisis: but it is likewise an experience. Experience of individualism, party government — that is, government by a few men and by an only idea or by an only interest — we know by this time what all these things mean and where they may lead to. Further, still further must the ship go!

The war has been fought in spite of Democracy.

The new society, born of the war, will be organized beyond Democracy.

Jupiter, doubt it not, has strong knees.

RESPECTABLE DIPLOMACY.

It has been announced on the one hand, and has not been contradicted on the other, that Greece has annexed Epirus, and has also subdivided it into departments, provinces, boroughs, counties, according to the nomenclature most acceptable to the Powers of the Quadruple Alliance. Were this fact true, I should be the first to pay my best compliments to M. Skouludis' Government. To lay hold of something is always the best thing that can be done, especially in war time; and it is not because ascetics make a practice of renunciation as a virtue, that we must blame whosoever makes the most of time and space. In his recent speech in the Chamber of Deputies, Signor Sonnino said that Greece had given ample assurances that her occupation of Epirus would have been a temporary one. Precisely. Occupation, temporary. Admission of Deputies to the Greek Chamber, temporary. Administrative divisions, temporary. Of a permanent character nothing is, or remains, save the Entente's cheerfulness.

No one can deny that Master Nicholas Machiavelli was, in his time, a most melancholy person. The merry individuals who now shave

with Mr. Wilson's « Gillette » razor would, doubtless, be horrified to stand close to him, if they happened to meet him in Val di Pesa, in the Via di Sant'Andrea in Percussina. Poor Master Nicholas! Trodden on during life, and more so after his death! What sadness would reign in his little heap of ashes, if these, with a sudden start were to feel once more the thrill of a political sensation! The barbarians most abominably counterfeit his doctrine, of which they do not succeed in understanding the sense; and those who call themselves civilized show a pious horror and terror of it. Who, in History, more civilized than the diplomats of the Quadruple Alliance? They are truly the exponents of the loftiest culture and of the profoundest sentimentality of the modern world. They represent the purest « principles », and are the defenders of the purest « right ». So much do they represent and defend that they are even afraid to pronounce the contrary term in their speeches and in their Notes: the term « force ». To listen to them, or otherwise to learn their word, one experiences the suave satisfaction of beholding a noble race of shepherds (of peoples, of course), aspiring to the beatitude of Heaven, rather than to glory on earth; and preoccupied that their names and those of their nations be written on the pages of the little book of religious instruction entitled « The Garden of the Soul », rather than in the pages of History. Do not newspapers do themselves the honour of always placing the title of a moral story, such as; for example, « The Enemy's Pride Humbled », or: « The Philosophy of Barbarism Confuted », on the report of a speech delivered by Mr. Asquith or by Sir Edward Grey? And after Signor Sonnino's recent speech

in the Chamber of Deputies, did not the *Tribuna* entitle its article commenting upon it: « An Honest Speech »; and the *Giornale d'Italia* rising from the Word to the Man: « *Vir Probus* »? — The moral question, politically speaking, dominates over everything and in every one. And the illustrious Western diplomats are happy to confound their personal qualities of private gentlemen with those of public men: a confusion which Master Nicholas decidedly opposed in his « *Discorsi* », and Count Cavour, in his turn, declared was a thing he would not do, lest ill should befall his country. But so much time has passed, since then! And, besides, is it not of importance, today, more than anything else, always to do the opposite to what is done by the enemy?

The opposite, even to the extent of not using the weapons that one has in one's hands.

It is true, for instance, that in 1863, three of the Powers who are now fighting against Germany, namely, France, Russia and England created, as is written in Article 3 of the Charter, the monarchical State of Greece, « under the sovereignty of the Prince of Denmark and the guarantee of the three Courts ». And it is also true that, at this present moment, the sovereignty of the Prince of Denmark is in a state — how shall we put it? — of disaccord with the three protecting Powers, and in accord with the Power which is enemy to them, namely, Germany. But what matters it? *Laissez faire!* But not *laissez passer!* Do not even let the Allied army pass (for until the contrary is proved, the Servian army is still allied to that of Greece). And so, *laissez faire* the Government in Epirus, *laissez faire* the German submarine providers on the coasts and on the islands. What is needful is not to hold co-

lonies, but to save principles. And, as to principles, no one will deny that the future Professors of International Law will collect enough in the different countries to form encyclopedias with. The various Offices of the Western States can already inscribe on their budgets the funds for the subscription to the work.

I dare no longer expound my views with regard to Italy's policy in the Lower Adriatic and in the Ægean. Once that I attempted to do so, the Censor, with his archangelic sword slashed the thread of my discourse to pieces. And as, in time of war, submission is not even a virtue, I, without the usual « laudabiliter », beg to avoid the repetition of the attempt. But from the dust of my humiliation, let me be allowed at least to say that Greece has acted most wisely in grabbing what the others have not seized, and what they allow her freely to grab.

When I think of the end of the war, I cannot help thinking, at the same time of Michael Angelo's « Last Judgement ». The human generations arise from the open tombs, to the sound of the last trump... But surely you do not wish me to give a description of the terrible painting in the Sixtine Chapel. You remember it well. There are depicted in it human hodies which have not yet reconstituted their skeletons. Others that are covered here and there with fragments of flesh. Others that are completely covered with flesh. Each of the resurgents brings with him what he can lay hold of — as will be done by the Powers of Europe one day at the supreme Meeting, at the supreme Congress, with the various pledges that they have succeeded in seizing during the war.

And, I ask, what will Italy bring ?

A YEAR AFTER.

Austria did not make up her mind to attack us until a year had passed since our declaration of war. Having remained on the defensive for three hundred and sixty four days, she takes the offensive on the eve of the commemoration of the anniversary. We should be unjust if we did not recognize in this delay a compliment paid to our valour. The secular enemy, before entering the field has been busy in burnishing his armour and in sharpening his weapons well. He has prepared himself, and has given us time to prepare also. And, in order to give the struggle its true significance, he has sent, at the head of the armies the most inured to war that he possesses, the Heir to the Imperial Crown, the successor in rank of the Archduke who fell at Serajevo. From one Archduke to the other! Austria always places her heirs, like signboards, on the boundaries of her proudest ambitions: in the Balkans as on the Alps. One signboard fell in the Balkans, amidst the blood of a political murder. It is our wish that the other may be driven back on the Alps, in defeat.

*Let them cross the Alps again,
And brothers again we'll be.*

But they must go back !

It is commanded by our historic law, which is also our moral law.

I know not, and I do not care to know — it is, at best, a sectarian's curiosity -- whether there are still two different opinions in Italy concerning our war, because I do not believe that the opinion of individuals exercise any function in the great crises of history, such as we are accustomed to see them exercise during Cabinet crises; and I believe, rather, that the action of a nation in the great crises of history is determined by factors and motives absolutely superior and different to those which determine — nor let this seem a paradox — the opinions of individuals. On the whole, the difference between one class of factors and motives and another is the same that exists between genius and culture. The opinions of individuals are the product of the special environment of political schools and doctrines; of class, caste or family interests, which represent only the smallest part of truth and reality: the changing and decrepit part of life. The collective action of a nation is determined by a permanent and unchangeable factor, which, in one word that comprehends and expresses all, can be called the genius of national history. There is the genius of species, in love; the genius of race, in the forms of civilization; the genius of national history, in wars. What matters if individuals do not succeed at first sight in discovering the reason of a national war, on account of the effort which their old mental habits have to undergo, and on account of the displacement of their interests?

Do we know why we love a beautiful woman or a plain one? Do we know what deep and occult force urges us on, in love, across the perturbation of all the senses and the exaltation of all our aesthetic faculties? When the philosopher finally tells us that it is the genius of the species which acts for us for the preservation of our being, we can even smile incredulously; but our smile and our attitude will not alter the law of Nature. The same obtains in the direction of national history. The genius of history works by itself. Do you seriously believe that the Italian People, in the days of May, last year, was seated at the writing desk calculating coldly, to decide upon and proclaim the war? It followed the unconscious impulse of its life, the genius of its history: instinct; instinct which, in the end, has self-defence as a final purpose. This war, in fact, is nothing else but a war of elementary self-defence. Had we allowed — through negligence, or incapacity, or cowardice — the increase of Austria's power behind our back and at our side, we would have signed our own sentence of death — by suffocation. If Italy is to live, she cannot live unless she wards off the threat of a greater Austria. Who can seriously imagine an Italy free and sure of herself with an Austria enlarged by Servian, Montenegrin and Albanian territory, and mistress not only of the Upper but also of the Lower Adriatic, and of the Balkans? Put the question herself Italy never could have done; and, in fact, she never did. But, as Austria has put it herself, and for Austria, Germany has put it by means of the European war, Italy could not but accept its discussion, with those means with which one only discusses in war: with arms.

We could not, like Greece, and for a fleeting

week of quiet living, destroy the essential reasons of our existence. And much less could we, by Germany's side, play the part which Austria and Turkey are playing in the European war.

The Italian people has, in centuries gone by, suffered all the misfortunes of foreign domination; but nobody could ever think that finally her definite mission could be that of the voluntary nigger slave, after the proclamation of her unity and independence in the civilized history of European peoples. A nigger slave of Germany, bent under the lash of Austria, for the aggrandizement of the glory and fortune of the two mistresses, no, never! Therefore, there remained but one way of salvation: war.

But, if the country was conscious of the sense of historical reality in wanting the war, has the Government the clear sense of its responsibilities in conducting it? And does it understand to the fullest extent, its importance and meaning?

This war that we are fighting is the most serious, and we can also say, the most revolutionary of the wars which at the present moment the Powers of Europe are fighting: because it is a war which aims at displacing the axis of life of Central Europe and transferring to Italy the dominion which the Austrian Empire has held till yesterday in the Adriatic for its road to the East. With and by means of this war, Italy should strive to resume the ancient sceptre which Venice once wielded from the Isonzo to the Ægean Sea, and let fall from her hand after 1454, by her narrow and improvident policy; a policy which allowed Mahomet II. and Turkey to take her place on land and sea, after having humbled her and destroyed her prestige from her. Italy should... But, who knows what the

Government really thinks and wants? We are standing before a mystery, in the icy zone of silence.

But, now that the war has lit all her beacons on our Alps, we are more than ever bound by duty to loudly proclaim our right and to call for the greatest audacity in the offensive and the defensive.

It is useless to discuss to-day, after a year, whether there were or there are still adversaries of the war in the country. To-day, neither the opinions of individuals nor the tendencies of parties count, nor are of any consequence; because it is not with these or those that the war is carried out and history is written; and if Cavour or Bismarck had listened to them, they would not have organized the one, the Crimean Expedition, and the other the war of '66. To-day it does not concern us to know whether all brains are agreed, but whether the Government's brain is sufficiently strong to contain and understand the problem of the war in all its extension, and to give to such a problem — in a military sense against the enemy, and in a diplomatic sense towards the Allies — the necessary solution which is indispensable for the fortunes and the future of the nation.

Meanwhile, let us send our greetings to our heroic soldiers who, at least, know how to sacrifice for their country the sacred Springtime of their lives.

SEEKING NEW FRONTIERS.

I had barely finished writing my article on Austrian peace, a fortnight ago, when General Cadorna's *communiqué* came to announce to Italy the advance of the Hereditary Archduke in the Tyrol. By instinct (what has remained to the willing Italian writer, in the vacuum which the Government creates around him, but instinct?), I had felt from the distant vibrations of the Vienna and Budapesth Press, the storm that was gathering in the air, and I immediately counselled: « Do not fall into the net of peace discussions! » The two thousand guns unexpectedly roaring on the peaks of the contested boundary have composed the last bars of my article. Now, whilst the battle continues to rage on our land, the German journalists continue to speak of peace, whilst the Austro-Hungarian journalists, on their own account, continue to disclose the aim of the advance in the Trentino, which is the search for a new boundary line which will assure the Monarchy against any possibility of Italian conquests for ever. And we, what shall we reply?

For the moment, let us put aside the German pacifist literature. Only fools — and the Germans

must think that there are still some left in the two worlds — can, without laughing, listen to Herr Harden talk of a *referendum* between the belligerent nations on the basis of reason and not on that of the sword's point, and on the dethronement of Prussian militarism; that same Herr Harden who, during the first months of the war would not acknowledge that in the dictionary of politics there could be found any other word but «force». «What are you jabbering of reason and right for!» he then wrote: «Is Germany strong? Yes? That is enough. Are the grand principles, so highly extolled, worth anything? One principle only is of any account: force. All the rest is illusion and stupidity. Force: that is a word which sounds high and clear. Force: a fist, that is; that is everything!» — Now the devil Harden turns monk. And scatters his ejaculations in his prose. But, after having made the customary exorcisms, it will be much more useful and serious for us to occupy ourselves more with the threats that the Austro-Hungarian writers are hurling at us, than with these ejaculations. After all, is there so much disaccord in the different thought of the partners of the two Empires?

Whilst the German writers are attempting to hypnotize the spirit of Europe in general and that of Italy in particular with the song of peace, the German and Austro-Hungarian armies are rendering their strokes doubly violent. The spirit of France does not allow itself to be hypnotized, but remains awake and on the alert under protective weapons. Will the Italian spirit let itself fall into unconsciousness? I hope not. Because a moment of oblivion would mean ruin. It is necessary, oh Italians of every class and of every legion, that you dispense with sleep for some time, if

you do not want the enemy to kill the reason of your existence for ever.

The Germans are in accord with the Austrians in the programme against Italy; and the German newspapers, even before the action of the Austro-Hungarian armies have revealed the common aim, namely: « to obtain to the South of the Alps a boundary which will assure the Danubian Monarchy from any eventual surprise in the future ». Misunderstandings are no longer possible. And neither, on our side, must illusions, weaknesses, hesitations, errors be possible: errors which are, for the greater part, the effect of uncertain consciences and of tortuous volitions. At last, the enemy is in front of us: he is there, present and erect, not distant and wavering any more. Have you now the cognizance and the experience of him? Well, now, it is not allowed to lie, not even to one's self. The Past, with all its stupidity, is abolished. Now, there is nothing but war. And war be it!

Easy-going and merry people are always detestable; yielding and sweet-insipid people likewise: they are all the more detestable in time of war.

In time of war there is need for crude and bitter men, with intense heart and sound mind; men who carry a sword in their brain as well as in their fist; a sword that is resisting and thrusts straight, that does not bend or twist at every breath and at every shock; and which does not rust in negligence or indifference.

The Italian People, for its part possesses a mind and a heart which can cope with the war that its sons are fighting on the field. But have those that lead it the same mind and heart?

One of the hidden reasons of the Austrian of-

offensive in the Trentino — a moral, rather than a military reason — was precisely this: to upset the mind of the Italian People and to throw it into panic. But the Italian People has shown that it was hardly aware of that offensive. Always backward — this time by more than a week — Austria has thought and perhaps still thinks that the Italian People of to-day is the same people of the Abyssinian War; and in any case, that the Italian parliamentary men are the same as those of the Abyssinian War, who, on reading bad news transmitted by the *Stefani* Agency rubbed their hands in glee to spite Crispi. But to-day the Italian People has renewed its backbone. And, after all, does Austria really think that she is forgotten by us, or that she is as indifferent to us as was Abyssinia in her time?

The Italian People is to-day standing erect at its post. It is to-day and will be to-morrow the greatest guarantee of the war. Let the generals and the ministers of the Austrian Empire reflect on it.

And, let them reflect also, once for all, that our internal competitions, whatever they are or may be, will never cause the Italian People to swerve from the road which it has mapped out and determined upon for itself. From that road there is no turning back! And if the armies of the Archduke on starting had merely that political aim in view, they may as well collect their artillery and transport it elsewhere.

But they have also a military purpose: that of the conquest of new boundaries.

Well, on this point, it will be necessary that they discuss a little with our young national army.

BEYOND THE NAMES OF MEN AND THE VANITY OF PARTIES.

I do not understand the numerical calculations and the metaphysical discussions that are being agitated round the shadow of the Cabinet. If arithmetic is not an opinion, there is no calculation in the world that will make a minority become a majority. And if opinion is loyally declared, there is no metaphysical discussion that can make the believer appear an atheist or the observant of religious practices appear a sceptic. Facts must be accepted as they are; they should not be deformed or transformed according to our interest or our passion. Saturday's crisis was the work of the interventionists, discontented and apprehensive of the weak action of the Government in the conduct of the war; and it is not possible to throw discredit upon it, as the work of the neutralists, or as a retaliation for the May days. One can be a friend of the Cabinet, but one must be, above all, a friend of truth. And the truth is that the vote against the Cabinet meant a vote for a more vigorous war. The promoters of the crisis may have been wrong or right in judging the policy of the Government: this is to be

demonstrated. But there is no necessity to demonstrate that they intended and claimed to assert the necessity of stronger sinews in the conduct of the war. And, furthermore, one renders a very bad service to the country by making the Allies and the enemies believe that the war energy of Italy has fallen with Signor Salandra's Cabinet. No. Let us proclaim it loudly and forcibly so that all may hear and understand: the crisis has taken place because the war energy is more ardent and powerful in the nation than in Signor Salandra's Cabinet. This is the Message which must be sent to comfort and exalt the armies of the Isonzo and of the Trentino. This is the Message that must cause the smile to die in the heart and on the lips of our eternal detractors of Vienna and Berlin.

To-day's misfortune cannot and must not cause the high merits of Signor Salandra's Cabinet to be forgotten. But if each day brings its own toil, it also brings its own responsibility; and yesterday's actions and words cannot be judged by the remembrance of the actions and words of to-day. Time, like crowds, has no memory and it is well that it has not; otherwise life would remain crystallized in one instant and in one attitude. Each of us, in his special circle, is but an instrument of the thought and the action of the human family of which we constitute a part: to-day useful and glorious; to-morrow worn out and depressed. Signor Salandra's Cabinet was a useful instrument in the transitional period, between peace and war, when it was a question of preparing and carrying the nation from one bank to the other of its historical conscience. But the qualities which had been of service at the first moment, should not and could not be of service at the

second moment. War is a great adventure, the greatest adventure in a nation's life, and requires unprejudiced temperaments to carry it through. Signor Salandra's temperament has remained the ponderous one which has always been that of a man of the Centre Party, whilst the genius of war resides entirely in extreme tension. In the Centre Party one can only be surrounded and stifled either by embraces or by intrigues.

To-day, it is useless to criticise this laborious political year. In the brief intervals of transition between one Ministry and another, the passions are so ablaze that no calm word can avail in persuading the defeated of yesterday; neither can it satisfy to-morrow's aspirants. But if I were called upon to give advice based on yesterday's experience to the aspirants of to-morrow, I would say to them: «Whoever you are that are called to succeed, be you new or old men, men of medium or tall stature, strive with all your might to create a Government based on a *real* majority and not on a *fictitious* unanimity. The effort to secure a fictitious unanimity was the cause of the constitutional weakness of Signor Salandra's Government and of its action.»

For good or for ill, the parliamentary system is founded upon the basis of majorities, not upon unanimity; on the basis of majorities which presupposes the more restricted one of minorities; and not the basis of unanimity which annuls or excludes, or considers as factious that of minorities.

In the loftiest and most serious questions, it is a prejudice to pretend unanimity instead of a majority; just as one would say: evening dress for gala performances and dinner jacket for ordinary ones. I think that on every question, great

or small, there is room for two opinions. The suppression, by imposition on one side, or owing to convenience by the other, of one of the two opinions is productive of disorder, confusion and falsehood. And, for a long time we have been standing on falsehood.

In one of his speeches in the Chamber of Deputies last December, Signor Colajanni, with respect to the harmony which was persistently spoken of by his colleagues of all sides of the House, said: « If we are in harmony, come and see us in the corridors, where we are all like cats and dogs. » Why, therefore oblige these cats and dogs to coo in the Chamber like a nest of turtle-doves? And who can be deceived by these sudden changes of fleece and voice?

To return to a state of order, that is, to sincerity — from which they have all emerged in the Chamber — is the best service that can be rendered to the nation, and the best homage that can be rendered to the soldiers who are bleeding on the battlefield, and who fight well and valorously only because they fight in their quality of elementary mass: Italians for Italy, not political animals for their party, their faction, their personal ambition of the present and what is worse, of the future.

Let it be said: whoever, by reason of the war should attempt to prepare an electoral future for himself or for his adherents, is guilty of high treason towards the army which is fighting for the country; and towards the nation which claims to be defended herself, and not that the fortunes of this or that ambition, of this or that party should be defended instead.

To-day Italy must be loved and served for her own sake: whoever does not feel in himself the

strength to do this, let him resign from governing and busy himself in other ways; or let him leave the country.

To-day, Italy is an end in herself, and is no longer a means of furthering the fortunes of political adventurers. And an end in itself must also be the war, and not the means wherewith to bring about the resurrection of the old Right or of the old Left. The war, which engrosses all the forces of the nation, cannot be conducted in view of any design of internal or parliamentary policy. The electoral body will see to these small matters; but the army has not and cannot have anything in common with the electoral body. Let a war Cabinet be formed, therefore, to obtain victory, and let it go forward, like the knights of the good old times, for the honour of our towers and of our castles, of our mountains and our sea.

The strongest, the most pure, the noblest, to work! Those who will have been foremost in defending the Marches shall be created Marquis. And he who will have led the nation to victory shall be Duke.

The Power in Italy to-day is to be acquired on Victory's shield.

THE CAPTAINS OF THE ANABASIS AND THE MINISTERS OF THE ENTENTE.

After the death of Cyrus, then, the King of the Persians sent an ambassador to the supreme Commander of the Grecian armies to demand a surrender of arms. Clearchus — such was the name of the supreme Commander — called together a council of captains and placed them in communication with the ambassador and with his dilemma: Either arms or war. And, as the Greek captains were all excellent spokesmen, they found no great difficulty in confounding the ambassador with their reasoning. — « Why does the King ask us for our arms? But how can we fight for him unarmed? Perhaps that he may massacre us better? How can we lend ourselves to such a game and deprive ourselves of the only means we possess to repel an aggression? In either case we could not give up our arms, which are the reason of our existence, whether we have to fight with them for him or have to fight for ourselves ».

And the reasoning so confused the ambassador of the Persians, that he asked for a delay in order to report.

But, between those Greek captains and that ambassador was not mooted at that time, the

other case which is being mooted now, as it appears, between King Constantine and his Skuludis on one side and the ambassadors of the Entente on the other. Either to fight with him or to fight for us — they were two cases sufficiently embarrassing for the not too open mind of the Persian ambassador, whose brain was not accustomed to logic-fence. But to fight *against* him, for *others*: here are two new cases; not at all embarrassing for the ambassadors of the Entente. King Constantine and his Skuludis have not posed them themselves; they have fixed their attention on the two primitive cases of the captains of the *Anabasis*. But their conduct denounces them. They are an improvement on the narrative of Xenophon. But the ambassadors of the Entente, too, are an improvement on that of the King of Persia; and useless talk is of no avail in averting a disarmament. This time, the Greeks, or *Graeculi*, whichever they may be, must deliver up their arms; and with their arms their ensigns.

The whole of the conduct of Greece in the Balkan conflict connected with the great European war is treason: first towards her Ally, Serbia; secondly towards the protecting Powers, which are also the guarantors of her existence. Treason, not as a vain saying and not as a simple rhetorical expression, but real and effective, according to a well-determined and precise design, and with a constant method of execution. The formula of neutrality was nothing more than a formula of deceit to lull to sleep the artless idealists of France and England. And we know by what we have seen how easily these last were disposed to fall into catalepsy under Minerva's olive-tree owing to a long-standing abuse of the narcotic of Hellenism. Neutralism was the mask. Neutral-

ism — and King Constantine dismissed Venizelos who upheld that Greece should be faithful to the Treaty with Servia. Neutralism — and the Gurnaris Cabinet, commanded by King Constantine's will which stood in lieu of a majority in the Chamber, attributed to the Treaty with Servia the interpretation most convenient to Austria and Germany. Neutralism — and the Chamber created by Venizelos was dissolved, in order to create by means of corruption and violence another Chamber, which should ratify the King's will, represented by the Skuludis Cabinet, and which should annul even the remembrance of the bygone will of the nation, represented by Venizelos. Neutralism — and, silently, the Greek army evacuates Kavalla and the Rupel fort, to make room for the hereditary enemies, the Bulgarians, so that they might, under more favourable condition, fight against the armies of the Allies. If there be no method in this treason disguised as neutralism, it cannot be said that the word « method » have any meaning, not even in Germany or in German dictionaries. The forbearance shown by France and England towards this method of Greece, was certainly one of the most characteristic phenomena of that old-style doctrinairism and sentimentalism in vogue between 1830 and 1848, which has now weakened the nerves and the diplomacy of the Allies to such an extent as to cause the duration of the war to be protracted for some years. But recrimination is useless, now. To-day, we must insist that, once on the right path, the diplomacy of the Entente may remain in it and go to the end without exposing itself, for the third or fourth time, to become the laughing-stock of the professors of legerdemain of the Piraeus. What is the Entente still waiting for ?

Its proposals are circumvented, like that of partial disarmament, which has given M. Skuludis the opportunity of sending the old men to their homes and calling up the young ones instead. And its Ministers are insulted in their residences. And the Admirals of its ships are *conspués* in the open streets. And, what is still worse, Kavalla is surrendered to the Bulgarians in order that it may serve as a naval base for the submarines that Germany wishes to have near Salonica, so as to isolate Sarrail's army on the eve of action, and close it up and suffocate it between the trenches and the sea. The time for speeches is past. It is time to act seriously, and to decline all discussions on arguments upon which King Constantine's ingenuity and irony have been so gracefully exercised.

And when I say the Entente, I mean Italy also. Up to now, Italy has been absent during the negotiations with Greece, and this absence — let the new Cabinet understand it well — disconcerts and saddens the Italians much more, I venture to say, than the Austrian offensive in the Trentino has done. The Austrian offensive can be seen and can be fought. But absence, like nothingness, is outside the logic and the sentiment of the war.

An Italian policy of abstention in Greek affairs could have been understood — for my part, I have never understood it, nor justified, nor admitted it — before the Entente's decision to pass from the field of ideas to that of action. It was perhaps necessary not to create embarrassments at the back of Sarrail's army in preparation at Salonica; and Italy's black demon might have excited rather than pacified the Eumenides of Epirus. But to-day that the Entente has resolved to act, there can be no more consideration, nor

delicacy, nor apprehension to check Italy. To-day, Italy must resume her place amongst the Powers of the Entente, not only in the action against Greece, but in all the Balkan policy, and make up for lost time.

Time, only ?

THE MARCH TO VICTORY.

Up to yesterday, the Austrians were in the habit of saying that the Italian soldiers know how to die, but not how to win. From to-day, they will learn that the Italian soldiers know how to win too. They know how to win, because they know how to die. Better still, because they know how to suffer. General Nogi, the organizer of the Japanese victories, said that the winning army is that which knows how to suffer one quarter of an hour longer than the enemy. Oh, as to suffering, our soldiers have been suffering for a whole year, nay, for fourteen months; calmly, patiently, with their feet in mud and blood, with their foreheads in the double storm of Alpine ice and of the fire of the Skoda guns, amidst the corpses of their comrades fallen in the trenches or on the bristling contested rocks. And, here at last, after so much suffering they issue happy and smiling, new from the long night, like the light on the first day of Creation. Let us greet them, with high cries of love, as one greets the light at day-break.

These soldiers are Italy.

They were not stimulated or aroused to action on entering the field by the words with which the Emperor of Germany usually stimulates or

exalts his recruits in the court of Potsdam. No one has told them: « From this day onwards, you are sacred because you carry the ensigns of your Lord ».

In their simplicity, they would have laughed at such a melodramatic investiture. But in the hour of peril, the Great Mother knocked at the doors: — « Up, boys, to the rescue! » — And the doors all opened; and from the dwellings, from the schools, from the workshops — forgetful of old dissensions and of recent rancour, as with hearts touched by the sound of the first voice heard in the cradle — the boys issued forth with radiant eyes, with palpitating souls, as in a sudden outburst of Spring — to go whither? Oh, no one need point out the way to them, or tell them the enemy's name. By instinct they knew the way, already traced by the legionaries of Rome and afterwards strewn with the crosses of their fathers' graves: the road of the glories and the tortures of the new Italic race — the last, that of Battisti — and on that known road they started on their march with limbs sound and stouter hearts! This time, for life or death! Starting from Rome after so many centuries, the soldiers of Italy understood that the order could be but one: to reach the goal and to force the enemy to bow, at last, to the law of Rome. And marching onwards they obey this order.

We follow them, step by step, like their very shadow, along the bloodstained road: we see them from afar, divide and reunite, bend and be upright again, fall and rise; never faltering, never stopping, never weary; and we count them, or rather we endeavour to count them every day as during a fever, the pulsations of the veins or the heart-beats are counted; and we call them

by name as in the storm the stars of Heaven are called. Where are they? Here they are, to-day all on high in Trieste's sky. All? Those who are missing will form, in our memory the new constellation of the great history of Italy.

This war which we provoked not, but accepted just as Necessity imposed it upon us, has finally revealed the Italians to their own selves and also to friends and enemies. Withdrawn from the asphyxiating atmosphere of the political marsh, and transported to the pure one of the fight for the Ideal, their soul has opened as a flower on the thorn, all gentleness and valour, all virtue and heroism. They are all great. The humble peasant prepares our victory in the midst of the fire, with the same hands and the same smile with which he prepared yesterday in the earth the fertility of the harvests. The labourer defends with his iron muscles the positions won from the enemy with the same pride as he yesterday defended his rights in his labour organizations. And the artisan, bent night and day over all the works of the war, models his death for the salvation of his fatherland as he modelled yesterday bent over his bench, the work for the poor maintenance of his family. When the oak has such sturdy roots and souls so powerful in its roots, it can defy centuries and storms. There, in the roots resides the eternal force: it is the eternal substance of life. We are but the fading lustre of the bark of the tree, which the first sunshine or the first winds will peel off. How, then, shall we honour these marvellous factors of the fatherland's future greatness? We can but bow before them and learn from them the deep-seated virtues of the race, the virtues which ennoble a nation and render it worthy of history.

Does not all this army issue forth suddenly armed from the deep-seated virtues of the race?

It seemed born but of yesterday — in a country which has never made of war an industry for herself or for others — and because it was born yesterday, it was exposed to the enemy's commiseration and derision. But did the army of Italy require to be trained in the barracks, and to learn a theory in the books of the Herren Professors, for the search of the national boundaries? It was long since prepared in the sorrow and the sadness of the fatherland, and only awaited the opportunity to put itself in battle array. Its formation was organic, like the life itself of the nation: not mechanical, as a doctrinaire and political artifice. And organically it proceeds to-day and develops itself in struggle and in victory.

Hearts and flags on high!

In Germany, during the Middle Ages, only the Margraves, the guardians of the Marches, had the capacity of becoming Emperors. But are not all the soldiers of our army Margraves to-day? They who have no other duty and are proud of nothing else save that of reconquering the frontier of Italy — and holding it — holding it as long as the name of Italy lasts, and the Alps and the sea, there, under the Quarnaro, last? But they do not aspire to-day — like their great Corsican brother, who preceded them on the Isonzo, to become Emperors.

These divine boys depose the eagles of their youth, with all their heart's blood, and the hopes of their lives at Italy's feet, at the feet of the old and new Italy. And one thing only they desire: that their sacrifice may be fruitful of glory in the present and in the future.

May their will be accomplished!

THE DISTURBING BLUFF.

The victories of the Bismarckian era, and the consequent establishment of the German Empire had created, in Europe, an artificial, abnormal and incoherent state of things, bearing no relation to reality either politically or economically: a state of things which the temporary conditions of the various countries constrained them to accept or to submit to, but which the first shock would inevitably disintegrate and destroy. One only great country was there, armed and producing arms, against all the others unarmed or nearly so, and worse still, incapable of arming by themselves. One only great country was there, the wholesale and retail provider to friendly and enemy markets, amongst all the others, sluggish and each day more impotent in their inertia, and contented with selling their souls to the devil in order to purchase a little repose and a little cowardice. One only great country was there, the promoter of coalitions, groupings, diplomatic and dynastic combinations, in its own exclusive interest; amongst all the others around it, which were obliged to limit or to co-ordinate their action conformably with the German interest, predomina-

ant and preponderating. A typical example of this effort which tended to limitation and co-ordination, is offered by England, which during the past ten years sought for, studied and proposed all the possible formulas of proportionality in naval armaments, and for a reply was told that the question of naval and terrestrial armaments does not depend on the will of the men in power, but on the dynamic force and on the plastic force of nations. And these two forces of the German people, imperfectly understood and imperfectly estimated by the others, exercised their fancy in all the fields of speculation, without showing or allowing the absent-minded to catch a glimpse of the ultimate aim of their tension. Could there have existed a more artificial and more abnormal combination than that of the Triple Alliance? Italy was constrained to accept it, and even hold it in honour during the thirty long years of the formation of her economic framework and of her specific political conscience; without ceasing, however, to discuss its incompatibility with her essential interests; in the same manner as Germany and Austria, on their own account, never ceased to labour in every direction for the aggrandizement of their own power, to the detriment and in derision of their Ally. And, as it was with Italy, were not the other combinations with Turkey and Greece artificial and abnormal also? The war diverted every one from the tortuous paths in which they had wandered, and replaced all in the straight road. Great and small countries, which up to the eve of the war had lived in the illusion and the dream of having attained the supreme state of welfare, took up once more the hard battle of life, as if they were destitute of all and obliged to build up their homes and labour

for their children's existence. The unarmed armed themselves. The peaceful and the pacifists became warlike. The oblivious regained at one stroke the memory of ancient virtues. The weak displayed the will to recuperate their strength in order to fight side by side with other combatants. All those who possessed the capacities and the power of life, entered into the field to defend their liberty and their future. In a period historically brief Europe saw the States that were living under the menace, regain the equilibrium of force to face the State which during the forty years of silent preparation had succeeded in breaking up that equilibrium and in weighing down in her favour under the weight of her sword the whole balance of human happiness.

Yet, in the great upheaval, or rather in the great revolution, one human agglomeration only did not feel the pulsation of its heart and of its brain accelerate; one thing only did not move and never demonstrated the will to move: the agglomerated individual and the thing that still call themselves Greece.

Now, at last, after so much experience, our illustrious French colleagues are asking themselves whether there exists a Greek people in Greece. We replied to this question a long time since. We can, now, without undue pride, note that amongst thinking people there is no further variance or disagreement on the question.

One of the most serious causes of the disturbance of the diplomacy of Europe since the outburst of the war has been, in fact, Greece, more than Turkey itself: Greece, which, being nothing, was to be all for her own and Germany's convenience, and for the convenience of France and England: Greece, this vain name without sub-

stance, to which each in turn strove to give some contents which might serve in the game of their own particular combinations and their own particular retaliations. Who was the cause of the contrasts between France and Italy during the Lybian War and after, and during the Balkan War? Greece, and the ambiguity which she representend — entirely for the benefit of Germany. It is useless to-day to recall to mind the polemics of the past, which are, in any case, within everybody's memory.

The Powers of the Entente, and most of all France, had arrayed themselves against Italy in the Ægean, because they were convinced — and Germany in the background kept such suspicions alive — that Italy's attitude was to prepare in the Ægean the way to the Mediterranean for Germany. Hence the setting up of Greece as a counter altar to Italy, which they regarded as the authorized representative of the Central Powers in the Mediterranean; those Empires which, at one and the same time, supplied the Turkish army with arms and officers to fight the Italian army in Lybia, and furnished Greece with their diplomacy in order to obtain Kavalla for her in the Treaty of Bucharest. Italy, therefore, owing to their duplicity and to this equivocal game, was useful to Germany, who held her aloof from France and England, and was useful to Greece upon which, openly, and in spite of Germany's Ally, they poured out their favours. And who knows to what consequences such a game would have driven us, if the war had not come to upset the dice of the Priests in the *Belle Helène*, and to cause the *Iliad* to end in comic opera.

But now that the operetta has ended, it is well that, not for the sake of Italy and France only,

but for European life, for its honesty and seriousness, this wretched affair of Hellenism in the Mediterranean should likewise come to an end once and for all.

Hellenism does not answer any interest or any necessity of European life. A fatuous creation of political romanticism — literary, at first — the romanticism of the exaltation of the weak and the rehabilitation of the fallen; then a diplomatic creation of the European States in contention with one another for Turkey's succession, it has finally revealed itself, at the war's trial, in its true character, and for what it cannot help being; a disturbing bluff on the nations and on the actions of States which are really worthy of existence, because they are really creators of civilization and factors of history.

Italy, too, before her reconstruction, was a literary expression, rather than an actual power. But after her reconstruction she felt the duty of creating an autonomous life for herself and of co-operating with all her might to the increase and to the irradiation of civilization throughout the modern world.

But what is, at present, the intellectual, political and moral contribution of Greece to the modern world?

Even a small country can have her importance in civilization, if science and the fine arts give her faith and ennoble her: Belgium is an example. But what does Greece represent to-day in the fine arts and in science? And, what, at least, in the moral world?

What she represents in the moral world, let Streit and King Constantine tell to Servia, to which they were bound by a pact of honour which was not maintained; and let them also tell France

and England, to which they should have been bound by gratitude, and which they repay, instead, with *espionnage* in favour of their enemy, and with treason.

In the struggle of modern times, there is no more room for literary memories: it is sufficient if these remain sacred in the venerable Books of antiquity: there is room for manly energies, for labour that produces wealth, for action that produces welfare, for intelligence which produces light on the ways of humanity.

For the idle, the sweaters and the parasites, the bunch of dried grapes.

FACTS NOTED.

The policy of the Entente in the various parts of the Balkans continues to yield its fruits of « ashes and venom », with unchanging intensity, which shows the unalterable intensity of its germ. It certainly does not think of astonishing history, as in Boccaccio's tale, the heart of the Lady Dianora was astonished by an unexpected blooming of Spring in a winter garden. It is faithful to its rigid season and to its rigid chastity. It is always the same. And does not change with the changing of events. Cato, in the act of suicide, had the same sincerity and coherence.

I have never believed, nor do I now believe, that the best way to co-operate in an enterprise is to acquiesce in the errors of its promoters. And it is for this reason that, for a year past, day by day, within the limits of my province, I have continued to note and to comment in the most explicit form and in the clearest and most intelligible manner the errors of the Allies in the Balkans: errors of conception and execution — deriving partly from an archaic tendency to accommodation in absolute contrast with the war's fundamental law, which calls instead for an overturning of

ancient situations and of ancient positions — and partly from the persistent incapacity to understand the enemy's determination and strength and to oppose to them an equal determination and an equal strength in the struggle which is raging. There is always in the sword of the Allies, as in their mind, a prejudice or an idea which, in the process of fusion, weakens the temper and renders it brittle and unresisting to shocks. It happened thus in the negotiations previous to the Austro-Bulgaro-German expedition against Serbia; the same happened in the negotiations with Greece; and, lastly, it is the same in the present Roumanian campaign. In the most difficult moments, the sense of relation — apart from all the rest — has been wanting in the Allies: that special sense which serves to bring thought into line with reality and to conciliate the particular interest of one party with that of the others. In the march across the Balkans, it is fatal that the Allies should always bar their own roads and should stop the clocks of all stations. Thus acting, they lose the notion of time and space; and usually lose a campaign also; and, what is worse, together with the campaign, a whole year of war. Which is not the year of Fabius Maximus.

After the experience of the Servian defeat, the Allies should have changed their system and should, at any rate, have summed up the political and military factors in the new Balkan struggle with a greater circumspection. They have, instead, pitifully wasted a whole year in negotiating with Greece, and have not began to show themselves firm with King Constantine's Governments until these had surrendered, one by one, all the boundary forts to Bulgaria, and with the forts, the guns, the munitions, the supplies and

even the pack-horses! And they have not threatened to march against Bulgaria until she had widened her territory as far as the fortified positions of Greece, and had organized an armoured hinterland of defence between her camp and that of General Sarrail. And in the meantime, whilst, owing to unexpected difficulties, the Salonika army remained more than ever barricaded in its trenches, Roumania, which appeared to have selected the most unfavourable conditions to effect her entry, threw herself into the fray, not only without the assistance of the Salonika army from the South, and that of Brousiloff from the North, but with the vague confidence — artfully kept alive — that the Bulgarians would have surrendered their arms to the Russians, who were not present, and could not, in any case, have taken delivery of them; and with this vague confidence (worse still if it twas a formal promise), she was left to herself in Transylvania, and was followed, as was natural, by the Bulgaro-Turkish-German army in the Dobrouja. The war bulletins tell us the rest: the fall of Constanza yesterday, that of Predeal to-day.

On the eve of the war against Servia, the alliance between Bulgaria and Turkey was not believed in; not even after the Treaty for the transfer of the territory on the Enos line. And Greece's treason was not believed in, even after the cession of the forts and the surrender of the regiments, on the eve of the new war. Which of these was the grosser error, the first or the second? Or again, the mistake of having believed in the Greek parliamentary revolution, or that of having believed in a sentimental surrender of Bulgaria to Russia? But, between one set of errors and the other, one thing is certain and unquestion-

able; the carelessness in estimating the moral and material forces of the enemy. Yet, this time, it was clear, it was evident and more than ever to have been intuitively anticipated, that it was here that the enemy would have gathered all his strength together to strike his great blow; that there, at the meeting-place of his most faithful Allies — the Hungarians on the one side and the Bulgarians on the other — which was also the main point of the roads to the East and the field on which future harvests were to be gathered Germany would have engaged all the honour of her Supreme Command and all the fury of her arms. But the campaign appeared as smooth as a Press one. And, whilst Mackensen and Falkenheyn are to-day carrying on war in the grand style, the Entente is listening to the word of Venizelos announcing the suspension of the *ultimatum* to Bulgaria! It is sad. But it is so.

Who is responsible for all this?

French and English writers are in the habit of assigning the responsibility of the war education of the Germans to Treitschke and von Bernhardi, and to the other historians and philosophers of force, who effectively moulded a generation fit for war. By analogy it should be said that the responsibility of this uncertain policy is to be found in the habit of the Entente's mind, which for so many long years has been turned towards the chaste thoughts of peace. However that may be, there is no doubt that, with the exception of the armies in the field, which are gloriously fighting, there has always been, in the Entente's war policy something fantastic and involved, which does not succeed in assuming a definite and concrete form. Residues of old ideas that the tempest has not completely

dispersed are still roaming uncertain in the air. Old doctrinaire conceptions which not even the roar of the guns has succeeded in putting to silence or rendering impotent, dominate in the recollections and the passions. Peace will be what it will be. But the mind of the war must be equal to the weapons with which the war is fought. Otherwise, why use them ?

Still to-day, in the Entente, the arms are arms of war; but the mind between war and peace. « And it is not yet black and the white fades ». — or viceversa.

For us Italians the question of the conception of the war of the Allies in the Balkans is not a theoretical one; it is an essential question of the first, of the most absolute importance. And we are in duty bound to demand that the are of errors be for ever closed.

OLD WORDS AND OLD IDEAS.

The two speeches, that of von Bethmann-Hollweg and of Asquith, demonstrate once more that ideas, which in the abstract appear the finest and safest for the governing of men, reveal themselves, in the end, the most false and deceitful when put to the test of action. Both the Chancellor of the German Empire and the British Premier, on the eve of the war, possessed their own ideas, which were those of their party, of their caste or of their class. But after two years of struggle, there appears nothing of those ideas, save some rare signs in their speeches, like the rare sparks in the ashes after a fire. What has become of the theories of the supremacy of force over right, and of the divinity of war on earth for the regeneration of mankind, which constituted the *leit-motif* of the doctrines of the State and of the Empire in the grand orchestra of German science? Von Bethmann-Hollweg is seeking all kinds of cavilling to demonstrate that he has not wished for war; whilst his Lord, who has been proclaimed Lord of the War by the Super-Generals of the Grand Staff, now runs after the Socialists of co-operative organizations to demon-

strate his passionate love for that very people which he has sent to butchery in his own name. — And what has become of the pacifism and the humanitarianism of Asquith and of his followers, floating supinely, like Delaroche's Martyr, with a halo round the forehead, on the dark waves of destiny? During the ordeal, the terrible and devilish dream of German supremacy must have found out that it is not an easy matter to turn Europe into a desert, as it is done in a series of lectures and volumes on the privileged race and on its right to dominate. And the other dream — the pious metaphysical dream of Humanity triumphant over nationalities; of the State unarmed, or armed only for parade — must have also found out that the sun has penetrated into the fog which had lulled it to sleep, and has dispersed the mist-wreaths in the flaming air. In any case, if not the Statesmen who are officially engaged in politics, the public of all the nations engaged in the war must have realized by now the failure of the ideas which, from one side and from the other, had assured it of happiness for the present and for the future. All the stupidities have by now been said; and all the experiments made. At present there is nothing left to do but to commence all over again, if we seriously wish to give some small security to European civilization, and to give to the various national co-operative bodies living in European civilization, a sound law, and not a changeable one, according to changes in parties, in doctrines or in interests. And we must return to reality, above all to reality out of which we have all been living for many years; until yesterday, until the great war in which we are all entangled, came to seize us by the forelock or by the feet to hurl

us into the fire to show us that even fire exists, and that our own will, or our imbecility is not sufficient to draw us away from the fire which burns up equally its worshippers and its despisers.

I do not know, with regard to the responsibilities of the war — which the Chancellor of the Empire now wants to discharge upon some one else's shoulders — I do not know whether the blame is due to the strong and well-armed State which wanted war, or to the weak ones which had excluded war from their calculations on historical probabilities, and therefore rendered the task of the aggressor easier, as the women of light morals render easy the task of the professional seducer. « *Comme les nations libérales, ses voisines et amies, la France a vu combien l'accroissement indéfini des dépenses militaires rendait difficile le noble idéal de civilisation qu'elle poursuit* » — wrote in his Report on the War Budget that M. Massiny who, as Minister of War in 1914, has been able to see the error of his good intentions with his own eyes. Now, who remembers the Past ?

There are, however, many traces of the Past in the British Premier's speech, with many residues of the old mentality of the Little Englander, which, in these grave moments ought to be destroyed together with all the recollections of those inert sentimentalisms which resolve and conclude nothing, and leave everything and everybody in *statu quo ante*, plus one tear and minus a defence — such as the declarations in favour of Armenians, of the Yugo-Slavs, of Hellenism. We must give Germany her due, and render justice to her policy, or, rather, to her action in the East before and during the war, against the accusations and the complaints of her adversaries.

When Germany takes a country in hand, she does her utmost to enhance her value and to give her the heart, the mind and the arms which are essential to her for the struggle of life. Germany is a soul-inspiring power and a formidable directress of the little and the weak, which she enrols in her ranks; she is a reviver of energies, even if it be in her own interest — but who can pretend that the *Roi de Prusse* should work for the benefit of others? The other Powers, instead, either disdain or fail to seek action, and believe they have accomplished their interests by sending around the Messages of their principles and the sighs of their sentimentality. The French Revolution used to send around her *Sansculottes*.

Now, England, France and Italy which are three noble States living, it may be said, in an ultra-subtle and refined atmosphere of principles, must acquire that sixth sense of political reality which Germany has developed to such a high degree, and which they, notwithstanding the varied legends of their militarism, of their positivism and of their Machiavellianism, have not attempted to acquire and to exercise, not even after the teachings that the war has imparted to them. One feels, one understands that in the conception and in the action of these three illustrious Powers there is something which disturbs the precision of movements, which upsets the process of direction, which interrupts the current along the conducting wires. Are they old ideas, not entirely discredited? Old interests, not decided to change? Old plans, not yet decided to be dissolved and to vanish? I know not. But I should like to know. Because I should not wish any misunderstandings to exist between people who are fighting together at the same hour, on the

same field. Certain it is (and it is necessary that someone at least should tell what may be the cause for apprehension in many), that, as Italy has entirely emerged from the Triple Alliance, it does not seem as if the Allies have, in their turn emerged from their ancient combinations; it seems, on the contrary, that they continue to drag their old chains rivetted to their ankles, thus rendering their walk painful and their action uncertain. And whilst Germany is lightening more and more the load of her vessel, casting overboard, during the voyage, many of her old ideas and her old aims and errors, the Entente is carrying her ballast intact, and does not seem inclined to free herself either of an idea, or of an aspiration, or of a recollection, or of a personage, which may be undesirable. Yet the war should have strengthened the muscles of the heart, and have caused the blood in the brains to be more active, so as to render the one more apt to support the weight of sentiments which form themselves on each flaming day; and the other more rapid in transmitting the ideas which each day are being renewed in the flames. Who can say that the aims of the war are the same to-day as they were at the beginning? And not for the Allies only, but for the Central Empires, and above all for Germany? How many new aims have not been added to those of the defence of small nations on the part of the Allies, and to that of *Mittel-Europa* on the part of Germany! And then, has not the war created the great, new *fact*, between the States; the great economic *fact*, unforeseen and not to be foreseen when, in August 1914 the armies entered the field? And what changes might not this new economic fact bring in international politics? What new orientation

in thought and custom? What new modes and forms of wealth? Will gold suffice as a measure of wealth? Or will another element be necessary?

I am not even an amateur in political economy and in financial science: I am simply incompetent: or rather, an innocent.

But my innocence causes me to feel that Statesmen should not speak any more, to-day, of the war with the same words and with the same ideas as in times gone by.

And, therefore, both the speeches, that of the German Chancellor and that of the English Premier, appear to me out-of-date.

THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH.

It is no longer the case — for me, to say the truth, it has never been — to extenuate the actual situation of the Entente, or to cover it with a merciful veil. Even if newspapers were silent and the bulletins lied, the facts would speak for themselves with so forcible an eloquence, that it would not be possible for the public to remain deaf and indifferent to their voice. And the facts tell us that the measure of errors is by now over full. Can fortune ripen amongst errors ?

The English newspapers are beginning to show themselves more than stern, aggressive, against the Asquith Cabinet, and are calling for a greater vigour and a greater energy in the conduct of the war. The French papers, struggling between their untiring philo-Hellenism and their deference towards Russia, are striving to pluck up courage and to instil courage into others, by describing the situation of Roumenia as « serious but not desperate » ; and that of Greece as « improving », at every act of resistance on the part of King Constantine's Government, and at every declaration of war made to the enemy Powers by M. Venizelos' Cabinet. Meanwhile Germany and

Austria are annexing Poland, are conquering Roumania and are silently working on the Bagdad Railway; and very likely that part of Ladislavoff's speech in the Sobranjè, in which he announced a forthcoming event which will fill the soul of the Allies with joy — the Allies of Germany, of course — referred to the inauguration of some new station on that line. And, at the same time, a new and greater expedition in the grand style on all the Italian battle front, from the Carso to the Trentino, is announced on all sides. When?

Under these conditions, silence regarding the errors of friends and Allies would be more blameworthy towards our country than silence regarding our own errors. This is not the time for illusions or distractions. It is the time for action. And, in time of action it is necessary that the solidarity in a group of Allies should have, as basis, the duty of responsibility for some, and the right of vigilance for others. Has the Italian Government ever exercised this vigilance or is it exercising it now, with a full conscience and with entire authority? Or does it allow things to take their chance and pass on, contenting itself with making some acute remarks, or giving some precise information in order not to wound the susceptibility of the Allies?

Let us say, clearly and loudly, so that everyone may hear and take the necessary steps: on many events, on many questions, on many problems of the war, we in Italy have a different view and a different political sense — and consequently we make a different estimate and give a different judgement — from those which the other Allied nations have and give. *Idem sentire de republica* was, with the Romans, a fundamental rule of good citizenship. *Idem sentire* of the ques-

tions of the war should be the fundamental rule of good alliance between the Allies. Now, during these two years of collaboration we have not succeeded in identifying our points of view with those of our Allies on the questions regarding the Balkan Peninsula and the East. And the diversity of ideas and sentiments has resulted in inactivities and incoherences which even in time of peace would be considered damaging, and in time of war are simply disastrous. Now, it is well that those who compose the Governments of the Entente should learn and understand this: that in case of a defeat of the Entente in the Balkans, Italy amongst all the other Allies would be the most exposed to disillusionment (let us call it so, for the moment), and therefore Italy should have the greatest weight and the greatest authority in the councils on the Balkan policy. To disregard this would mean to disregard the very aims of our war.

During the laborious period of our neutrality, when souls and minds were still uncertain of the decisions to be taken, the writer of this article, opposing all the arguments in favour of the so-called democratic war and of the so-called democratic principles, sustained that the only and unique motives of Italy's war were to be sought for in her interests, which required that she should have absolute security in the Adriatic, and, therefore, that Austria should not be absolutely preponderant in the Balkans.

But, alas, the conduct of the Balkan war has always remained in the hands of the dreamers of France, England and Russia alike. And the results have been, and continue to be, those which could and should have been expected, and which we are constrained to record, and lament over, day by day.

Not only, but in a war like this one, which threatens to end in a peace which will act as a balance, into the scales of which the Powers will cast the weight of the pledges they have seized, the idealists of the Entente have been afraid to secure for themselves those pledges which, at the proper moment, might serve to neutralize the value of those secured by the enemy. After Serbia's defeat, caused by Greece's treason, it was imperative to secure — in homage to Dante's law of counterpoise — pledges from the mouth of the Otranto Channel to Cape Sunio and to all the Ægean. But the chaste virginity of our friends trembles and blushes at the thought of an unjust marriage, and always runs after Venizelos to get the wedding celebrated in a legal form. Germany, therefore, has an easy game of it in seconding and defending, before the Court of the civilized world, the case of bigamy of her brother-in-law King Constantine against the Entente, which is now wallowing in blood.

No, let us repeat it once more, with elements like these one can write a *pochade*, not a tragedy.

Tragedy, that is, war, which, after all, is not a common phenomenon in the life of nations, demands a philosophy, a policy and means different to those which are adopted at election meetings and in parliament houses. A war based on principles is not less ridiculous and useless than a war *en dentelles*. Principles are excellent factors of internal policy for the claiming of rights and positions between the social classes, living between the wall and the moat. But beyond the wall and the moat, when the reasons of right rely totally and uniquely on the strength of arms and munitions; and when the conquest of lands and seas is the direct or indirect way to obtain the

triumph of one's cause, to obtain the victory of the aims for which one is fighting and dying, the conduct of the Allies is simply inconceivable. In such cases one should declare one's own incompetency for war, and turn to pacifism.

In the life and death struggle, to make war without arms and without artillery, as in Roumania; to engage in diplomacy with a bandage over the eyes and a convulsion in the heart as in Greece, is neither serious nor dignified. Especially when the enemy has a hard fist and a harder heart, and is named Germany.

It would be more than ingenuousness to think that the general public awaits our remarks to form an exact idea of the situation. The alert and ironical sense of the Italians, which is the natural complement of the historical sense, developed through centuries of sad experience, immediately sees and grasps the elements of reality before even the mind of the writers or of politicians — always embroiled or perverted by prejudice of doctrine or by party interests — can decide to bring them and represent them in the field of discussion. I will not repeat the definition which the Italian spirit of irony has, long ago formulated on the Entente's diplomacy in the Balkans, and which it now repeats with ever increasing scientific conviction; but, as it would be dangerous and ignominious for writers and politicians to feign an image of reality different to the actual one, and which the public is acquainted with, I will proceed to speak of that masterpiece of the Entente's diplomacy in the Balkans: the Greece of Venizelos.

Who is responsible in a particular manner for this masterpiece? France or England? Or, perhaps also Russia, or all three together? If we

glance at the French and English newspapers, illustrated, up to yesterday, with the portrait of Venizelos, framed in garlands of oak and laurel; if we remember the polemics which our colleagues of the French Press have sustained against us, and the declarations made by English Ministers in reply to questions put by Members of Parliament, there is no doubt whatever that the Homer of this Iliad must be contested for between the two shores of the English Channel. If, also, some rhapsodies have been added to the poem by Greek bankers, roaming between Paris and London, it will be the task of the German philological science to make researches upon them and to illustrate them in the future.

One of the characteristics of the Entente's diplomacy is the indifference it feels towards the Present, and its apprehensions for the Past and for the Future. For instance, if you ask M. Pasic what he hopes for the future, he will reply: All the Past, *plus* this and that thing. — If you ask M. Berthelot if he believe that at the end of the war some part of the East might appertain to others, he will reply: In Asia Minor, there is only room for France. — All imagine and want the Future with the unchanged and unchangeable Past, naturally, augmented. Now, it is not difficult to understand that with such a great immobility of Past and such infinity of Future, the conscience and the notion of the Present is apt to get lost. Let also Venizelos be taken for Philip of Macedon, who must conquer and hold the East on behalf of this or that Power of the Entente. But we Italians have some cause and some right to declare and to denounce the want of seriousness of all these proceedings.

No: we cannot continue to assist at these proceedings with indifference.

We must not only have the certitude that the old errors will not be renewed, but we must also be assured that the dispositions of soul and mind from which these errors were derived, will be profoundly changed and uprooted.

DEDICATED TO COUNT LÜTZOW.

Monsieur le Comte, I have read with much pleasure your article on peace in the *Neue Freie Presse*; I have read it with the same pleasure with which, more than once, in this Rome which you loved, or at least, loved to live in, it has been my lot to listen to your witty conversation on so many other subjects of art and politics. But, if the voice of the living reaches the melancholy shades in the world beyond, I do not know whether your August Lord and Master, recently carried off from the happiness of the peoples of the Monarchy, will have been able to read your article with a like pleasure. Do you remember the scene enacted between Louis XVI. and the Mayor of Paris on that famous 17th of July, in which the descendant of the Capets was dragged from Versailles to Paris by the boisterous populace? Offering him the keys of the City, the Mayor said: « These are the same keys which were presented to Henri IV. That King had conquered his people. To-day the people has reconquered its King ». At which audacious speech, Louis, turning to Prince de Beauvau who was standing beside him, asked in an angry tone:

« *Must I continue to listen ?* » And I do not believe that the grand-nephew of Marie Antoinette would formulate any other interrogation, were he to learn your theory of *low* and *high* and your condemnation of the mediaeval conception of the supremacy of Governments over peoples.

Ah, you are turning revolutionist, Monsieur le Comte: revolutionist in theory and practice, revolutionist in the means and the end: you, an Austrian diplomat, a twig of Prince Metternich's tree! The matter is one to be denounced to the King's Prosecutor — *pardon*, the Emperor's.

Is it worth while being Councillor of the Austrian Empire, of the only Christian Empire in Europe ordained on the basis of Divine Right, against which the scythe and the axe of the Revolution was most directly busy, to end by thinking like the very last of the Cordeliers ?

When the Duke of Brunswick, in his quality of chief of the Allied armies, launched his Manifesto which should have been the signal of the intervention, or rather, of the war of the States of Europe against the Revolution, the revolutionists of the Paris Clubs replied immediately by a counter-Manifesto which was destined to incite the Belgian, Dutch, German and Austrian patriots to rouse their countries to revolt against their respective tyrants. — « The tyrants are marching against us. We will rouse the peoples to revolt against them ». — Old stories, as you see, Monsieur le Comte, old style and old method of struggle. And it is very strange that you and your German friends should endeavour to set them up again after having worked for a whole century to discredit and annihilate them. Have you, then, nothing more original to offer us ? Yet you ought well to understand that we Latins, are

somewhat acquainted with and instructed on the Revolution.

And also in German Pedagogy.

But, between the principles of the French Revolution and those of German Pedagogy, we likewise know that there exists this not imperceptible difference: that the first were professed and practised in good faith; whilst the others, instead, are by their very authors and partisans propagated in... will you kindly supply the equivalent for bad faith? The Paris Jacobins seriously believed they were rendering a service to humanity by inciting the patriots of the Central States — we should call them Empires, now — to revolt against tyrants. But who, to-day, from the most sorrowful dwellings to the most dangerous trenches, would grant them the least credit for their generous intentions? Even the most ingenuous of our neutralists, the most forgetful of our pacifists knows and remembers the fierce doctrines, the teachings which spring from the very bowels of the history of the German and Austrian races. « If every act of violence is an act of good war », says one of the foremost Holy Fathers of the German Science of War — old Clausewitz — « it must be added that it is to be completed by an act of cunning and hypocrisy. When the struggle is engaged against a coalition, the means must be found wherewith to divide our adversaries and annihilate them separately and successively, paralyzing some with fear, and striking down others with force ». Ability and violence. Moral and material means. Things, at bottom, not unknown to all the rest of humanity and, consequently by no means extraordinary and astonishing. Extraordinary and astonishing is only this: that a man of your experience, Count Lützow, should believe

that they must produce a great effect on the mind of the enemies, considering that you have the ingenuousness to confess that it cannot be denied that, this time, the peace proposals are: « a clever move on the part of the Central Empires, the effects of which will be seen in the future ». Ah, is it then a question of a clever move and nothing more ? *Ex ore tuo*, therefore, Germany's generosity, Austria's chivalry, Bulgaria's humanity and Turkey's mercifulness are, taken all together, nothing more than a *clever move* for the purpose of disseminating the germs of discord and disunion, in the same manner as plague and cholera germs are disseminated by means of sugar-plums thrown down from aeroplanes. And was it because you have thought that we were not sufficiently intelligent to understand all this, that you, Count Lützow, have hastened to give us its authentic interpretation ?

It is an unskilful move, Monsieur le Comte, and one which causes you to derail, and precipitates you along the line, obstructing the way. If you really desire to be useful to yourselves, you, Central Empires, you must not deviate from your own line; you must not even touch other people's lines. Humanitarian principles, merciful and pietist sentiments, generous and chivalrous actions are dismal things that must be left to the fools of the Entente. « The greatest honour for Germans » — says Harden — « is that of not belonging to the crowd of peaceful and pacifist peoples; it is that of professing no other religion but the religion of force... Germany is not fighting and does not want to fight for the liberty of other peoples. She is simply fighting for her own right, that is, for her dominion over other peoples which are inferior to her ». — Here is the real German

line; and real German language. And, I add on my own account, also a straightforward language; because it answers to the sentiment and to the doctrine; and corresponds with the action of the Government and of the people of the Empire. But a language of peace, no: that one is false or *falsetto*, and convinces and exalts no one. Should the necessity of evidence have ever been felt, we should express our thanks to you, Monsieur le Comte, for having supplied us gratuitously with your own precious evidence.

Precious, also, for another reason which refers in a more direct manner to Austria, to the well-beloved State which you once represented in our country, and which you still serve.

But when and where did Austria ever make use of free principles and institutions for other aims than dark and oblique ones? In her hands diamonds turn to coal once more. She made use of universal suffrage for the purpose of dividing the social classes and creating, internally, several foci of civil war, which should divert the various nationalities from their struggle against the Empire. And, in the same manner, she would now make use of peace for the purpose of creating in enemy countries other foci of civil war, which should divert the peoples from their activity in their national wars. She exports to beyond her own circle Taaffe's old formula: « In order that Austria may be happy, it is necessary that no one be satisfied ». But, to make Austria happy is not Italy's task.

No civil war in Italy, then, for Austria's benefit.

If you have so solemnly put on the stage the comedy of peace, in order to deceive the actors and the spectators of the war in our countries, the déceit can but fall back and will only fall

back upon your own mask. And if you have, by means of a clever move or, better still, by means of a clever feint, aimed at the head better to strike the heart or the groin, let it not displease you to learn that in the case of fencing, at least, the Italian sword possesses still a school for parry and thrust.

You, Monsieur le Comte, who, owing to your long residence in Italy know as much about our country as it is given to an Austrian possessing a subtle mind to know, are well aware that here in Italy no one loves war for war's sake; that no one makes or thinks of making of war a permanent institution of national history; and that all have accepted this war as a duty, the harshest of duties which the salvation of the country has imposed upon us — and that is exercised and accomplished as a duty; nobly and worthily, with the faith and hope that the fatherland may emerge from sorrow and from bloodshed renovated and secure in the future. But you, and the others in Vienna must also learn that after so many centuries of servitude, the Italians, in their reconquered liberty and independence, will not brook one thing; the interference — however cloaked by cajolery or by threats — of strangers in the delimitation and the determination of their political action. Is it understood?

Vain and pitiful illusion is therefore that of the Central Empires to believe that proposals of peace thus thrown to the winds, can suffice to upset the feeble brains and the timorous souls of the Italians, and to divert them from their labour, which is their duty. These feeble brains and these timorous souls know by now what value to set on the goodness and the generosity of strangers, especially when they are enemies, and do not run

so eagerly after crumbs, like the pigeons in the Piazza of St. Mark's in Venice, after the crumbs that are thrown out to them by travellers at sunset.

As long as the Central Empires continue to speak of peace with the intent to destroy the national war spirit at the frontiers, and to create the spirit of civil war in the interior, they will obtain one only result: the opposite one, that is, the strengthening of the warlike spirit both at the frontiers and at home.

Because there is no country in the world, and Italy least of all, that once the game of the enemy is exposed will render herself a voluntary victim of it, and will weaken her moral and military defences, to run the risk of being stupidly surprised and crushed, with a «thank you!» on the lips and a poppy-head between her fingers.

Many kind regards.

THINGS TRANSATLANTIC.

Evidently the President of the United States, Mr. Wilson, must have thought that he was doing a very serious thing in sending that Note to the belligerent Powers of Europe. But, if it were not difficult, once upon a time, to note, according to the stern philosopher, that truth on one side of the Pyrenees was mendacity on the other, much less difficult is it now to note that a serious thing on the other side of the Atlantic is not equally serious on this. We, alas, (and it is we who are wrong, we on this side, so much older and worn out by the years), do not laugh, nor weep in the same manner and for the same emotions and impressions as those for which the Americans laugh or weep. Of time we have not the same notion, nor have we of business and politics the same idea. How then could we have the same notion and the same idea of seriousness and facetiousness?

Mr. Wilson, for instance, for two years and half past has failed to observe that there is a war going on in Europe, or that there is, in Europe, a humanity composed of flesh not American. He had to mind and to assure his election. And until

his election had obtained a merited success (triumph would be a too classical word, and would cause the people over there to laugh), the European war did not attract his attention, occupied as his mind was in other matters, any more than a boxing match between a yellow man and a nigger would have done. And if a German submarine sank, during those two years and half a *Lusitania* or so, full of women and children, and, in any case, of unarmed and harmless travellers, he immediately fixed his *pince-nez* (oh, *sans rire*) on his nose to see whether there was a little American flesh in the wreck; and if there was — it did not matter whether in large or small quantities — he immediately raised his respectful protest towards, not against, Germany. And all Europe was floating on the waves at every new feat of the German submarines, to discover that small amount of American flesh which should serve to affect the electoral entrails of the President, and, having discovered it, to place it under his eyes in the hope that, from time to time the protest might assume a more serious and decisive form. But Mr. Wilson, who had the German-Americans besides the American-Americans on his electoral lists, always kept the literature of his Notes at the level of the patriotism of these last and of the nationalism of the first; and so proceeded to the poll. Now, the polling booth once closed, he occupied his electoral leisure in examining the question of the European war for the better future of humanity — European or American?

Truly, it must be admitted at once, that, great democrat and pacifist though he be, he never succeeds in imagining humanity from the European point of view, *à la* Rousseau or *à la* Tolstoi;

but always from the American and exclusively American point of view, as a well-organized business Firm of American interests. In fact, so that there should be no misunderstandings, he begins by declaring that he speaks in his quality of « representative of a neutral nation whose interests have been very seriously damaged by the war ».

— I told you (did I not ?) that we, on this side, have not the same idea and conception of gravity and facetiousness, as the people on the other side of the Atlantic, nor are our affections stirred for the same reasons ! We, on this side, have always believed, and continue to believe, that our war has been, let us put it in vulgar parlance, a lucky lottery ticket for American interests. And, instead, here is Mr. Wilson who comes to tell us that it has been a disaster ; and in order to prevent the spreading of this disaster he — having first settled his election or, rather, his re-election — applies to the belligerents to claim, once more, an indemnity ? We believed, we simple people, that over there, on the other side of the Atlantic, they were getting rich and were happy and contented, whereas on this side we were shedding blood, and dying and starving. But, on the contrary, it seems, according to Mr. Wilson, that things are vastly different. How, then, to agree ? We do not, see, with blue or brown eyes, the same sight. We do not speak, with different words the same language. We all, in Europe, have our houses in flames, our families in tears, and our business all upset. Yet this illustrious gentleman comes along to tell us that, owing to all these misfortunes of ours, he feels the « manifest necessity of determining how best to *protect* his interests, if the war is to continue ». He speaks for himself, for neutrals, and for the lot of these

last, as if the belligerents were in duty bound to give him an account, not of their bereavements and their miseries, but of the greater profits that, in consequence of these bereavements and miseries, he has been unable to realize. In truth, Mr. Wilson is most original in coming to ask our armies in the trenches for a New Year Present also.

But, after all, we must not take all of Mr. Wilson's originalities literally.

This one, of the protection of the interests of neutrals, visible in itself on both sides of the Atlantic, is nothing more than a membership card, or let us say, a share exhibited by Mr. Wilson in order to take part in the Meeting of Shareholders of the War, like those which are shown by solicitors representing this or that group of shareholders, intervening to defend this or that argument at the yearly Meeting of Shareholders of industrial concerns or of banks.

He, in fact, takes care to forestall the not difficult objections, and appears as if he were apologizing for sending his Note around at this particular moment, «because it is possible that it may now appear that it has been hastened by the recent overtures made by the Central Powers». — There is no necessity to employ, with the illustrious President of the United States, those 18th. Century niceties of language which he despises and takes no notice of. It is enough to acknowledge the receipt of his unasked for excuses. And to pass on.

Let us assert facts without circumlocutions or foolish hypocrisy. Force only truly attracts and excites adherence and sympathy. Since the beginning of the war and since the fortune of war of German armies has imposed itself, here and

there, more by means of destruction than by actual conquest, all the Powers so-called moral have approached Germany. Pity (they say) is a beautiful human sentiment; and justice also (they proclaim), is a necessary and indispensable social conception. But I have never found out that in favour of pity and justice, men and States do more than speak fine words and open subscriptions and organize lotteries; and I have always noticed, instead, that only in favour of Force in all its incarnations, they are able to accomplish real and true actions which have essentially political and definite significance and results. When did the Papacy, Socialism, a democratic Republic like the United States ever feel disposed to speak high in favour of Belgium, for instance; as they act, high and low, with regard to Germany? When they have been unable to do any thing else, they have always endeavoured to avoid discussions on the causes of the war, so as not to trace Germany's responsibilities. And I, who have ever striven to eliminate from my modest prose all the small sentiments of individual mind, in order to exalt sentiments which are useful for the production of Energy; I do not note this to draw from it reasons of accusation against either the Papacy, Socialism or the Republic of the United States, but simply to confound the weak men of our demoralized democracies, who have believed and still believe that they can establish their power and offer it as a basis of States, on the soft devices of individual mind sentiments, which, in moments of crisis are quite useless, or serve, at most, to draw derision upon those who hold them in honour.

Here comes now, in his turn, Mr. Wilson, Professor Wilson, the purest and best accredited

representative of American Democracy, to perform in favour of Germany, or rather, in favour of Germany's Force, an action which, during these two and half years he has never performed or thought it expedient to perform in favour of the victims of that Force, on land or sea, be they innocent men or combatants. And he performs this action whilst ingenuous individuals were expecting at any moment a really serious Note against Germany about the irritating submarine war. They were expecting it, yes! Because there does not exist a more irreducible mentality than that of democratic Europe, which believes and never doubts that politics is the art of favouring the weak and uplifting the oppressed.

Good Mr. Wilson demonstrates, however, that politics is the art of favouring the strong.

Is it therefore necessary, at present, to discuss the contents of a Note which has none?

Whoever will take the trouble to read it, will easily find out that this Note contains only vague and uncertain phrases, which do not even succeed in getting crystallized into formulas; and that it tends, in the end, to place itself between the « yes » of the Central Empires and the « no » of the Entente, in order to propose some tests, so that notice may be taken of it: tests for the present and for the future, in view of the building of the new Palace at La Hague, which shall serve to eliminate « rival alliances » which, with their want of equilibrium, render future wars possible. All things, you see, wanting in practical sense and without ideal value. All things which are always said without seriousness and without confidence, to beguile the public, and not to express a true and proper code of existence for human society.

It would be difficult to find in diplomatic literature a document which is more inconsistent than this one in its central part or which goes further astray from history and from doctrine. It is perfectly true that its importance does not reside in the words that compose it, but in the very fact of its existence and in the action it performs or would perform, side by side of von Bethmann-Hollweg's proposals. All the rest is mere preaching.

One final remark :

Like all the best democrats in power, Mr. Wilson has always shown himself inspired in his action by motives of personal interest, or of party interest, which is the same thing; and by the special conditions of internal policy obtaining in his country, made up of national financial elements, and international moral ones, not all of which are clear to us, and many of which escape from our cognizance and from our examination.

Now, I ask: What value can and will have in European questions of peace and war, the intervention of a man who possesses not the most remote conception of European questions; and projects into these, if anything, nought but the shadow of his personal interest, or the interest of his party or that of the internal policy of the financial Republic under his care?

I know not whether to pose the problem is to solve it.

A REPLY TO LÜTZOW.

The following article from the pen of Count Lützow has been published by the *Neue Freie Presse* :

« The considerations and observations referring to the steps taken in favour of Peace by the Central Powers, which I published in the Neue Freie Presse on the 16th. of last month, have attracted in Italy more attention than I ever anticipated. Not to speak of other newspapers, the Rome Tribuna has dedicated a leading article to them. This gives food for thought, as naturally, this attention cannot be attributed to my person. All the observations, criticisms and objections that I have here before me, have, as a starting-point and as target the following words of my article: « Our initiative is addressed more to the peoples than to the Governments, and in the Powers of the Alliance, peace will be concluded from low to high, rather than from high to low ». These words do not appear to have been far from the truth, otherwise in Rome they would not have had recourse to so much journalistic artillery to demolish them.

« In Rome, diplomats and journalists are in much more active and continual intercourse with each other than, for instance, with us. And, amongst my critics, I find a writer of fame, who signs his articles in the Tribuna with the pseudonym of « Rastignac », whom I have met numberless times in Roman salons: he is truly a man full of talent and wit. He reproaches me — in the most urbane and courteous form, of course — with having by the aforesaid remark, deviated from the lines of the Austro-Hungarian diplomacy; and states that in Vienna, still to-day, as in Metternich's time, it is traditional to ignore popular sentiments; and that, to Viennese minds, my way of thinking is more that of a Jacobin than of an ex-representative of the Ballplatz.

« In Rome, then, evidently predominates to-day the same disastrous error which caused such a great mischief: that of purposely ignoring all that has taken place in the Monarchy during the last fifty years. They live there almost automatically of souvenirs of a long-past epoch; at the mention of the word « Austria », they think only of Metternich and Haynau; their eyes are shut on the changes that have been effected by the Austro-Hungarian Convention, by the adoption of Universal Suffrage, by general conscription and by various other institutions. And, if such is the case with the élite of intellectuals, in what abyss of ignorance must the popular classes still find themselves?

« The Tribuna, with a persistence which strikes the eye, lays stress on a statement to the effect that the steps taken in favour of peace by the Central Powers, will not succeed in deceiving the timid and the pusillanimous in Italy and in arousing them to civil war. Oh? Does not a well-

known French proverb say: Qui s'excuse, s'accuse! ?

« Likewise, no one who possesses an impartial mind will read without bewilderment the following lines by Rastignac, which invite me, and with me all the others in Vienna, to understand that, after so many centuries of servitude, the Italians, in their reacquired liberty and independence, will support anything rather than the interference of foreigners in their political deliberations, however much this interference may be accompanied by blandishments or by threats. (Ah! Rastignac, I am re-translating your Italian from the German!).

« Hear! Hear! the reader will voluntarily exclaim. The Tribuna must possess a very failing memory if it has already forgotten what a colossal diplomatic apparatus had to be put in motion, during the Spring of 1915, to induce Italy to declare war. No means were left untried: threats and promises alternating every day; and by what arguments the street mob was mobilized to bring a pressure to bear on the Government and on the undecided, is a mystery to no one. I do not wish to repeat here the harsh word expressed by a high personage of the Entente, with reference to the means that were employed to win Italy over to the Allied group..., but let no one come forward to speak of inaccessibility and prudery in connexion with any kind of influence exercised by foreigners.

« Naturally, in Rastignac's article the well-known argument of German aspirations to world dominion is not wanting. Germany is fighting for what she considers her just right, that is, for dominion over other peoples inferior to her. This quotation is said to have been drawn from one of Maximilian Harden's writings. As an exponent

of German foreign policy, we only recognize the Chancellor of the Empire, in whose extremely moderate and conciliatory statements one can hear an entirely different tone.

« Meanwhile, Wilson's Note, animated as it is, by a spirit of true objectiveness and by a pure love of humanity, must have cleared up matters somewhat and have dissipated some illusions even in Rome. Not even the most blind fanatic can ever have suspected Wilson of being capable of taking part in favour of the Powers of the Quadruple Alliance; perhaps his simple though most efficacious words may have succeeded in dispelling certain illusions even in Rome, and — to employ the expression of a neutral writer — to show things in their proper light to « a people which was drawn into error ».

I will reply to Count Lützow in the essential arguments.

To my remark (deduced, anyhow, from the words of the *Neue Freie Presse*) that, effectively, Austria with her « able move » of peace had no other aim in view but that of arousing dissensions and discord in Italy, Count Lützow, deviating somewhat from the argument, replies: that the judgements passed on Austria in Italy are based on the resentments of the past, and not on the exact knowledge of the present; which constitutes, according to him, a « fatal error » between the two countries. And, really fatal would the error be, if it existed. But for the honour of our intellectual seriousness, we must demonstrate that it does not exist.

There are few in Italy, and they are by no means to be found amongst those who influence public opinion, who think and judge of Austria

in the same way as the generations which were born and grew up under Austrian domination. In Italy, the historical sense is highly developed. And we should think we were committing one of the grossest political solecisms, if we were to find ourselves judging a country, friend or enemy, with the sentiments or the resentments of last century, rather than with the ideas of the present times. History is a complex vicissitude of always new conflicts of interest, and it would be senseless to fix and crystallize the relation of two peoples or two States in the permanent form of a remembrance or of a passion. We, only know the Austria of the Triple Alliance, and that is enough for us. Does not Count Lützow, too, remember the Austria of the Triple Alliance, always restless and implacable against the Italian name, both in her internal policy and her foreign one? And always ready to fight against the Italian name with her own weapons, besides those of Turks or Slavs? And not in vain do I also say her internal policy. Because notwithstanding that constitutionalism, oh, so metaphorical! to which Count Lützow alludes, it was also during the régime of the Triple Alliance that the Italians of the unredeemed territories experienced none but old reactionary and police systems, and could never succeed in obtaining the recognition of their rights, though these were guaranteed to them by Paragraph 19 of the Constitution, either for the autonomous government of the Trentino, or for the Italian schools in Dalmatia, or for the Trieste University. As to all the other glories of modern Austria, which Count Lützow extols, glories which would make of Austria a model State, different to that of Metternich and Haynau, I, for my part, would have nothing to say on the subject,

because Austria's internal constitution does not come within the radius of my discussion on the war. But, as Count Lützow speaks about them, would it not be discourteous not to take up his words? Ay, the Convention with Austria-Hungary. — But this is an event of an economic nature which affects Hungary only and not the other peoples of the Empire. Universal Suffrage. — But this is only an instrument in the hands of the Vienna Government, to bring the various nationalisms feared by Austria into conflict with the Socialist elements which she has no reason to fear. And, also, as regards Universal Suffrage, does not Count Lützow remember that there is always, ready to cut its claws, the famous Paragraph 4, which empowers the Government to pass laws without the consent of Parliament, providing that, after they have been already in execution, the approval of Parliament be asked for?

But, I repeat, these are not things that concern us, and concern the subjects of the Monarchy only, amongst whom we Italians are not included.

What concerns us is, rather, Count Lützow's judgement on Italy and on the motives of Italy's determination in the European war.

The idea of submission is so identified with the idea of Italian policy, in the mind of our ex-Allies of Vienna, that not even the fact of the war itself, the war that is being fought, can succeed in uprooting it.

Already attempts have been made, from the very first moment, to create a vile legend which should serve to discredit and underrate the Italian war, both morally and idealistically. And, I do not know with what circumspection Count Lützow now tries to take up and to delineate this legend once more in order to demonstrate the per-

petual influence of foreigners in Italian politics.

Now, at this moment, I do not wish to reawaken all the passions which are connected with the remembrances of the May days; and I must not do so, especially as the unity which appeared in danger of being broken, has been reconstituted in the minds of the Italians; and especially as those remembrances must be considered useless by now, and even more useless the passions connected with historic moments which are for ever decided and past. But, apart from our internal conflicts; which only we can appraise at their exact importance and at their just value, I do not think it is for political men and writers belonging to the Central Empires, and particularly those of Austria, to insist upon the diplomatic campaign of the Spring of 1915, which was engaged for the purpose of inducing Italy to enter into the struggle or to keep her away from it. « Threats and promises » were made, undoubtedly; but Count Lützow knows by whom; and Count Tisza, too, authentically commenting the diplomatic Books, told without any possibility of misunderstandings and of mental reservations, to what end they were directed. But it is to Italy's honour that she took her deliberations on her own account, notwithstanding the threats and notwithstanding the promises: it is to Italy's honour that she did not put her past and her future up to auction, and that she decided by herself, to make her own history by the sweat of her brow and the blood of her veins. Bismarck had already taught us what value to set on Austria's promises, long before Tisza had declared to us what results would have accrued from them. « We have allowed ourselves to be ensnared by Austria » — wrote Bismarck from St. Petersburg, after the battle of Magenta

— « we have allowed ourselves to be fooled by the feigned Viennese artlessness. And all that for nothing. Not even for the smallest mess of pottage ». Austria, this time, promised the mess of pottage to us; but with which hand, and with what intention? And it is strange that a man of good taste, a diplomat of subtle intellect, like Count Lützow, should speak of it once more. No: the Italian people was not « drawn into error » in the May days; it was, on the contrary, drawn away from the error into which the promises, and, after these had failed, the threats, attempted to make it fall; never, rather, did it show itself more illuminated, more conscious, more free and more sure of itself in deciding its own destinies than during the May days.

Besides, the conduct of the whole nation during the war and the valour of the army in the field, are there to belie all hostile legends, and to show, in all its efficacy, the historic truth which revealed itself unexpectedly, to us and to others during the flaming Spring of 1915.

Now, it is war.

But the Central Powers wish — or would like to wish — to dictate peace as victors.

I ask Count Lützow: as victors also over Italy?

And if, in regard to Italy, the Central Powers cannot speak separately, as they can in regard to the other Powers, what would their attempt at peace be reduced to, if not to interrupt the march, to weaken the effort and to annul the work that Italy has up to now accomplished?

« Even the most blind fanatic cannot but believe Wilson's words » — says Count Lützow. And that may be so. But he adds: « And those simple, though efficacious words may have succeeded in dispelling certain illusions even in Ro-

me ». And that is wrong. Will those words ever succeed in destroying the facts ?

And what man, what party, what social class, in Italy, could lightly accede to the design of the Central Powers, without annulling the facts, or mutilating them, in favour of the vanquished ?

Neither can the Italian war be arrested with yesterday's conquests ; nor can peace be discussed on the basis of those conquests. The mere attempt at discussion would be, at this moment, according to Talleyrand's famous formula : « *une bêtise plus qu'un crime* ». The struggle, therefore, must be continued until it has yielded all it can yield, for the satisfaction of our interests, and for the security of our future.

As Count Lützow can see, it is a question of calculation, not one of rhetoric. And Italians have sufficiently good heads to know how to make a calculation in which the stakes are their work of yesterday, and their blood of to-day or to-morrow.

The question is not that of the hatred for the Austria of Metternich or of Haynau : it is a question of something better and more beautiful : the love towards Italy, and the defence of Italy in the life and death struggles which all the nations of Europe are fighting.

Let Count Lützow be persuaded ; the Italians in this defence will all of them do their duty to the end, simply and calmly, as it is their ancient habit to do.

And also unanimously.

PEACE OR PREPAREDNESS ?

I should like the Italian public to be well informed on many things and questions connected with America, before estimating and judging President Wilson's new and — why not ? — most noble sermon on European peace. Ignorance of the intellectual and political factors which determine the actions and speech of the men of the New World (a world really different from ours) may be the source of grave errors and still graver illusions, which it is well to avoid, especially when, to avoid them, a minimum amount of effort is required in order to obtain information and enlightenment.

In the first place, let us pose these two points of fact : Firstly : that Americans have not and cannot possibly have the same ideas or feelings in regard to European affairs, nor the same interests in them which we Europeans have. Secondly : that when Americans busy themselves with European affairs, they do so keeping their eyes fixed on the Pacific Ocean, which for them is what the Mediterranean basin is for us ; and, therefore, there is no possibility of meeting and of agreeing between our points of view and theirs : because

if we say, for instance, Syria, the Straits, or Salonika, they say Mexico, California, Philippines; and an eventual meeting could only happen perchance in China, viâ Russia for us, and viâ Japan for them. Now, on a background, on a horizon, on a line of navigation so different, how can it be possible to discuss, by means of the same words and the same ideas? I absolutely deny that the laws which determine the interests and the policy of the Pacific Ocean can serve to settle the interests and the policy of the Mediterranean Sea.

So much so, that President Wilson's language, addressed to the peoples of the Pacific Ocean and bearing on the questions which concern them, is entirely different from his language addressed to the peoples of the Mediterranean Sea, and bearing on the questions which concern those regions.

That President Wilson is, by scholastic tendency and by sentiment, a pacifist, there is not the slightest doubt. But that, notwithstanding his ideal pacifism, he should be constrained, in the practice of his government of the State (or, rather, the States) under his care, to give the greatest development to the War administration and to the War Budget, is still less doubtful. Remember his speech of June last, on the eve of the election campaign, addressed to the Cadets of the West Point Naval Academy, on the necessity of national defence and on the preparation of this defence. Remember also — the deeds corresponding to the words — the programme of national defence which he has caused Congress to accept and to vote, that is the maximum programme evolved up to now by the United States; for, on account of the Navy, Mr. Under Secretary Daniel's Budget for '916 exceeds by 25 per cent that

of the British Admiralty. Remember, lastly, what the journal of the Washington Navy League said in commenting upon that programme and on explaining it. That journal said, without any reticence, that « even with *all possible moral refinements*, a nation has the *absolute right* to live her most complete intensity of life, to expand, to found colonies and to become wealthier, by the employment of every means, *conquest by arms not excepted* ». And as an expression of principle, it added also that « every expansion of that description (conquest by arms), is an unalienable right; and, in the case of the United States, a special duty ». How far is all this from the theory of the respect of small States and the abolition of factories of war material and of shipbuilding yards!

Put therefore this language — which, if it does not emanate directly from the Government, is certainly derived from Government actions, and if it does not represent the President's doctrinaire spirit, certainly represents the practical spirit of the political world which revolves round the President — put this language, I say, together with the figures of the Daniel Budget, with the West Point speech and with the Notes on European peace, and you will see for yourselves what inferences to draw from it. One consequence, in the meanwhile, seems to me of an unquestionable logical efficiency: namely, that it would be the greatest imaginable stupidity to delude ourselves into supposing that in the other hemisphere, more than in ours, moral ideas without arms, and evangelical speeches without munitions can be of any value in carrying out a peace policy, or a policy of peace for war, as might hastily be deduced from Wilson's Message. For logic, indeed, is not an opinion.

Let us reflect, in the mean time, that the European war has created a state of affairs in the Pacific which, in the end, might become uncomfortable, owing to the President's own pacifist tendencies, and let us proceed further in our argument.

In consequence of the war, Japan, which has become Russia's great workshop, has gathered a wealth which she never possessed before, and which she silently and secretly, as is her custom, is employing in the construction of ships of war. Owing to this new wealth, and to its application to her military power, she is increasing her mortgages on the Chinese markets, in such a manner as to exclude for the future any discussion upon the question of the *open door* with the United States; and, at the same time, she is widening her protection of China in such a manner as to exclude the intervention of any other Power, either Eastern or Western, in the political control, and consequently in the commercial control also, of China. Even before President Wilson, in his Message to the Senate had announced the extension of the Monroe Doctrine to the small States of Europe implicated in the war, Japan had already proclaimed the extension of the same doctrine to Eastern Asia, and therefore also to the Philippines, in order to assert her right of control in China, and to keep the United States away for ever from any interference in the affairs of that country. It is useless, now, to plunge into all the questions which make up the problem of the future struggle between Japan and the United States in China. It is sufficient to hint at them to demonstrate what relation there may be between the European war of to-day and a probable war of to-morrow, and what conception or

what aim may be intended by a peace Message which has one wing on the Pacific and the other on the Mediterranean. To explain the enigma, one should substitute the word « humanity » with the word « Japan ». Besides, I always request my readers to consider the questions of peace and war from the point of view of interests which are the body of politics, and not from the point of view of humanitarian doctrine and of philosophy, which are but the cloak and the mask of interests. Ingenuousness is not and cannot be allowed in the struggle of life.

Meminisse.

It is not the first time that a President of the United States has entered the arena with the olive-branch in his hand and placed himself between two (to-day they are many) contending Powers. In September 1905, Roosevelt also, who was a votary of war, appeared arrayed in a white stole and with an olive twig in his hand, between Russia and Japan, to propitiate that peace of Portsmouth without indemnity for the victor, Japan; with the formula: « neither victor nor vanquished » which Mr. Wilson brings to-day once more to the fore. But who can say whether Roosevelt's twig did not then serve to repress, in the interest of the United States, the expansion and the greatness of her rival Japan, more than arrest, in the name of humanity, the stream of blood that was being shed in Russia and Japan?

With all this, I do not mean to say that President Wilson is not in complete good faith when he speaks of peace to Europe, or that he does not believe that he is exercising an evangelical epistolary mission by his action.

And neither do I intend to assert that he does

not feel the greatest desire for the welfare of suffering humanity.

Only, is his desire greater than ours? And, if it were so, why greater than ours?

We all want peace.

ITALY AND THE ALLIES.

The last events which have happened can be compared to a *referendum* on the basis of Universal Suffrage — the suffrage of the civilized world — to judge Italy's intervention in the European war and in the Italian war. And Wilson's Message is the announcement of the *referendum*. Now, all are pressing on the field which Italy had chosen and marked out for the defence of right and of human liberty from the first day of the action of the Central Empires; and all are bringing on to that field their parable and their sword. But, at that time, when the minds that were gathered round were in suspense and in suspicion, and it seemed as if to decide and to judge were almost an unconscious audacity, Italy serenely made up her mind and formulated her judgement: « This is a crime » — she said; and abandoned on the road the authors of it who had been her Allies of the day before. Belgium had been destroyed. France had been invaded. England did not yet possess an army, and not even a conscription law wherewith to compose it. From all the outlets of the symbolical Black Forest, the barbarian hordes were pouring forth in mad fury

on the civilization of Europe, like those of Attila against Rome. But, as hordes pass, and Rome remains (and even to-day, oh divine Lady of Eternity, April decks itself in beauty to throw its garlands at thy feet), it was in the name of Rome, which in centuries of yore had sustained the shock and the shame inflicted by them, that Italy stood up to resist the new and still more terrible barbarian exploits. What would have happened to us had our mind been less vigilant and our conscience less sound in resolve? We should have disappeared from the history of civilization, and our name would have been mingled in one common shame, and in one common humiliation, with those of Turks and Bulgarians. In the struggle, which is wholly the struggle of human civilization, between Force and Right, Rome has always represented Right, and the world only knows and recognizes her as the champion of Right. The last remnants of the Forum would have crumbled to dust if, in contradiction to her essence and her nature, Rome had annulled her past and her future by mingling amongst the barbarians who represent Force and the religion of Force. And she was simply equal to herself when she said and did that which all the civilized world is proud and exalted, to-day, to say and to do. In 1859, M. Thiers was afraid of Italy's resurrection, which he believed to be detrimental to France. This has been, forsooth, the effect of Italy's reappearance in the history of Europe! To re-affirm and re-establish the equilibrium of Right, which was denied and disturbed by the German races; and to save, at the first moment, France and the great ideas which she represents, and to give her the means to prepare,

together with the other Allied Powers, the defenses and the victories to come.

But if Italy has nobly fulfilled her historic mission in this war; if she has placed, at an unexpected moment, all the weight of her existence on the balance of European destiny; if she has staked all her fortune and her peace, and has given and is giving the best blood of her sons for the triumph of the common cause, it is the duty, not only of our own political men, but of all the Allies together to prepare for her such conditions for her future adjustment and for the future development of her moral and material existence, as will assure her safety and her tranquillity for a long sequence of years.

I know not — and no one knows — what, up to now, has been concerted and concluded in the supreme assemblies of the Allies for the future adjustment and the future conditions of Italy's existence; but I know, and we all know that in the peace negotiations, if there will be a country which will be chosen as a target for the hatred and consequently for the hostility of the enemies, that country is Italy, the old Ally of Germany and Austria: Italy, which by her detachment from the Triple Alliance, upset and rendered impossible the immediate execution of the enemy's war scheme, and therefore prevented the immediate victory over France and England.

This special state of affairs must and cannot but create an enormous responsibility to be assumed by our Statesmen and by our Allies, towards our war and towards the fortunes of our country. The statements made by the Prime Minister of the Danubian Monarchy, bearing on the latter's irreconcilability with Italy, and on the uncompromising struggle for Trent and Trieste

and Istria, are but of yesterday; but the threats and the programme of eternal aversion from and eternal hatred against Italy, drawn up by Germany and Austria date from the earliest days of the war. Now, if our soldiers, to whom are efficiently entrusted the honour and the glory of our arms, are occupied in the action in the open field, it is necessary that in the closed field of diplomacy, those who are responsible should take this special state of Italy's affairs into account, and should take the proper measures, without new mental reservations, ancient prejudices and ancient preconceptions. All the questions regarding our land and sea boundaries must be exhaustively solved; all our just aspirations in the East must be satisfied; all our spheres of influence must be defined and respected. Prince von Bülow, during his interview with Bijörson on the eve of his mission to Italy, said that Italy's fortunes were bound up with those of Germany; and, if at all, Germany's fall would mean Italy's fall too. Our Statesmen and our Allies must take steps to sever the connexion of Bülow's double omen. *Mors tua*, but not Italy's.

Because, on the whole, if a new order of things emerge, as it will inexorably emerge, from this great war, and if, in reality, the triumph of liberty and civilization arises out of so many sacrifices that have been made, and so much blood that has been shed, the symbol and the sign of the new order of things and of the triumph must be Italy.

The new Europe will not effectively and securely exist, unless the new Italy finds herself in a different situation and in different conditions from those in which she found herself at the eve of the war.

Only a strong and powerful Italy; only an Italy on the same level, in degree and in activity, with France and England on the Continent and in all the inlets of the Mediterranean, will be able to displace the terms and values of European politics. Should Italy, in consequence of her weakness or the restriction of her action and movements, be reduced to that policy of compromise and expedients to which she was reduced in the last thirty years, between insecure and distrustful alliances on the one side, which held her in subjection and in apprehension for her existence; and persistent rivalries and jealousies, which rendered her efforts at redemption useless, on the other, no group of Powers will succeed in obtaining stability and quietness. A poor and infirm Italy would cause Austria and Germany to become stronger. Germany can only be weakened and Austria rendered powerless by a strong and powerful Italy. To haggle about the formation of a greater Italy would be the same as to haggle about the formation of a new Europe. It is well that this evident truth be well fixed upon and understood by European conscience.

I speak loud, so that all may hear me.

I know not whether in France and in England the old ideas about Austria prevalent during the Napoleonic era — the era of Napoleon III., of course — are still alive or have been attenuated or modified; and whether, even after Austria has become Germany's humble servant, it may be thought that she can be used as a lever against Germany. I hope, for the sake of the honour of our two Allies's intelligence that it is not so; although I am aware that it is more difficult to eradicate an idea from that which for a literary convenience we are accustomed to call the public

opinion of a nation, than to cancel a law from a Code or a Treaty. In any case, until in the mind of the Powers which constitute the nucleus of European civilization, Austria has been replaced by Italy on all the Adriatic shores; and until the name and the action of Italy have been permanently linked with those of France and England in the Eastern Mediterranean, the liberty and civilization of Europe cannot be said to have solid and secure bases.

All this struggle for the ideal, all this war for the stability of the world's foundations, as Wilson has said, all this tragedy in which the choicest flower of Europe's youth is disappearing would have neither sense nor aim if, in the end, the same organs, the same personalities, the same geographical expressions were to be set up again, which, up to yesterday represented the enemies of all liberties, refractory to all progress, instruments of every reaction, permanent association of barbarism and tyranny against small and large States within the scope of their influence, and which, during the progress of the war were always fought as such.

In one of those sittings of the Reichstag, during which German peace was announced amidst the thunder and lightning of German military glory, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg presented his *war map*, which was, as it were, the constitutional chart of the new barbarian Europe. But to-day it is necessary that the Powers of the Entente, in unity with the Allies of all the Americas, should present their own chart, which will be the geographical chart and the constitutional chart of new civilized Europe, all in one. A chart which will have its foundation upon this supreme law of vital organisms, namely, that the organ should

serve and correspond with its function.. What function of civilization or liberty can Austria serve? alien and hostile as she is to all national and human law; she that acknowledges no other reasons but her own: that is, the abstract and wily reason of the State which she is?

In the new chart of Europe, there will only be room for such nations as have always wrought and fought, and are still ready to work and to fight for the world's lofty civilization and for its infinite progress.

Let the civilized world, on this Birthday of Rome, accept the wish and the law which emanate from the tradition and the history of the Imperial City of Right.

THE WAR OF THE ALPS.

This war does not admit of rhetoric. In all the forms of its organization and its developement, it is so severe and arduous an undertaking that the speech which were to attempt to deck it with the dried flowers of ancient poems and ancient songs would act as ingenuously and as uselessly as did the legendary child in wanting to hold the sea in the hollow of his hand. This terrible enterprise of science and will can have a literature worthy of it, only in the precise statement of its actions. And the human values, by which it is measured, are derived from the perfection of moral effort corresponding to the physical and intellectual effort necessary for the struggle.

Correspondents of foreign journals, and especially the British ones, who follow our operations at the front, are sending to their papers news and opinions on our army which, besides the admiration for its courage, reveal a new valuation of the Italian mind and character in the formidable test of the war. And, a few days ago, on the eve of our advance, the great poet of British Imperialism, Rudyard Kipling, in his prose which is truly warlike, revealed to his readers his wonder for

what he had seen, for the *new world*, the *new war*, the *new Italy* he had discovered on the banks of the Isonzo and on the rocks of the Trentino. Here, then, is what is most important, namely, that, at the test, Italy and the Italians are and appear capable of dealing with the most difficult situations; that Italy and the Italians are and appear ripe for the greatest labours and enterprizes; that they have in themselves the potentiality and the capability of reaching, on a par with other nations, the highest degrees of the task which Destiny has assigned to them. That an Italian, individually, should have the courage to defy an enemy even ten times better armed and trained in arms than himself, is not to be wondered at, nor can the fact excite any surprise; neither should his self-immolation and his sacrifice for an ideal cause excite any wonder or surprise: all the history of Italy is a history of self-immolation and of sacrifice. But the intensity of moral life, which consists in preparing, in organizing, in waiting without apprehensions and without fears, between fatigue and perils, in working confidently one, two years in the shadow and in silence, in the expectation of one day or of one hour of success: this is important to note, this which appeared impossible to all before the war, and which to-day comes as a revelation. It used to be said, at one time, that Italy was made, but that there remained to form the Italians. And it was true. But do you not think that at the test of this war the Italians are beginning to be formed? A little patience, and we, too, at the proper moment, will be able to ascend the Capitol to render our thanks to the ancient Deities of Rome.

Destiny reserved the Alps to us for the great test.

When the history of this war will have gone so far back in remote centuries as to reach the atmosphere of a legend, these small, dark Italians, climbing to-day, under the implacable fire of the Austrian artillery the naked rocks of the mountains in order to reach the summits and carry up there the blood of their wounds and their guns, will appear as the real masters, the real lords of those Alps which no human or divine force could ever succeed in vanquishing or subjugating. The wonder of contemporary poets and journalists in observing the cold courage, the tenacity, the effort, of these small, dark Italians climbing mountains will become attenuated, perhaps, in the distant future, when there will only remain a recollection and a fantastic outline of these men of flesh and blood; but through this recollection and this fantastic outline Italy's right will reveal itself more natural and more certain; and also more elementary: because it will appear as the essential blending of the human type with his land. And, under whatsoever incarnation, the German shall never again prevail over the conquerors of the Alps. He shall not prevail, and Europe will be more sure of her civilization and of her history.

As in the case of England, we have seen the first war-shell explode at our feet without possessing a real and proper artillery-park or an army in a fit condition to fight. And, as in England's case, in consequence of this poverty of ours, and of this want of military preparation we have had to suffer the contempt of our Allies, which reached to the pitch of unchaining such an immense conflict of European races without even consulting us or giving us warning. « What would you do if an English army were to land in Belgium? » — somebody once asked Bismarck. —

« I would send the police to arrest it », — replied the great Lord of War, William II., who did not even deign to put his police in motion to stop that small army. And did he, or his Viennese Ally concern themselves with the Italian army? According to Bismarck's expression, it was sufficient for both that the Italian *Bersagliere*, with his feathers and his drum should be turned with his face towards France than towards Austria. That was the way of considering Italy's participation in the Triple Alliance. But after two years, things must have changed somewhat, if Austria has stopped laughing, and smiles no more at the thought of that Italian *Bersagliere* fit only for the parade ground. In fact, from two years ago, this military type, the representative of ancient wars, has laid aside his flowing feathers, does not run about uselessly and does not play his music to make the Allied bears dance. The Italian *Bersagliere* has turned miner, engineer, chemist, diplomat, thinker and governor — governor, especially of himself — he has become the true fighting man of new Italy and fights to win. And no one doubts of his victory.

The two nations which up to yesterday had been considered as the least warlike and the least prepared of all the others for war, by the unexpected weight of the sword which they have cast into the balance are now turning the fortunes of war in a different direction to that which had been imagined by its votaries, and are also changing the destinies of Europe.

These are facts, which it is well to note to-day, for to-morrow's guidance.

THE UNSQUAREABLE CIRCLE.

In his interview with the representatives of the Russian Press, M. Tereschenko, new Minister for Foreign Affairs, has mildly refuted, and, of course, by no means exhaustively (Russian men of Government are obliged, in these moments to employ a great mildness of language), the question put forward by the democratic Committees relative to the publication of Treaties concluded between the old Régime and the Allied Powers. This is a question which is connected with the old principles of democratic doctrine; principles which aim at universal suffrage applied to foreign politics and, therefore, at the immediate publication of all acts and documents which are connected with foreign politics (all of which could be obtained with greater facility simply by the transformation of State Chancelleries into Circulating Libraries), with, of course, the inevitable *referendum* on them. « The immediate publication of Treaties », said the new Minister for Foreign Affairs, « would be equivalent to a rupture with the Allies, and would imply Russia's isolation ». — It would be equivalent — he might have said more aptly — to an act of treason: as

the disclosure and the revelation, to the enemy's profit, of secrets which do not belong to Russia only (even of the ancient régime), but to the Powers which have concluded agreements and treaties with Russia, would undoubtedly be. Unfortunately, the innocence of democratic doctrine in questions of foreign politics is made up of similar failings of memory.

This question of the publicity to be given to foreign politics, put forward to-day on their own account by the Russian Committees which have so recently appeared before history's footlights, and which suppose that Heaven knows what diabolical secrets detrimental to the pacifist democracy of the Don are contained in diplomatic Treaties, has already been posed, sometimes even sarcastically, by the pacifist democracy of the Seine, to the Governments of the Third Republic, the Ally of Russia. The Russian revolutionists are to-day showing themselves apprehensive and almost terror-struck by the snares against their philosophy which are lying hidden in the secrecy of Treaties. The French revolutionists, on the contrary, amused themselves in days gone by, in making fun of those Governments of the Third Republic which were deceiving themselves with the idea that they held the key to the Czar's heart in their hands. « Can you picture to yourself the Czar », wrote M. Sembat, « pouring forth the fulness of his heart into the heart of Félix Faure? Can you imagine the Czar choosing our good M. Fallières as the confidant of his thoughts? Six years after, he would have had the pleasant surprise of finding his secret served up cold in a fine volume entitled: « Memoirs of an Ex-President », or « History of Seven Years ». The newspapers would have all published extracts from it.

But... you may be sure that in Berlin they would not have to wait for the volume to appear to be-informed of its contents in the most minute details ». On this score, then, the Russian revolutionists can feel quite at ease, and need have no apprehension whatever about the secrets of their ancient diplomacy.

M. Sembat, an anti-militarist Socialist, amongst the most eloquent and the most violent of his Party, on the eve of the war — and consequently of his appointment to the post of Minister of National Defence — wrote a book, one of the boldest and most spirited books of political literature written during the last few years, which is like an examination of conscience, and at the same time a review of all the errors and contradictions of democratic and Republican doctrines, entitled: « *Faites un Roi si non faites la Paix* », with Germany, of course. After an active propaganda in newspapers, in Associations, at meetings, in Parliament itself against militarism, that man of talent, and we must also add, of conscientiousness, experienced a moment of doubt and suspicion: « Supposing that with all these ideas and all this propaganda I was contributing to lead my country towards disaster? » — and then he stopped to think, and think again over his own ideas and those of his Party: and then to formulate the dilemma which is the title of his book: a dilemma which means this: democratic doctrine is not adapted to prepare a nation for war; and if you think that war is not a chimera, but an hypothesis which might become a reality, then you must found your State upon a different doctrine; because with this kind of Republic and this kind of doctrine you are going straight on your way towards defeat. — I do not propose to

discuss M. Sembat's fundamental thesis. But as the book contains a chapter dedicated to foreign politics and to the secrecy of Treaties not admitted by democratic doctrine, I treasure up the contents of M. Sembat's pages before discussing the question on my own account and applying it to Italy.

M. Sembat founds his argument on the following principle: « It is anti-Republican, or it is ridiculous in a Republican régime to enter into Alliances of the essential clauses of which the people are ignorant ». And this may be so. But a question at once arises spontaneously: Be it Republican or anti-Republican, is it or is it not necessary for the purpose of foreign politics and in the interest of the country and of the people itself? This we do not learn. We only learn that it is un-Republican not to publish Treaties for the people's behoof, and that is all. But M. Sembat, who writes and speaks and is a Deputy in a Republic, cannot help posing the question of Alliances to himself and cannot help attempting to solve it with the least possible damage to the principles of Republican doctrine. He therefore asks himself: « How are principles to be saved in the midst of the necessities of Reality? By means of a Council of Ten? Or a Committee of Public Safety? Of an irresponsible President? Of a First Consul? This is defying the impossible ». (I should think so!). And then he recounts the attempt made by him, after the Agadir affair, to create something which should savour of Republicanism: *une faible ébauche d'organisation républicaine*, for foreign politics; for instance: a Council composed of all ex-Ministers for Foreign Affairs, to which, in time, might be added all the ex-Presidents of the Republic; a

Consultative Council, a Council, in brief, which should have stood at the elbow of the Minister for Foreign Affairs to keep him up to date in the most particularly serious and difficult negotiations. *J'y voyais* — M. Sembat candidly admits — *une ébauche de tradition*; — Tradition! Here we are, then! The detested tradition which democratic doctrine would like to throw out of the door, coming back, with colours flying, through the window. And together with tradition, there also come back, or rather, should come back, Discreetness and Continuity. But M. Sembat is not successful in his intent, and does not succeed in creating the new organ of this Republican Tradition. Therefore he must needs give up his thirteenth labour. And what is still more conclusive is that he frankly admits «the difficulty of endowing our foreign politics with an organ of continuity.» Continuity in the instability of Universal Suffrage, perhaps?

It is painful, but it is so: the undertaking can never succeed, owing to that famous «*contradiction which does not consent*», and to that famous demonstration which cannot lead to a settlement by any known road, neither by that of *quia*, nor by that of *propter quid*. Foreign policy and popular publicity are two expressions which no strength of mind and will can succeed in reconciling or making agree. There is no middle course, therefore: one must either abandon popular publicity or abandon the ambition of foreign policy. To attempt to introduce into foreign policy the principle of popular publicity is simply absurd. The fortunes of nations are not directed by absurdity.

What, then, is to be done?

I know not: the matter concerns democratic

doctrine. I merely say this, that, as a preliminary to reaching a conclusion one should know whether it is more useful to a State, to a nation, to proclaim and to maintain the democratic principle of popular publicity, or whether it is more useful to exercise foreign politics.

Of course this must be considered as an abstract problem. Because, from an historical point of view, where and when can the foreign policy of a State ever be said to be exercised in contradiction and in contempt of its sentiments and interests ?

On another occasion, and without plunging into pragmatism, we may be able to discuss the problem in its reality in the light of Italian foreign policy.

ALBANIA AND «*LE TEMPS*».

I propose to discuss the question of the Italian Protectorate in Albania, on the lines of argument traced out by the recent article of *Le Temps*, which arrived yesterday. I have selected the lines traced by *Le Temps* for two reasons: first, because we have to deal with an authoritative journal published in France, an Allied nation; and the remarks which I shall have the honour to submit and to oppose to those of that journal can also be adapted to those Italian democratic papers which show themselves extremely sensitive to the repercussion that our actions excite on public opinion in France; secondly because to follow a given line of argument signifies confining one's ideas within a strictly limited field. (Readers of the *Tribuna* have been cognizant for a long time of my opinions on the programme which the Government ought to have followed in the Lower Adriatic after the defeat and dispersion of Serbia; namely, the immediate occupation of Epirus and of all the islands situated at the mouth of the Otranto Channel, beginning, naturally, with Corfu). And to-day it is important to limit myself.

The article of *Le Temps*, then, considers the proclamation of Italy's protectorate over Albania from the strictly Italian point of view and likewise from the wider Balkan and international point of view.

From the Italian point of view, the highest praise is meted out. « We render homage », says *Le Temps*, « to the perseverance and ability with which Italian diplomacy knows how to take advantage, in the interest of the nation, of every phase of the war. It is a lesson for those ingenuous speakers who consider the diplomat's profession a superfluous one; and, by a strange contradiction, have themselves the pretension of being improvised diplomats ». But is this lesson addressed to French orators only? I have read a statement in some Italian democratic journal to the effect that the proclamation of the protectorate over Albania is an ill-advised and inopportune act, a rash deed, if not a surprise, on the part of Italian diplomacy. Once again, what is truth on this side of the Pyrenees is mendacity on the other side. And what of the Alps? How, then? An Italian democratic journal condemns as ill-advised and inopportune an action which is considered useful and wise and in conformity with national interest by another democratic journal in France? How can the action be ill-advised and inopportune if it increases Italy's prestige, and if every Italian has welcomed it with appropriate satisfaction? Democracy should have the good grace not to put itself in disaccord with the national interest.

I know full well and I do not attempt to disguise the fact from myself that there is a question of procedure underlying the unexpected polemics which are crackling here and there — the

rents of these are seen daily in the white spaces censored in newspapers — concerning the question of the Albanian protectorate. But, if in their patriotic fervour, all Parties have laid down their banners — and their preconceived ideas — on the steps of the so-called Altar of national concord, can it be possible — for the action of Italian diplomacy is in consonance with national interest and opinion — can it be possible, I say, that some of these Parties can withdraw those banners merely on a question of procedure? Men of tried faith, who were the promoters of national concord, must sacrifice their doctrinaire ideas before the accomplished fact, if only in order not to underrate it in the face of the enemy and in the face of the Allies. Does the event increase Italy's prestige? If it does, any discussion upon it, be it ever so just and legitimate in the abstract, will appear an idle one and will not have the force to persuade and much less to stir the public. In war time all questions which it is not absolutely necessary to discuss appear idle ones.

Let us return to *Le Temps*.

« French public opinion », states our authoritative contemporary, « does not experience, in the face of this Italian action, any of those mean sentiments which the German Press attributes so freely to the various Allied peoples in its vain hope of fomenting discord amongst them ». And I am glad — or rather, we are all glad — of this. But, after having called the attention of Italian democratic journals to the enemy's aims (if the enemy is pleased with the discord amongst the Allies, you can imagine how pleased he must feel at the disagreement between Italians!), I pose the question: Why on earth should our French friends make a show of mean sentiments

towards us in this question of Albanian Protectorate? France is to-day Italy's war Ally; and it would be an insult to and an offence against Latin probity to suppose that any member of the French Press would be capable of reawakening, now, the polemics which, at one time, were got up along and around the Otranto Channel as a reprisal against the Italy of the Triple Alliance. The war and the new system of war alliances must have deeply altered the spirit and the mind of our French cousins on the problem of both Lower and Upper Adriatic. Were it not so, of what use would be the change of ideas about « scraps of paper » ?

I now come briefly to the other point of view on the Protectorate: the Balkan and international one, according to *Le Temps*.

Says *Le Temps*, and I translate textually: « As General Ferrero is in command at Argirocastro, a city in Northern Epirus, claimed as Greek by the Greeks, it is evident at once that the Italian initiative has been taken for the purpose of keeping the ambitions of Hellenism in check, in the event of Hellenism succeeding in reconstructing its national unity at some future time ». (I should really call it Imperial, not national unity).

Now, what has turned up once more? Hellenism? Who ever thought of Hellenism any more, after so much of Constantine and Venizelos, after so much overturning and upsetting of alliances. after so much disarming and — as some say — so much treason? Yet some one thinks and even speaks of it, as a thing alive. « The life of the dead in ourselves », says Ibsen in his « *Ghosts* », « is terrible ». In fact....

Le Temps is not only preoccupied by Hellenism, but also by Serbianism and Bulgarism, and

by the struggle that the Italian flag will have to sustain in the Balkan *mélée*: « a delicate task which evidently the Italian army is thoroughly decided to accomplish on its own account », adds *Le Temps*; and, according to usage, *la politique suivra la marche des combattants* ». Certainly. But it is strange that in all these small adventures *Le Temps* should not find out that Italy, the Ally of France, is struggling more particularly, at the present time, against Austria, Germany's Ally. Hellenism, Serbianism, Bulgarism, ay, these are all wretched things. What if we spoke of something more wretched for us: of Austria, for instance ?

And, at this point, I take the liberty of correcting an historical error into which *Le Temps* has fallen.

At the Berlin Congress, says *Le Temps*, had Bismarck consented, the Italians might have been allowed to occupy Albania, in the same manner as the Austrians occupied Bosnia-Herzegovina. I beg to correct that statement. Bismarck has many faults to account for before men and gods, but of this fault before Italians he is not guilty. At the Berlin Congress, Bismarck used all his persuasion with the Italian representatives to induce them to turn their prow towards Tunis or towards Albania, seeing that it had been already decided that Austria should take Bosnia-Herzegovina under her care. And it was in consequence of the supine — how shall we express it ? — unconsciousness of the Italian representatives at the Berlin Congress that he let the thing drop and suggested Tunis to France.

But all this represents the past.

Forty years later, in the furnace of the great war, in which she has cast so much of the flower

of her race and of her wealth, for her own sake and for the sake of European civilization, Italy is showing that in the defence of her interests and of her position in the Adriatic, she intends being — how shall we say? — less unconscious than in 1878, and that the least she can ask her friends to do is to rid her of that Hellenism of the Corintza Republic. Is it too much to ask for?

I am sure that, with its high political sense, *Le Temps* is of the same opinion.

AUSTRIA IN GENEVA.

It is said that Austria is in Buda-Pesth, in Berlin and also in Vienna. But now, more than anywhere else she is in Geneva. I do not know whether our Allies have yet found this out.

It is perhaps owing to its position in the centre of Europe, or probably owing to the habit brought on by the necessity of keeping its gaze fixed on the stormy horizon, that the Italian Observatory sees things more clearly and more surely than others do. It obtained a clearer and surer insight into the Bulgarian question as well as into the Greek one (to-day's epilogue is a proof of it), and also of the Albanian question; and, if the alarm signals were made in vain, it is sufficient for us, as far as our responsibility is concerned, that those signals should have been made long before the others saw the danger. Unfortunately, between reality and the Allies' Observatories there is a veil of illusions and prejudices which only the enemies' successes — and the gods know with what delay — succeed in tearing to pieces. It was thus that, one by one, the various rounds in the Balkan game were lost; and that the Entente's diplomacy issued forth from the ordeal

with but a little heap of ashes, the ashes of one man: Venizelos; truly too little for four nations lost and three Kings in exile.

I do not wish to be a prophet of evil, but I really am afraid that bygone illusions and prejudices will once more serve to blindfold us in the case of Austria-Hungary as they have in other cases. On our side we are displaying in an exuberant manner all the finest qualities imaginable: fierceness in patriotism, coolness in sacrifice, rapture in enthusiasm; but, without offence to any one, we are also displaying foolishness in the sense of reality: whence the tendency of considering as substantial all dreams and desires even before they have begun to be incarnated in the enemy's mind. A most dangerous failing this, in war time, when the first elementary duty is that of keeping one's self in constant contact with reality, which is the enemy. To lose contact with this reality can be as fatal as it was to Don Quixote when he lost contact with the herds and kept it up only with the heroes of chivalry romances.

Amongst the extracts of the foreign Press, I read yesterday that the *Observer* has warned its readers that they will do well to let themselves be persuaded that there is a very real Austrian question to be settled, and a very real Austria to be overthrown for the sake of European peace. This warning is extremely timely; but will it produce any effect?

On the waves of English and French public opinion, Austria floats and survives merely by virtue of two well-filled air bladders: one, on the English side, the recollection of the common struggle against Napoleon; the other, on the French side, the aspiration towards a common

struggle against Germany. In a country of tenacious memory like England, it is difficult to dissociate the name of Austria from that of Waterloo; whilst in a country where facile illusions are prevalent, as in France, it is still more difficult not to imagine that at some future time Austria will hanker to retaliate for the Sadowa defeat, just as France has done for that of Sédan. Retroactivity of the historic sense is not one of the least frequent errors of our Allies. And Austria, and, on her behalf, Germany, the realistic Power *par excellence*, and especially clever at exploiting the weaknesses of civilized minds, labours not a little to exploit such an error.

It is well-known that for some time Austria — and it were ridiculous to imagine that in this matter she is not in league with Germany — has instituted in Geneva a Bureau of Propaganda in favour of her own peace, for the purpose of inveigling the French and the English. She has sent one of her most able officials from Vienna, who has always been in charge of the Imperial Press Bureau of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and has appointed him to a Consulship for the occasion. She has placed at his elbow a real member of the consular corps and has surrounded him with a Jewish financier, a Catholic Prelate and an international Socialist (in the end the good Lord will recognize his own) for the work of penetration, by every possible means, into the minds of near and distant enemies; and, as the Metternich tradition has never declined in Austria, and Metternich himself once taught the art of employing the services of women in diplomacy, so Austria has authorized her official to enlist all the available *cocottes* of a certain age who are known to be more or less acquainted with ci-

devant Russian Grandukes, and to cause them to manoeuvre round the more or less anarchical ex-exiles of Holy Russia (the world, as you know, rotates), and to gyrate round the more or less accredited emissaries of the other Powers of Europe more or less directly aimed at. Thus Austria in Geneva performs her efficacious mission with no less zeal than the Austria of the Carso and of Galicia. If the Congress of Vienna of 1815 was surnamed the Congress of *pots-de-vin*, you can imagine how much, after the experience of a whole century, the tribe of international go-betweens will have to do and to earn in view of a future Congress, which will have to sustain on its shoulders the weight of two new worlds!

Is it too much to ask that to-day our Allies' opinion be fixed on these two truths for which the evidence is absolutely convincing, firstly that Austria, in everything she does, has the same stamp of features as Germany, whatever mask she may assume, and secondly that it is impossible to think of maintaining Austria in her political and territorial efficiency without thinking of doubling at the same time and in the same measure Germany's political and territorial efficiency also? To imagine that Austria can be severed from Germany would be more than illusion, it would be ingenuousness; and the Entente does not really want to slip into the one or fall into the other. A Bulgaria, a Greece and a Russia ought to be sufficient to make up the collection of such illusions. Why add Austria to it?

The disappearance of Russia — let us call it a temporary one, so as not to trouble the minds of those who profess to be optimistic — from the field of the war has substantially altered all the terms of the Eastern problem. Russia used to be

a barrier against the Central Empires. This barrier once fallen, and until it is rebuilt once more, the Central Empires and Turkey will have the road clear to all their ambitions. Austria constitutes the imperial bridge between Germany and Turkey. And, if the Entente possessed a sufficiently strong mental nerve to conceive and carry through to its termination a political and military plan in the grand style, without getting entangled and losing itself in the snares of old illusions of Parties and doctrines, it should, as a whole, act as a battering-ram against Austria, and as a whole should strike out with Italy, to destroy the Austrian bridge. Will it ever decide to make this effort? The unity of thought and action which, since the first day of the war revealed itself as formidable in Germany, is wanting in the Entente, which, all through, has evolved and is evolving nothing better than a policy of international parliamentarism. And this should be corrected.

The British and French Governments, in their Messages addressed to the provisional Government of Russia have reminded it, almost in the same words, of its engagement to reconstitute the whole of the *disjecta* Poland into a free and independent State. But how is it possible to achieve such a result without a true and effective disruption of Austria's present organization?

In the present war of nations, the reconstitution of Poland is as necessary both from an ideal and a material point of view, as the organization of Austria is absurd from the same standpoint. And should the new Russian democracy persist in its renunciations and desist from the struggle which the Czars had entered into in favour of the principle of races and nationalities, so much more

imperative would the duty, and the interest of the Entente be, to make of Poland that bulwark against the Central Empires which Russia had refused to be any longer. But Poland's colours cannot be hoisted unless Austria's are struck down at the same time; and the plan of Poland's unification and integration cannot be effected without effecting that of Austria's disintegration. The contradiction does not admit of giving caresses to Austria and sugar-plums to Poland at the same time.

Geneva is, at the present moment, a good market for *delikatessen*. But one mustn't eat too many of them.

THE PACT OF SILENCE.

It is by no means pleasant to enter into controversy with writers of Allied nations. But it would be still more unpleasant to allow their arguments to pass without discussion, or their errors without correction. An Alliance is truly a labour, by what it seems. So, then, to work!

Le Correspondant, an old French Review dedicated principally to foreign politics, in its issue of June 10th., has published an article entitled: « *The Italian Programme* » which, for instance, I cannot possibly feign not to have read, as I really should like to do. In fact, rather than an article, it may be said to be a Statement, or, to use a more Gallic expression, a bureaucratic *Rapport*, or Report, emanating from a public Office, from the *Quai d'Orsay*, or from some other State Department specially charged with the mission of cultivating and maintaining discord and misunderstanding with friendly peoples and States; in which article are gathered all the sediments of prejudices and rancours which, day by day, Old Time has deposited in his unremovable Archives; and, in which are none of those ideas and sentiments which mature in the sunshine of

a free life. This Article or Report — call it what you will — in what it states openly and in what it hints, and in the spirit it reveals, is by no means a gracious service rendered — I do not say to Italy, as Italy has something more important to do at the present moment than to mind the unpleasant things which are said of her — but to France herself and to the Entente which, at the present time are more than ever in need of keeping united and sound in all their elements, whilst the secular arm of Russia is falling inertly at the frontiers.

The writer of the article in question proposes to combat as vain, dangerous and disturbing to the Alliance, not only the aspirations of those whom he calls the Italian imperialists — it is superfluous to note that, according to him, any Italian who should hint at a discussion on the most insignificant Colonial problem, is an imperialist — but even those of the most modest nationalists, whom, according to the necessity of his reasoning, he at times depicts as interventionists, at others as neutralists and pro-German. Italian aspirations? It was arranged — says he with the assurance of a man who has made his nest in the deepest recesses of a diplomatic laboratory — that Italian aspirations should not be spoken of until the end of the war. Afterwards, according to merit (honour to merit!), the gate of discussion would have been opened or closed. A pact of silence — he goes on, very kindly, to reveal to us — had been concluded between all the men *les plus dévoués à l'Entente* (the names of these illustrious conspirators, please!), for the purpose of leaving all the most serious and most compromising questions on one side, during the progress of the war; and it is strange that the

Italians should break such a pact now, and that they should speak of those most serious and compromising questions as if the silence agreed upon yesterday were equivalent to and signified consent. Now, then, says the author of this article or Report, it is high time to speak clearly and to make Italians understand that they must not continue to delude themselves with the hope of being able to obtain more than what we believe is rightly their due; nor that they should pick quarrels with the Allies if they do not succeed one day in obtaining what they imagine they can lay claim to. The tone of self-sufficiency assumed by the author of this not too-well inspired article, in judging our questions, and the air of protection which he makes a show of here and there in his advice and his admonitions, excites a feeling, I do not know whether of surprise or curiosity. But, dear innocent Sir, are you speaking on your own account, or on behalf of the French Government?

The article or the Report, whatever it may be, of *Le Correspondant*, examines the Italian aspirations with great excitability. The writer divides them into three groups: the African group; the Asiatic group (Asia Minor) and the European group. Of the European group, dealing with Trent and Trieste, with Istria and Dalmatia, as far as Cattaro and Ragusa, he says but a few and not too forcible words, adding the advice to be prudent in our future behaviour, in order to avoid the dangers which might arise in the future in consequence of too wide and not fully justified annexations. Let us pass on! It is useless to speak of Yugoslavia at present. He does not mention but simply hints at her. It is enough to catch a glimpse of the snail's little horn. Concerning the Asiatic group, he makes no particular refutations,

perhaps because it would be inopportune to give precise information on the Allies' arrangements; but he makes many observations on questions of principle, and speaks with ill-repressed irony about the exaggeration of Italy's pretensions in comparison to those of other nations. But where calmness, gravity and irony are altogether shivered to atoms is on the discussion of the African group. How can we speak of Kisimayo Harbour to England? (The good Ally, as you see, is mindful even of England, though not entrusted with a power-of-attorney). How can we speak of Djibuti to France? Such demands would mean a provocation in the full sense of the word, and would be advanced on purpose to elicit a negative reply; so that we could then say to the Italian public: « Do you see? The Allies do not want to give you what is due to you! » A nasty shot, then, from the pro-Germans and neutralists; from those who did not want war, and who, now that war is declared are striving to play the well-known trick of the increase of price, which always succeeds. To arms! — I reply: « Calm yourself! »

Neutrality and pro-Germanism have nothing whatever to do with the question of Kisimayo and Djibuti; and there is no need to call for the intervention of the Italian Censor against newspapers and reviews which have taken the name of those places in vain. Those who have discussed these subjects are not imperialists in good or bad faith, who attempt either to obtain an illegitimate conquest for Italy, or to excite unlawful trouble amongst the Allies. They are, on the contrary, studious, peaceable and diligent men, besides being faithful and true votaries of the Alliance, and, as men of study are even somewhat simple-minded, and consequently apt to foster il-

lusions. In their diligence, they are looking with their magnifying glasses all over the map, and burrowing in the remembrance of the past to seek for reasons and causes of probable future discord; and, in their ingenuousness they believe they can speak to the Allies informally, *en famille*, as it were, and propose in a simple manner the means of averting and dissolving those reasons and causes. There is nothing to fear, then, from their prose. Nor is the Italian mind, which is made up of good sense and stability, capable of becoming excited or infatuated on every question in the same manner, or apt to put them all on the same level. It is quite useless, therefore, to awaken the echoes of the Capitol of Kisimayo or of Dijbuti for fear of a double scaling or descent on the part of the Italians. There is too much apprehension about Italian ambitions! Be less apprehensive, and you will be more even-minded.

For, after all, the great preoccupation demonstrated by the author of the article, is only one, namely that Italy should exaggerate the importance to France and the Entente of her intervention in the war; and consequently should advance exaggerated claims at the moment when peace is being signed. Whence arises a constant and not easily dissimulated tendency to diminish and underrate the importance of our effort, and to reduce and circumscribe the function of our war. The Germans hate Italy, because they hold that Italian neutrality had the effect of upsetting the fortunes of the war; as otherwise our intervention on their side in August 1914 would have facilitated the annihilation of France and would have assured a prompt victory to the Triple Alliance. On this point, the writer of the article in *Le Correspondant* rushes in, doubtful and argumenta-

tive: « Yes... certainly... Italian neutrality has been a fine thing: but... what of Belgium's heroism? And France's heroism? » I bow before these, and pass onwards. Because by means of discussions like these, one could arrive directly at the tittle-tattle of a Beauty Show. The same can be said of Italy's specific contribution to the war. « Yes » and « But » are constantly recurring. « Oh, *jusqu'ici*, up to now, Italy's sacrifices, or more plainly (« sacrifices » is too tragic a figure of speech for him) Italy's contribution to the common war has undoubtedly been *considerable*. But, certainly, by no means as *considerable* as that of France and England ». Therefore (this is the conclusion) why claim so many compensations, not only in the Adriatic, but also in Africa and in Asia Minor?

We will not follow the author of the « Italian Programme » in *Le Correspondant* along that road.

In the European war Italy has done that which she should, politically and morally, have done as a great modern Power, as heir to the law of Rome, as creator of Mediterranean civilization. In order to fulfil her task, she sought no inspiration but her own, in the full liberty of her mind and in the serene consciousness of her mission amidst the old and new races of Europe. She did not set a price on her neutrality with the Entente in the first period, nor did she set a price on her neutrality with her old Allies in the second period. If the consequences of her neutrality and of her intervention were such as to procure the salvation of France and the possibility of developing the military preparation of England, the thought never entered her mind of presenting her bill to the friendly Powers which she had so as-

sisted. Having once entered the field, she is fighting the fiercest of wars on her boundaries, alone and without the possibility of help from any side. Russia, which might have relieved her of the weight of a great portion of the Austrian armies, is now uselessly perorating on ideologies — her own and others' — without even having her weapons at hand. What more is required of us, then? And wherefore the strange attitude of a certain section of the French Press towards Italy, and the still stranger discussions which are being carried on and are certainly not calculated to give Italians the comforting persuasion of the goodness of their Alliance?

And here let me break off the period; which my present bitterness might make too strong.

It suffices me to have informed our French friends that, in Italy, those who are to understand have already understood.

THE PREJUDICES ABOUT AUSTRIA.

One of the political animal's greatest delusions is that of thinking or imagining that the idea (written with a capital I, or with a small i, according to the various degrees of imbecility of the person who so thinks) governs the world. The truth, on the contrary, is this: that the idea, like love, in order to become an active force must first of all pass through all the stages of corruption and putrefaction and become poisonous. The eel, whilst it is alive, slips away from your hand; but its serum, after its putrefaction, kills you, fixes you in death, without leaving or showing any trace of its work. If the idea is not past, if it does not become a prejudice and act solely in the subconsciousness, it has no political or social value. The above can be applied to Austria.

If ever there was a war in which the Idea (if you wish to adorn it with the capital letter, do not lose this opportunity), could and should beat Santerre's drums to drown Austria's voice on the scaffold, it is this present war: the war of nations, or rather, to speak more ideally or abstractly, the war for the principle of nationality: the war of democracies; the war of democratic principle

against militarism and authoritarianism combined. Yet, precisely in this war, and precisely in the most democratic countries which are fiercely fighting in it, Austria has found, up to recently, at any rate, the most constant defence and has excited the most persistent illusions, both determined by two prejudices, which are the poisons of two ideas dead and buried in the last century: an historical prejudice and a political one. « *Felix Austria!* » Once upon a time she wedded the living. Now she snatches the ring from the fingers of the dead.

The historical prejudice. Because Vienna once held over the German races the place now occupied by Berlin; because the Hapsburgs once wore the imperial crown now worn by the Hohenzollerns; because Sadowa was the precursor of Sedan; Germany's enemies now think, hope or illude themselves — at least they did so until recently — that Austria may issue forth from the circle which encloses her; that she may resume once more her position of rival and enemy of her present Ally, and claim once more her ancient supremacy; and, from a « brilliant second », become once more the « first », the proud « first » of Olmütz. It is, however, sufficient to consider the hypothesis (I cannot find a more appropriate word) even in the most superficial manner and out of the circle of our desires or of our passions to demonstrate its inconsistency and its fatuity. In the first place, historical situations are not renewed at will, and empires are not created anew, as a Milanese geologist used to create volcanoes in his cauldron. To imagine, now, the possibility of an Austria taking Germany's place, and as she was before 1866, would be the same as to imagine Germany cut up into seventy small States

as in the treaty of Westphalia; and, at the same time, to picture oneself a German people disunited, unprogressive, not welded together by scientific labour and by military glory; but divided, ignorant, poor and deprived of the national and imperial consciousness which it now possesses, and capable of being easily governed by a new dynasty composed of madmen and degenerates. If Austria has descended to an inferior station it is not only because she was defeated by Prussia at Sadowa, but because she really is a State, or simply, a Government such as Gortchakoff wished her to be: mentally inferior, immeasurably inferior, to the State which emerged from the victories of 1866 and 1870, and from Bismarck's brain. To imagine an Austria as she was in 1815; an Austria of the Holy Alliance, one should suppose the overturning of a whole century of European history, as well as the complete upsetting of the history of the present war. What would have happened to Austria if, after her first defeats in the Balkans, Germany had not run to her rescue and had not planted herself in the midst of her existence, and had not given her her conscience, her science, her will and the Generals of her Staff? Without Germany, Austria would have now been food for dogs, as she would have been in 1848 but for Russia's prompt aid. If rebellious against Germany, she would have at once been reduced to reason, like the slave under the slave-driver's lash. And then, why should the new Sovereign undertake the task of claiming what was lost in the past — he who knew nothing of that past — just to please Germany's enemies? Perhaps old Francis Joseph might have felt — but did not feel — a thrill of desire and yearning; he who had seen all the

ensigns of his ancient empire escape from his hands, and wore the emblems of mourning for them. But his nephew has had no other experience than that of Germany's protection; knows of no other helping hand than that of his great protector, the Kaiser: the Nephew was born to the imperial purple under the star of the Hohenzollerns. He is Wilhelm II's ward rather than his vassal, and his kingdom will remain under Germany's care as long as Germany's force and authority endure. And it would be a most sad illusion — let us hope that now, after the Versailles Congress, it no longer exists — on the part of France, or England or of Wilson that of making of Wilhelm's ward or vassal a defender of the rights of nations or of the ex-principles of 1789, at the feet of Maria Theresa's statue at the gates of the Vienna Museums. Imagination in history should not be allowed to run unbridled.

The political prejudice; a prejudice of order in the changeable, not to say revolutionary societies of Europe's democratic Powers. A prejudice which is widespread not only in neutral countries or countries which are not in actual war against Austria, but also in those which are in open and declared conflict with her, amongst the classes which, having nothing more to hope for in themselves and not wanting or not being able to create for themselves another reason of existence, are satisfied with placing their hopes, no one knows why, on the Emperor of Austria.

If those so-called orderly classes were not, for the most part composed of hypochondriacs, and, therefore, of people incapable of making the slightest effort to think of, and to judge upon, this world's most simple matters, it might be expected that in the end they would arrive at the

persuasion that their hope of obtaining the security of quiet dreams or the appeasing of their fears through Austria's Emperor was absolutely misplaced. What influence do you suppose the Dual Monarchy can exercise on other States? First of all, on account of its very formation, and owing to the various races it embraces, and the various aspirations of these races, she is constrained to pursue a special policy of her own, which nations based upon unity of race and progressing in unity of aspirations must, from the very first, discard and could not possibly follow: a peculiar policy, that is, which does not possess the character and the elements which will cause it to become a general policy. And then, when or where did the reactionary policy of a State ever have force of expansion in, or contagious influence on, other States? Free principles which act on public opinion may have an influence and may determine movements and even crises through contagion between one country and another; but the reactionary policy of a State based on authority can by no means exercise an influence upon the conduct of other States which live under a régime based upon public opinion. To pine, therefore, for the love of Austria is the same as to pine for a figure projected on the screen of a cinematograph; that is to say, for a figure which, though it moves, cannot be seized in your embrace, and though it smiles, cannot abandon itself in your arms; it is the same, in short, as to lose time, the inclination and the opportunity for doing something more useful and more serious for oneself and others. Whilst you are standing spell-bound in admiration in front of the figure which is vainly moving on the screen, the river of life rushes noisily past you, dragging

in its waves and winding in its whirlpools the passions of men, and you remain on dry land on the desert island. Your love for Austria has served no other purpose than to make you lose contact with reality, to isolate you in your own country, to make you an exile in your own home, to make you enemy of your being and of your own life. Order for Austria, forsooth! In his first reactionary zeal, Bismarck for a moment thought of abjuring even that Germany which he carried in his great brain, for the love of that order which he believed Austria represented; and between 1849 and 1850 he implored the Prussian Chamber not to accept the Imperial crown for the King of Prussia, which the Frankfort Parliament had offered him, and struggled for the subjection of Prussia to Austria, in order to combat together democracy which was arising threateningly. But he soon undeceived himself and hastened to inaugurate the policy of the « stroke to the heart » of Austria; the policy of « iron and fire », so as definitely to bring Austria under Prussia's subjection. Why should not the orderly men of all countries think of quietening their timorous consciences in Bismarck's name and in his example?

I trust that Messrs Orlando and Sonnino have been doing good work in the Versailles Councils by destroying these two prejudices which, up to the eve of those meetings seemed to be erecting barriers in the minds of the Allies, sufficiently solid to prevent the formation of a clear and sure conviction of Austria's chances and functions in the present war.

There is no question of proclaiming or claiming the wiping-out of Austria from the map of Europe as undoubtedly has been done in the edicts

of doctrinaire polemics during the last three years; in war time, enemy countries must be wiped out on the battle field before they can be cancelled from the map. But it is a question of creating a special state of mind, and of preparing such proper and opportune conditions and weapons as are fit to fight the definite battle against Austria; and not by Italy alone, but by all the Allies, by means of a precise plan, by a single and firm desire for victory, and what is still better, by a single aim. Those two prejudices, and Austria's unimpeded manoeuvres tending, with Germany's approval, to give them credit and life with the Governments and the nations of the Entente, have greatly delayed the work of creation and preparation. The Versailles *communiqué* shows that the danger has been averted at last; and that Austria is, for the Allies, as she is for Italy, the common enemy.

No more time should be lost in discussing, now. Let us fight for victory.

PUBLIC DIPLOMACY.

If I were an elector, and a candidate to Parliament came to solicit my vote, I should first of all require him to undergo a summary examination on the history of the French Revolution, and then I should exact from him the sworn promise that he would never infringe the following Commandment: «Thou shalt never again, in the course of thy natural life, repeat the words and the formulas which thou hast learnt in that history». — I hasten to explain that I should do this not as an act of disrespect towards the French Revolution, but for the purpose of preventing the abuse of the words and the formulas which, at the time and in the surroundings in which they blossomed forth, may have had their reason to exist, but now no longer have it. And also in order to procure a slight amount of variety, if not originality, in our political literature which, through constant repetition is exhausting and humiliating itself and is becoming oppressive to us. The political animal is, in itself, a mournful animal; but fancy what a sad thing it would be if it were to present itself in the form of a parrot; the most mournful animal in the whole zoological

emporium. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the words that are said and the things that are done in the supreme crises of European life are still merely the echoes and the projections of the deeds of the Great Revolution. There is no middle way: either humanity has no longer any political imagination or it is not yet ripe for another Great Revolution. From the States-General to the Directoire, day by day, in the midst of fire and blood, the French created and invented a new political language, besides a new form of thought and action, which still contribute in no small measure to the political literature and to the Parliamentary oratory of modern times. When will a new Verb appear, which will announce the incarnation of a different Deity? The verb of 1789 has already been conjugated too often.

Have you ever read the *Memoir on the Ministry of Foreign Affairs*, presented to the Jacobins Club by Dumouriez, Field-Marshal of the 22nd. Division? Did you ever peruse « *L'Opinion de Lobjoy, Ancien Maire de Colligis, Deputé de l'Aisne* » on the necessity of organizing the Department of Foreign Affairs according to the spirit of the Constitution: a Report printed by order of the Assembly? Everything that is said or written to-day on public diplomacy, on people's diplomacy or, better still, on the necessity that diplomacy be public and that it be conducted by the people, is nothing more than a melancholy repetition of what was said and written by the obscure Lobjoy and by the more famous Dumouriez who, notwithstanding the pure principles he professed on the question of diplomacy, ended by betraying his native country.

« There is no further need of diplomacy », wrote Dumouriez, sententiously; « a great people,

a free and just people is the natural Ally of all races, and should not contract special alliances which may bind it to the fortunes, the interests and the passions of this or that people ». — It would be useless, therefore, to take the trouble of organizing a Department of Foreign Affairs. « This Department of Foreign Affairs must be the most simple and least complicated of all Departments, because of them all it requires the least mystery. A Minister who should deceive a foreign Court would deserve a punishment proportionate to such a crime ». — Naturally, such a Minister of Foreign Affairs cannot claim to assume any responsibility. « He shall communicate all important despatches to the Diplomatic Committee (composed of members of the Assembly) which, in its turn, shall communicate them to the Assembly ». « Thus », he concluded, « we shall become the arbiters and pacifiers of that Europe, of which in the past (under the Ancien Régime), we were the agitators and the scourge ».

What of Lobjoy's opinion? It is not dissimilar to that of Dumouriez. Diplomatic secrecy? We must do away with this « mysterious dogma » asserted by the Ministers of the Ancien Régime. « The diplomatic Committee (composed of members of the Assembly), must be the supervisor of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. It must not be a passive or speculative power, but an active and practical one. It will spy upon *les rouages et le jeu de la machine*. Besides, the Secret of State will no longer exist. And our diplomacy will be a sincere diplomacy *par excellence* and open to all, friends and enemies ». (Happy man!).

Open, above everything to the friends on the public street. Because, if it be true that the De-

partment of Foreign Affairs was rapidly organized on the basis of these principles, it is no less true that its staff-roll was not at all simplified. From forty-one clerks who were employed there in 1789, the number was raised to eighty-four in 1793. And you can imagine what good luck befell all the friends of Dumouriez, who had been appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, and of Lobjoy. The new staff was composed of ex-Municipal employés, ex-port surveyors, ex-notaries' clers, ex-theatrical agents and even some ex-tailors were not wanting — all good patriots and upright citizens. But it is useless to insist upon this anecdotal part of history which has no importance in the present discussion.

It is not, therefore, a new miracle this of public diplomacy, of people's diplomacy, of diplomacy bereft of diplomatic secrecy, of diplomacy without treaties, or with open ones, which comes to us from Russia, and which is welcomed even here with so much joy. It is, on the contrary, the old miracle of the Old Fairy, to whom minds with some critical sense should forbear to hold the train any longer.

Napoleon's Law of January 27th. 1809, concerning the Archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which had been re-integrated and restored to their ancient honour, is preceded by a Report by M. d'Hauterive, in which, amongst other things, is stated: — « The documents which are placed under the protection of this Law, contain the traditions, the will, the aspirations of our country. Are we to offer, gratuitously, to our enemies the secret of our aspirations; are we to reveal the way by which we are striving to make our aspirations a reality? »

The whole question lies here.

Either the idea, the fact itself of the struggle for life in general, and for political life in particular must be suppressed, or, in the face of individuals, in the face of parties, of the nation, an adversary, an enemy, or at least a competitor must always be assumed to exist. Is it indispensable to offer to the adversary, to the enemy, to the competitor the plans of our action; to disclose the ends which we are endeavouring to reach by our action?

And, after all, what is the meaning of diplomatic secrecy in modern political life? Does it perhaps mean the same thing that was once meant by the formula of: « King's Secret », which has, by now, become so melodramatic?

It is to be hoped that no one should desire or pretend that both things are one and the same.

But, apart from the manner and the form in which it was effected, if the instinct of rebellion on the part of the men of the French Revolution against the King's secret was just and justified: a rebellion, that is, against a foreign policy conducted exclusively by the King and by men in his confidence, drawn from his Court and not from Parliament, that is to say, from the representatives of the nation; who can say that the distrust and the criticism of diplomatic secrecy are justified? For the diplomatic secret is now nothing but the secret of the conditions contained in a treaty, the secret of articles of an agreement which, in its spirit and in its aims, is not and cannot be made public, because it is made by a Government which is the emanation of the representative body of the nation, and is ratified by the Chamber which, by the votes of the majority or unanimously affirms its confidence in the Government.

Bismarck, in 1850, wrote: « No one can imagine what stupidity and emptiness compose the diplomacy of my country ». The diplomacy of others, of course. For his own, when he was enabled to evolve it, was certainly of another sort; no longer stupid and empty like that which he had denounced and despised.

In the modern world, therefore, the question of diplomacy must be transferred from the field of principles to that of efficiency. And, as it is by now a function of the State and not, as formerly, a privilege of the Chief of the State, it must be discussed only on the aims for which it is striving and on the capacity and dignity of the men who exercise and direct it.

There is no public diplomacy or secret diplomacy; a Government diplomacy and a people's diplomacy — and in what measure and of what class should the people be in it? — but a State diplomacy which is — and cannot help being — public in its aims, and is, and cannot help being, secret in its means, in respect of enemies and competitors.

The example of the Russian maximalists can offer no valid argument for any doctrine or party. The publication of treaties which they did not sign, does not mark the beginning of a *novus ordo* in diplomacy, but the end of the Russian State and the simultaneous abolition of the army and the diplomacy which were the defence and the guide of that State.

From their point of view the maximalists are logical. Having dismissed the army, they could not do otherwise than dismiss their diplomacy. Having decided to discontinue the war, they had nothing more to do with treaties in which the terms of the war were determined and fixed, and

they could well cast them to the four winds as useless and embarrassing scraps of paper. But I ask: Would they have so acted, had they decided, instead, to continue the war and to attain the purpose for which those treaties had been concluded?

No one can reply in the affirmative without qualifying the maximalists as fools; a qualification which, in truth, they do not deserve.

Then, with what political acumen, with what philosophic spirit, with what logical sense do those persons who do not pursue the same immediate ends as the maximalists, support their methods and their means?

The French Revolution, which tended to create ministerial responsibility on the ruins of the King's ancient absolutism, could speak at that time, and Russian maximalism which tends to destroy all the forms of State organization, can speak now, of a public diplomacy, that is, of a public negotiation of general affairs, because both the first at an early stage, and the second at the present moment, have suppressed the struggle, that is, war, from their programme. But the same cannot be said by those who admit that there are foreign enemies to be fought, and that against these there is war; that is, the struggle for life or death.

It seems to me, too, that logic should not be a mere opinion.

WANTED: A LITTLE DISTRUST.

Distrust, I hasten to add, of ourselves more than of others: distrust of our ideas, of our sentiments, of our fancies, of our prodigalities. From the attentive perusal of the controversy between Sonninians and Anti-Sonninians (which it has been agreed to call *the controversy par excellence*) on the subject of Yugoslavia, on the Pact of Rome, on the Pact of London and on arguments more or less kindred to these, I have arrived at the conclusion that we are too sure and too confident of ourselves, and that we are sadly in want of some of that salt which is necessary to the daily bread of politics, and which imparts to it a certain flavour and certain nutritive qualities beneficial to the mind. Naturally we are plentifully supplied with many other kinds of drugs, for which, it is generally agreed, the world envies us.

It is strange how, in our beautiful land, some questions are repeatedly coming to the fore, from one month of August to the other, with constant monotony, and without allowing the benefit of summer holidays even to their most innocent reasonings. This is really the *Bel Paese*, the

beatiful land of eternal intellectual immobility — or perhaps of eternal intellectual youth? This time two years ago, we were gathered here to discuss, as we are discussing now, Austria's dismemberment, which has not yet taken place; and three years ago we were discussing, precisely as we are doing to-day, the cession on our part of Dalmatia, which we do not yet possess, to Yugoslavia which, on its part, is still non-existent. After having read to-day's newspapers, turn over, for curiosity, the newspaper files of the months of August and September 1914, 1915 and 1916, and you will receive the impression that Joshua has succeeded in stopping the sun of the dog-days, at any rate. I could easily furnish you with the proofs of my assertion by quoting extracts from my own articles of those months and years, in which I wrote about the principle of nationality as affecting the relations between Italy and Yugoslavia, about giving the Dalmatian Islands to the Yugo-Slavs and the Ægean Islands to Greece, and on Italy's supposed absolute and inevitable necessity of constantly offering to give away what she has and what she does not possess, for her greater glory and for her greater sovereignty.

From those days to this, has a step been taken, or has any progress been made on the question or questions at issue? And are we not yet labouring, with our present discussions, to create against Italy those currents of ideas and interests which two years ago were already noticeable as being stirred up and agitated?

I am well aware that between then and now a new event has happened: the Pact of Rome, which concludes an understanding between Italy — shall we say the present great Power that is

Italy? — and Yugoslavia that is to be: the *Pact of Rome*, which we all welcomed with sincere enthusiasm, notwithstanding the recollection of not long-past publications, illustrated with maps upon which the blots or the cross-lines of certain ethnical rights were spread even beyond the sea of Trieste and the walls of Udine; and we all felt happy to watch the disappearance of the distance between those who fight (we Italians) and those who yearn (the Yugo-Slavs) for a common aim: the overthrow of Austria; between representatives of races which, in any case, although *parati ad bellum* one against the other until yesterday by Austria, felt the necessity of shaking hands and of sincerely declaring that they wished to proceed on the same road independently of Austria, during and after the great world war.

I now pose the question: Has this *new event* been created for the purpose of solving all the questions of our war; or a single question only — the smallest, I should hope — that of our relations with Yugo-Slav agitators? Can this *new event*, which has arisen through the good offices of those agitators' Anglo-French friends, and through the good will and the action of many Italian idealists; and also with the posthumous or anticipated approval of our Government; can it, I ask, influence, attenuate or lessen or destroy the *Pact of London*, which is the Charter of the Entente and of our war? Poor Italian diplomacy, poor Italian democracy, poor Italy altogether, if it were so! But I have no need to wish that, from Sonnino to Bissolati, the spider of national ingenuity will not labour to weave the web of such a tendency. The mere wish would be an offence.

The mistake of all these contrasts which, let us hope, may be more verbal and oratorical than

effective and substantial is, to my mind, a psychological one; an error arising out of what French psychology calls the illusion of the *dejà vu*. We submit ourselves in an excessive degree to the fascination of this illusion and find ourselves thoughtlessly led to consider as true and real what is merely an apparition on the stage of our inner world; and to remember as already seen that which has yet to happen. We, in fact, argue as if the war were already over; as if Austria were already vanquished and dismembered, as if the green baize were already laid out on the table where the peace treaty is to be signed, and the assignation to this or that Power of Austria's fragments were already decided upon. And we do not see that Austria is in Friuli, and has no less than seventy-two divisions in arms against us; we do not perceive that war is being fought on all fronts and that it is impossible to foresee its end; and lastly, we take no notice of this terrible anachronism in our mind: that the war is alive and active and that it is multiplying the loaves and fishes of the miracle of peace. Is it so very difficult to awaken distrust even of this miracle?

I am aware that many of our French and English friends would be willing for the sake of Yugoslavia, and, naturally, for the good of Italy also, to counsel the renunciation of the Pact of London in favour of the Pact of Rome. But, as Pascal says, I believe in witnesses who will rather die than forswear their evidence. And, on the contrary, I cannot perceive that these good French and English friends of ours are in any way disposed to sacrifice anything for the triumph of their argument. Prodigality at other people's expense is certainly a virtue; but I think it is a

virtue of the person who bears the expense, not of him who advises and regulates it.

Furthermore, on the faith of these good friends of ours, friends likewise of Yugoslavia, we are apt to lull ourselves excessively in the dream, the illusion or the programme of Austria's dismemberment. But the problem of Austria's dismemberment is one of recent formation in the public opinion of Allied nations, and I greatly doubt that it is a ripe fruit of their political conscience, when I see, for instance, that in France, the Socialists with M. Sembat at their head, and the traditionalists behind the Socialists are relentless towards M. Clemenceau for his fierce debate with Czernin, and blame him for having broken off with Sixtus' Brother-in-law. On the other hand, it is no mystery that in England traditions are as difficult to eradicate as belief itself is, and the tradition of Austria's friendship is far deeper and more rooted in the English mind than even the idea of the League of Nations. Does it seem wise and opportune to base our diplomatic action upon a conjecture or upon a desired event which has not happened (even though we are endeavouring to bring it about by force of arms and not by words) such as is the dismemberment of Austria? And does it seem wise and opportune to base our action upon an opinion about which we are not sure whether it will endure or not when put to the test, as is the opinion of many of our French and English friends on Austria's dismemberment. What, then, remains of the recent discussions, if we withdraw from them the foundation of that conjecture and opinion upon which they were based?

I should like to remind writers and political men of my country that we are engaged in the great-

est conflict that the history of humanity has ever recorded; a struggle of interests which, notwithstanding that inspired words are attempting to surround it with lofty and noble idealism, has engrained in it the double aim of political and commercial dominion. Is it perhaps unlikely that, suddenly, from amidst the rose bushes and the laurel groves which hide its lair, the primitive wild beast may not spring forth to tear with his sharp fangs the veil of our nuptial amours with the stars, and drive those fangs straight into our living flesh? Beware! Some reserve of distrust may, at least, serve to avoid sudden disillusionments, and to prevent the weakening of ultimate defences.

There will be ample time, later on, to read « The Little Flowers » of St. Francis of Assisi.

VON BÜLOW'S AND RIZOV'S BULGARIA.

Here, within the walls of Rome, we have witnessed the birth of the tragedy which, after so much bloodshed and so much ferocity, has found to-day its fatal epilogue in the Salonika armistice and the consequent disarmament of Bulgaria. Von Bülow was Consul at that time; and Germany, victorious on both fronts, was offering kingdoms and doctrines to those who were willing to join her and aid her to conquer, with all possible speed, the markets of the world. To Italy she offered Malta, Tripoli, Djibuti, Nice and Savoy; to Turkey, Egypt, rebellious Arabia and all the lost Empire of Mediterranean Africa; to Greece, the Lower Adriatic and Albania on the one hand, and the Ægean Sea and Asia Minor on the other; to Bulgaria, Macedonia, the Dobrudja and the Black Sea. They had only to order and they would be served! Rizov, the Macedonian, the good Rizov, in whose Tartarean eye and on whose lip still hovered the inexhaustible rancour of 1913, opened his hands and gave rein to his hopes at von Bülow's offers, and was duly served! Poor Rizov! He died a few months ago in the Berlin Mecca, leaving to the world the

forty coloured maps of his Album of Greater Bulgaria, with a preface in twelve languages, but not the accomplishment of Bulgaria's destiny nor the rectification of her boundaries. Worse still, he left Bulgaria divided for ever from Germany, and Germany herself incapable of turning back and restoring the lost alliances of times gone by! The bright, flowery dream of the Villa of the Roses had lasted at most the length of a morning. And, what is worse, it was dispelled by the people who had created it, cultivated it and armed it with thorns.

In Rome and, later on, in Berlin, the good Rizov was the representative of that political mania for annexation and supremacy which during recent years had so invaded the souls and the minds of political men in Sofia as to induce them to consider the other Balkan nations, Servia and Roumania as tributaries destined to co-operate with their spoils to the formation of a Greater Bulgaria. Germany blew into that individual and collective mania to inflate it as far as the extreme consequences, and exploit it for her own ends, just as usurers and demi-mondaines blow on the first restless passions of minors until they have sucked the last drop of blood and the last sesterces of their patrimony. It was thus that Bulgaria, a rebel by now against the Great Mother, the Old Russia of the Slav races, thrust herself in the great circle of the imperial war to aid Austria in driving away Servia from her nest; and to assist Germany in driving away Roumania from her nest too, so as to allow her protectress to reach, undisturbed, the desired goal, Constantinople. But when, the brigand-like enterprise once enacted, came the hour of reckoning, and of the division and the assignation of the spoil,

and she, — the ambitious Prussia of the Balkans, as in the happy days she was nicknamed — demanded the portion she had bargained for, she was fated to discover, to her cost, of what stuff the other Prussia, the real one, the Prussia of incendiaries and devourers, was made of. And, from that time, she silently began to prepare, in her mind, the plans of eventual escapes and eventual armistices.

The Italian public, occupied with other and more important business of its own, was unable to follow, from a close point of vantage, the internal transformation of Bulgaria, both as a nation and as a government, which took place during the year of « German peaces » — the peaces with the Soviet of Brest Litovsk, with Ukraine and with Roumania. Had it possessed the means and the leisure to follow that transformation, it would not have felt any surprise or wonder at these seemingly startling renunciations in favour of the Entente, which are nothing but slow and measured conclusions arrived at in consequence of a long series of miseries and disillusionments. King Ferdinand's illnesses, his disappearances from Sofia, and the rumours of his insanity; Radoslavoff's fall and Malinoff's succession were not then nor do they appear now, as signs and symptoms of internal crises, or crises of Court and Cabinet. But the supreme crisis, the crisis of the alliance with the Central Empires was already taking place. Bulgaria had not attained the aims for which she had entered the war. And the King and the Cabinet who had led her into the struggle were travelling about erratically, going around from their places of abode, like madmen, or considered as such, after having ruined the people which had entrusted

its fate into their hands. The armistice is the consecration of that state of affairs.

But what were the war aims of Greater Bulgaria ?

They were: Annexation of Macedonia on one side and of the Dobrudja on the other; annexation of the Morawa region in the centre, with Nisch, Vrania Pirat and Liskovet, and therefore the direct line of *Mittel Europa*, as well as the Timok basin, with Negotin and Jatchar; and on the part of her Moslem Ally; the Maritza region and the dominion of the Dedeagatch Railway. A very Empire to be cut out of the live flesh of Servia, of Roumania and of Turkey. But, at the moment of cutting, Germany, the colossal butcher, appeared on the scene with sharpened knife, to secure for herself the part nearest the bone. — « Greater Bulgaria ? Very good. But what of Greater Germany ? ».

« As to Macedonia, well, let it be so; there is nothing to gain from it; only worries and *comitadji*. But — says Germany — as to the Dobrudja, let us distinguish. The Dobrudja of 1913 shall be restored without discussion. As to the other, the Dobrudja of 1878, that is another matter; because, notwithstanding the national Congress of Babadagh, and Rizov's maps, Bulgaria cannot claim any political or ethnographical right over it. Some other concessions can be made, to show an excessive generosity on my part, but Constanza and the Mouths of the Danube must remain in my absolute dominion ». — Whenever Germany stumbles on a sea, she says: « This is mine ! » She has thus stumbled on the Black Sea, on her way, and 'ware who touches it ! The Black Sea, however, threatens to swallow her alliances one by one; after the Bulgarian the Turkish.

Defeated in Syria and Palestine, Turkey hoped, and is still hoping to retrieve her losses at least in the North, in the *hinterland* between the Caspian and the Black Seas, but even in those regions Germany will suffer no competitor on the two shores: a prohibition which will result in Turkey's detachment from her also; for the Maritza region and the Dedeagatch Railway will not be considered as sufficient compensation to Turkey for her loss of Palestine and other Holy Places. Meanwhile, to return to Bulgaria, Germany's presence at Constanza and at the Mouths of the Danube means the complete downfall of Bulgaria's dream and programme of supremacy in the Balkans. This dream, or programme was based upon, or rather had its cradle, on the Black Sea and the neighbourhood of small, not great Powers on its shores. « The equilibrium of the Black Sea » — wrote one of the theorists of Greater Bulgaria after the Peace of Brest Litovsk and Ukraine — « so long wished for, is beginning to become an historic reality with the advent of the Ukraine Republic. It is our interest that there be the greatest possible number of small Powers on the shores of the Black Sea ». But the shadow of mighty Germany arose and took the place of the other shadow — a protective one that! — of whilom mighty Russia, now disappeared below the horizon. After the crime, complicity was to be shattered.

Before leaving Rome, the good Rizov came to see me. He was sad and joyful at the same time. Sad to leave the beautiful land where an enjoyable residence and ancient sympathies for Bulgaria had made him feel at home; joyful at the idea of soon attaining, arm-in-arm with von Bülow, the ideal of Greater Bulgaria, and at the same

time vengeance against the supporters of the Treaty of Bucharest. « What a pity », he said on bidding me farewell, « that Italy has not entrusted herself into von Bülow's hands ! » — These words come back to my mind to-day, after the proof of how Germany has treated her Allies, Bulgaria and Turkey, in the division of the booty.

And I also think of the danger run by Italy on the threshold of the Villa of the Roses.

KANT'S HOUR AND THE ALLIES' HOUR.

The history of the two Empires is falling headlong to its end. In the last days of September, in his well-known letter against those who wanted peace at any cost, Hindenburg urged upon the German people to be *unyielding*. In the early days of October, in his Message addressed to the German Fatherland Party, the Kaiser incited *his* people, *in these extremely serious times*, to gather resolutely round him *and fight to the last breath, to the last drop of blood* for the defence of Germany. — When the Bulgarian armistice was announced, the German newspapers became violent and threatened that choice troops would be sent to oblige Bulgaria to rejoin the ranks of Mittel Europa. What more? At the last meeting of the Christian Workmen's Syndicates, Herr Stergerwald, the General Secretary, resuming Hindenburg's Note and the Kaiser's Message, exhorted and implored his associates to be firm and « to give the army time to perfect its system of defence, to multiply number of *tanks* and to transform the country, during the coming winter, into an impregnable fortress ». But, a few days after

these manifestations and forty-eight hours after the publication of the Kaiser's Message, Herr Hertling, the Bavarian Chancellor, he who had shamelessly exalted the Peace of Brest Litovsk and that of Bucharest, and who, executing the orders of the Grand General Headquarters, had sacrificed Kuelmann to the intolerance of the Junkers, is obliged to resign and to give up his post to Maximilian of Baden who, as his first official act applies to Wilson to grant an armistice to Germany, precisely as Malinoff had done for Bulgaria. A flash of lightning is less sudden than this catastrophe. What, then, had happened in the stormy atmosphere?

Something had happened which can occur at a height of one metre and ninety centimetres, between the ground and the branch of a tree, when hemp has become rope and the rope has wound itself in a slip-knot round the neck of a man who is hanging from that branch. After four years, the Entente's hemp has become the rope round the neck of Germany and Austria. During the past fortnight, all Hindenburg's Lines have been demolished and passed; all the phantasms of Wagner's Tetralogy, Wotan, Alberich, Siegfried, and the incestuous Brunnhilde are either fugitives or prisoners; the King of Belgium, the symbol of abjured and oppressed Right, re-entering the scene victoriously in the region between Dixmuyde and the Lys; the Italians, victorious on the *Chemin des Dames* — that *Chemin des Dames* which like Caporetto reminds one of the ill-omened period of German propaganda, founded on corruption and treason, both in France and in Italy; in the East, the rapid and simultaneous march of General Esperey towards Sofia and of General Allenby on Damascus; the disarmament

of the Bulgarian army and the detachment of Bulgaria from the Central Empires; the disarmament of three Turkish armies, and the fall of Enver Pacha and his confederates; and the military and political surrender, preceded by the moral surrender of Turkey to the Entente. Meanwhile, in the interior of Austria, the latent crisis of nationalities reaching its acme, to the point of loosening the Parties from their very last Parliamentary compromise and leaving the Empire without a Government and at the discretion of its subjects; and in the interior of Germany, the struggle of States in the Confederation reaching the point of insurrection against Prussia and the Kaiser, both equally dethroned before the whole civilized world by a Prince of Baden, become that of the Court Party, as a friend of Mr. Gerard, Chancellor by will of the Reichstag and not by the former United States Ambassador in Berlin and not as a friend of Wilhelm II. or of his son. And yet more! — all the old mad theories, the old, aberrant theories destined to sharpen the brutish instinct of the race in war by the exaltation and the legitimation of the action of force over the idea of right, falling at one stroke, as by enchantment in the defeat; and, on all these horrors, reappearing as in the transformation scene of a ballet, and re-evoked in the new Chancellor's speech, who? the old philosopher of Königsberg, Emmanuel Kant, with his *Pure Reason* and his theory of human freedom. Do you remember? The citizens of Königsberg used to set their watches by the time of Kant's daily walk. When Kant issued from his house it was mid-day. To-day Kant emerging from his house marks the hour to the Germans. The hour of defeat.

Nevertheless, so serious and so terrible has the experience of German bad faith been that, notwithstanding the first request for an armistice, notwithstanding the name of Kant, under whose aegis that request was presented, notwithstanding even to-day's reply to Wilson, an official reply, which declares that Germany does not wish to *discuss* but *accepts* the fourteen points of Wilson's speech, the Press of the Allied Nations, which reflects all shades of public opinion and the ideas of all Parliamentary Parties, shows itself neither at ease nor assured concerning the conduct of the new German Government: it suspects a supreme political and military snare in this sudden change of form; too sudden to enable it to give credit to a substantial revulsion of ideas; and finds in the unexpected surrender rather a reason of distrust and fear than one of confidence and hope. Certainly, the suggestion of the appointment of a mixed Commission for the purpose of negotiating the conditions of evacuation during the armistice is not a suggestion made by people who are willing to declare themselves beaten; and, on the contrary, may reveal a tendency to frustrate the plans and slacken the tension of the armies of the nations of the Entente. In any case, Germany would indeed be too ingenuous if she were to suppose herself still capable of deceiving anybody by her masks and her disguises. And no less ingenuous would Austria be.

Ever since the beginning of this war, and all through good and bad fortune, we have upheld the following argument, which was also an act of faith: It is not possible that three Powers, which disavow all the rights acquired by peoples during their long struggles for the vindication of their claims, and which are intent on annulling all the

conquests of liberty and civilization, can triumph over the three other Powers, France, England and Italy which, together, represent the glories of those conquests; it is not possible that history can retrace its steps and that the Middle Ages, overturning the stars, can succeed to the Revolution. — And now that the war is nearly over, and that the quantity of blood which has been shed and the many sacrifices which have been made give the Allies the right to dispose of the enemy's fate and to impose their will upon him besides the weight of their sword, we are to-day even more convinced of the justice of our argument; we are firm and assured in our faith. Therefore, with all the force of our soul we uphold that perilous compromises are neither possible nor tolerable, whilst the soldiers of civilization are on their road to victory. It is necessary that peace should bear the signs of this victory and that the conditions of peace, in all their character and all their extension should mean the absolute and uncontested triumph of civilization over barbarism.

On one condition only can this be attained: that no truce be given to the enemy; that the means and the time be not allowed him to recuperate his strength, and, as Stergerwald said, to reconstruct his fortress of defence.

Does the enemy sue for peace? Let it be given to him; but at once, whilst he is down. Not tomorrow, when he might arise again.

THE ORDER OF THE DAY STATES...

If the Emperor — oh, lost title without a bearer! — of the Dual Monarchy had had yet a little more patience, he would have spared himself the last humiliation of that Proclamation of his, addressed to his faithful but rebellious subjects, which will be handed down by history as a Proclamation of unavailing cowardice. What an exhibition of political degradation! Thus miserably ends the Austria of the Hapsburgs: not in the midst of the bloodshed in which it was born, as Giosuè Carducci did her the honour to predict, but in the grime of an old-clothes shop, where she stores her gallows and her rope. *Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse*: even the hangman's rope. Oh, ye old and new martyrs of Italy, Scenzi, Oberdan, Battisti, Sauro, may your spirits be at last appeased! It is the weight of your bodies, hanging for a century, for thirty years, for two years, that has snapped the rope. And you did not die in vain if your death has dragged Austria into the grave too.

Who can deny that Austria is dead? Dead, not gloriously on the battlefield, as a hero dies, enshrouded in her flag — be it even the black and

yellow flag of all the funerals she has imposed upon the Italian race — but dead, clothed in other peoples' rags, like a beggar in the streets. And, falling, she is even incapable of minding the decency of her attitude, of covering her head with the toga, Roman-like. Her existence was too base to allow her to try to imitate Rome's gesture.

By this time, we are too accustomed to speak of Germany's iniquities in this war, and are apt to forget Austria's; thus rendering an unexpected service to the Vienna Ministers who, through our own fault, hide themselves behind the worse fame of those of Berlin, and continue, unseen and unaccused, in their secular work of oppression and suppression against those subjects of His Imperial Majesty who do not show their willingness to bow their necks under the yoke and to forget the sacrifice of their brethren. Yet the disclosures made by the Deputies Stribny and Ravnihar on the Slav and Italian concentration Camps — when there were still some Italians left — and on the Slavs in the Austrian Army, converted into a very hell for them are but of yesterday. « Families spread all over the country and dispersed » — said Ravnihar — « children separated from their mothers; women scattered in exile; thousands and thousands of persons condemned without knowing why, to hunger, misery and the most horrible ruin... ». And, whilst all this was taking place, the Emperor was mumbling prayers and lies at the Pope's feet, in God's name! But God did not believe him.

And how could one believe him?

Ichthyologists have calculated that several thousand years are required to convert fresh water fish into salt water ones, and *vice-versa*. But that the soul of an individual or of an institution can be

changed in a single day, no one will admit or think possible. Marie Antoinette's hair turned white in a single hour. But has any one ever noticed that, from that hour, the pigment of the immovable family of the Queen who died on the scaffold, was also beginning to change? What they were at the commencement of their history, such the Hapsburgs have always remained in governing the many races which had the misfortune of being subjected to them: covetous, ungrateful, brutal, cruel; incapable of limiting or transforming or adapting themselves to the laws of human nature, and to the laws of social life. And who can seriously believe that the most inept of them all, Charles the Last, could limit or transform himself; he, who through no fault of his own was in vital and moral essence the poorest of a race which was in course of advanced degeneration?

Austria sued Wilson for peace on the basis of the fourteen points of the historic Message. Before Wilson could reply, the Emperor, with the evident aim of biassing the invoked decision, granted the Constitution of self-governments, calmly, innocently, as a boarder of a Young Ladies' Seminary might go to her first Communion. Was this serious, was this dignified on the part of those same individuals who, a few months before had forbidden the free publication of Wilson's Message, and had permitted it at last, expurgated of the passages referring to Austria and to her subjection to Prussia? Was it serious and dignified on the part of the same individuals who had censored Wilson?

Constitution of autonomies! Oh, caper flowers, budding unexpectedly, rootless and out of the soil; in the crevices of a wall, shaken and totter-

ing through fear and terror ! But in Austrian earth are roots of real flowers of eloquence, those of the Ministers of the Empire. The Clam-Martiniz flower: « My programme is Austria; and my system is that of dualism with Hungary ». — The Seidler flower: « The supposition formulated in the question put by Herr Desinski, according to which the Imperial and Royal Government would recognize the right of peoples to dispose of themselves in the peace negotiation, is simply an error ». — The Burian flower: « Austria's future lies in the fullest alliance with Germany ». This is a flower grown in the *humus* of the formula of the Austrian Germans: « Austria must be governed by Germans or she will cease to exist ». — And with these flowers on her hat, Austria approached Wilson smilingly, to dance the *Tyrolienne* of her autonomies under the tree of her gallows, engarlanded with smiles and violets, and disguised for the occasion with flags and Chinese lanterns, as the Tree of Liberty. The least Wilson could do was what he did by his Reply: to proceed with the Order of the Day.

With this war, we are supposed to enter into the sphere of Great Democracy; and the puny artifices and intrigues and the little and great falsehoods of State and Government organizations of Old Europe should by now have become valueless and have no reason of being. To-day the brutish militarisms of the German race are falling. To-morrow the Parliamentary ambiguities of the Latin race should fall too.

Also in Italy ?

Readers of the *Tribuna* are aware that for a long time I have considered Italian Parliamentary life as a thing lifeless and unreal.

IN THE FURROW OF VICTORY.

Victory does not elate or exalt us. Having entered the war, Italy was fated either to win or disappear. To disappear under the heels of the Turks, the Bulgarians and the Bosnians who had invaded her? That was impossible; therefore she could do nothing else but win. To win notwithstanding all, notwithstanding the internal plague of her parties invoking defeat; notwithstanding the external ferocity of her enemies in the field; to win by force of the ideals she represents, by the nobility of the destiny which moulded her ancient history and will mould her new one; by the inward virtue of her race, which no barbarian ignominy was ever able to corrupt or underrate; to win, in short, by reason of all the laws of civilization which govern her being and which possess the same simplicity and the same divinity as Nature's indestructible laws. She won. What wonder? All of us who exerted our power of persuasion in favour of the war, and, despising the insults and the offences of the weak-minded and the feeble-hearted; of the more or less deplumed musketeers of the two Empires still living amongst us and through the fierce Odyssey of three years of despair rather than of hope, calmly and tenaciously insisted upon our first idea; all of us who saw with sorrow but without flinching the wavering of souls in Parliament long before the banners

wavered at Caporetto; we were all sure of victory, more or less hard to attain, more or less bloody, more or less distant; but fated to come, like the alternation of the seasons; normal, like the rythm of the blood in a sound human heart.

Nothing to wonder at, therefore. After the Battle of the Piave, I saw our Supreme Commander, General Diaz, here in Rome, in the intimacy of his home, as calm and unconcerned as if he had just descended from his horse after a morning ride outside the Gates of Rome. — « When will the offensive take place, General ? » — I asked — « At the proper moment », — he replied. — « To return on the Isonzo, or to proceed further ? » — And he, speaking in measured tone, said: « Territory is the second part of my programme. The first is the destruction of the enemy's army. When we have destroyed the enemy's army, there will be no more limits to territorial conquest ». The battle which has just been fought is the execution of that programme. The Supreme Commander held the victory in his closed fist already, as he held his army in his heart when he enunciated his programme and was not doubtful of its success at the opportune moment. Austria was then binding herself in the most secure bonds of alliance or of vassallage with Germany, which defeat was to snap asunder so miserably and so prematurely.

Behold, then: Italy has fulfilled the whole of her duty before herself and before history; and has accomplished all her task before her Allies and before humanity. Those who had hoped to see Italy issue from this war still humiliated, as in 1866, with the alms of some province ceded to her in a roundabout way, can put on mourning, or entrust their sorrow to a pastille of corrosive

sublimate. Italy emerges victoriously from this war by virtue of her arms; mistress of herself in her own home by the heroism of her trusty sons; resplendent with all the lights of ideal which shone on the daybreak of her Revival, and shine to-day by reason of her war, illuminating the horizon of all the races living up to yesterday — as she herself had lived in the past — in the dark shadow of the House of Hapsburg. By reason of her war. It is well to state this and to remind every one of it, especially to-day, when Memory must be the not vain and useless star which shall guide the Wise Men on the roads of the future.

The war unchained by the Central Empires would have ended in twenty-eight days, as had been foreseen in the plans of the Berlin General Staff, if Italy had possessed a conception of the rights of nations different from that which her civilization based, as it was, on law, had moulded for her in centuries bygone; or had had an historic sensitiveness less irritable than that which her political conscience could allow her to have. Italy's separation from the Central Empires was, morally, the true and great condemnation of their war before the civilized world; and, from a military point of view was the first real and great check for their armies, after which they became not so sure of victory as in their calculations of the 4th. of August; and much less in those of the future. All became unstable, all was uncertain and problematic in a war which had seemed to be so accurately studied, so terribly organized to give the greatest possible results in its sudden spring and in the least possible time — all, owing to the unexpected unknown quantity, the sudden x which was seen rising on the firing-line: Italy. That unknown quantity, that x , had in itself all

the ideal of the Allies' war, all the secret of their victories. What would have been the lot of the nations of Austria, which are now proclaiming their independence and their liberty, had Italy refrained from entering into the war and had she not — with her sacrifices and her noblest blood — macerated Austria during two long years on the double chain of mountains flanking the Isonzo, and prevented the fusion of the German and Austro-Hungarian armies into a single army; had she not given England time to create her army and her arms, and France the time to renew her forces and to train that sturdy group of Generals, which was, at last, to break and to strike down Prussian Militarism?

Now, after her victory, which integrates and completes that of the Allies, Italy, looking backward on the perilous sea whence she issued, can, with just reason, be proud of her action; tranquil in her conscience for the part she has played in this great war of civilization, sure of the advantages that peace will bring her, in the peace she has worthily gained together with the Powers which have strenuously fought and struggled; high in the estimation of the peoples who have so nobly suffered and whose cause she espoused spontaneously in the hour of the greatest danger.

Who remembers Austria any more? She is, by now, nought but a « *nameless shame* ». And who now thinks of Germany's dreams of supremacy? *Mittel Europa* is nothing more than a « *sad story* ». Even the symbol of the mailed fist has become an implement fit to be hung up in the museums of ancient political rhetoric.

In the future, an honest and loyal hand will suffice to lead this free Europe of ours on the open roads of wisdom and health.

SIGNIFER, STATUE SIGNUM.

Battisti, Oberdan, Sauro. Last evening, whilst the throng was passing, acclaiming and singing, I saw, in the silence of my mind, and outside and above the vain noise, those three magnanimous shadows advancing through the air at last grown still and bringing with them, to be enfolded in Rome's embrace, the symbolical forms of the three cities, Trento, Trieste and Pola, for which their lives were spent and for which they met a martyr's death. What sadness it was to think that among the crowd, and acclaiming and vociferating more loudly than their neighbours, some of those impious and worthless individuals might have been found who, up to yesterday did nothing but corrupt, corrode and disunite and destroy the national union in the war; those individuals who up to yesterday did nothing but laugh at, deride, defame and threaten those who thought and struggled and suffered and died for the creation of a Greater Italy! No: the shadows, the shadows only, must hover round us to-day! The shadows: only they have the right to embody themselves in human form, and live again their second life in the triumph of their ideal. You,

Oberdan, Battisti, Sauro; you, precursors of the great deed! And you all, soldiers of Italy, who have died on the bloody Calvary of the Carso, on the slopes of Oslavia or of the Sette Comuni; on the peaks of the Kuk or of the Pasubio; on the Mouths of the Timavo, or on the banks of the Piave! And you too, who, wounded and mutilated during three years of battling: sacred remnants of beauteous Youth, living trophies of the greatest honour of our history and of our race! You, you only are worthy to celebrate, under Rome's skies, the solemn rites of the ancient Fatherland, now reconstituted according to the law and the terms that Rome has marked out for her.

For, what has taken place yesterday is not only — think of it! — a great political and military event of the European war, but is the greatest event that has been accomplished in European history for two thousand years; and it has been accomplished by the effort and the enterprise of those same Italic races which the barbarian invasions, breaking through the boundary established by Julius Caesar on the Alps bearing his great name, seemed as if they would submerge and destroy; but which to-day, instead, have risen again in defence of themselves and of all humanity.

The history of Rome, interrupted for two thousand years, resumes to-day its grand regal course, after having subdued and dispersed the descendants of the barbarians who in this war made the last attempt to overbrow the ensigns of Rome in European civilization and plant on the ruins the ensigns of Arminius; of that Arminius of whom the Kaiser believed and declared he was the latest incarnation sent upon earth for the definitive glory and rule of the German races.

Europe lost her stable equilibrium when Italy lost her Roman boundaries. But she has found to-day, and will recover to-morrow, this stable equilibrium solely because Italy has, at last, attained and conquered her Roman boundaries, and will retain them in the future.

Only the brutish minds of mean political hucksters were incapable, in this country, of listening to or understanding the great significance that the Italian war had in the European war, and could therefore brand and discredit as rhetorical echoes of the 1848 period, the agitations for the redemption of Trento and Trieste; and, worse still, brand as treasonable the rupture of the Alliance with the Central Empires, the nations which, like the first Huns descended on the plains to devastate the fields and the rights of their foes, to gather booty and to destroy everything that is sacred or useful to civilized communities: all of which is there to demonstrate that, among that political class of individuals, the historic sense was not more highly developed than the moral sense. Yet, all the Italian tradition, all the Italian history, all the tragedy of the Italian soul during long centuries was gravitating towards this war, which only those who had estranged themselves from, or had become refractory to the national tradition could strive to avert or deviate. Was it not an Italian of the true Italic race, a warrior and a political genius of the Caesarian stamp who said that the Julian Alps were more necessary to Italy's defence than Lombardy itself? And were not all the political leaders and all the Captains of our *Risorgimento*, of our national Revival, unanimous in proclaiming this supreme necessity and in bequeathing to the future generations the task to be accomplished? And what was that

ceaseless thirst, that fever, that ardour of the cities subjected to foreign yoke, and which although under no apprehension for material existence which was easy and secure, were constantly writhing under the pain of being separated from the Mother Country, but the physical torment of the vital organs of a great organism disposed in the function of defence by the very reason of their original constitution and diverted from this function by violence?

The unification of Italy once set going, it was sooner or later destined either to be definitely accomplished in all its parts or definitely to break up into fragments once more. During periods of transition, whilst all the nations of Europe were displaced from their bases, diverted from their aims and consequently disconcerted in their action, Italy, maimed and imperfect, may have resisted, by leaning on enemies who themselves needed time to arm and prepare for their war — indeed, they were preparing and arming themselves even against her —; but this period of transition over, nothing remained to her but to take up her position and follow her road: the road which was to lead her to the form and settlement which Rome had given her. In the Constitution of Augustus, Italy was divided into twelve Regions, of which Venetia with Trieste and Istria constituted the Tenth; whilst Rome herself was the Twelfth. Yesterday, after a long and heavy storm, and by virtue of the new fighting armies of the Third Italy, the Constitution of Augustus was finally re-integrated. We have nothing further to do but to ascend the Capitol and render thanks to Rome's most ancient Deities.

On the eve of the declaration of war, I had the honour to pen the following words:

« Before the Government speaks, before the Army acts, we, free writers, who express the soul of our race in our words, and with our word disappear without even the glory that belongs to the soldier who is the first to set his foot on the contested territory, we wish to proclaim, in the face of the world that our war is a just and holy one. Just and holy: this is the proclamation that must call together all the sons of Italy for the achievement of the great enterprise... ».

Such as the proclamation was, so will the judgement of history be: a judgement which will exalt the glory of the accomplished enterprise.

FOR ITALY, AFTER THE VICTORY.

The story, then, is this: At the most critical moment of the European war, when, thanks to their exuberant military strength, there were ninety chances to a hundred that the Central Empires would crush the Powers of the Entente, Italy, following the law of her civilization, which does not admit of criminal treaties, separated herself from the Central Empires to which she had been bound by a treaty which had lasted for thirty years; she proclaimed her neutrality; she armed herself rapidly, as best she could, and then entered the war. She remained in the field for three years, fighting the fiercest of battles — battles against armed mountains — sacrificing in them the choicest flower of her race; spending — a thing which seems inevitable in war — from sixty to seventy thousand millions, out of the eighty thousand at which her wealth — or her poverty — has been calculated. After various vicissitudes, some sorrowful, others joyful, by the genius of her military leaders and the valour of her soldiers, she obtained, at last, one of the greatest victories which history records, totally destroying the enemy's army. Having brought the war to an

end with such a victory, it would seem (would it not?) that she should be entitled to gather the fruits accruing from it, as generally happens whenever one Power overthrows another in war; and that all, friends or indifferent spectators, should have been glad to recognize this right of hers, which, after all, is a primitive, elementary right, undisputed and indisputable at all times and in every latitude. But, behold! The Austrian army once beaten and Austria herself broken up, Italy sees arising before her some old banners, some old instruments of old Austria which are claiming neither more nor less than to divide with her the fruits of the victory which they, themselves, up to the day before had disputed with her. Undoubtedly, all this is strange and ridiculous, as strange and ridiculous as it would be if, for instance, the German Austrians were to claim from France a portion of Alsace-Lorraine in exchange for the service which they rendered her, by fighting with cannon and machine guns by the side of the German army, as the well-known telegram from ex-Charles I. to ex-Wilhelm II, said. It is thus that, on the epic poem of the last few days, is engrafted a comedy or a farce. But, what of to-morrow?

I know: there is Yugoslavia to be thought of; there is revolution in Austria, and the dislocation of the various races which were once united under the crown of the Hapsburgs; and there are also Wilson's principles and his Notes. Let us leave Yugoslavia and the Austrian revolution to their future destiny, but are those who speak so loudly about Wilson's principles and about his Notes quite sure of having read them and of remembering them now?

Let us read again some of these Notes.

Those who have an interest in embroiling Wilson's cards to the prejudice of Italy, are making a great confusion between the juridico-political standing of the Yugo-Slavs and that of the Czecho-Slovaks during the war and in the revolution, or worse, are identifying them. But such a confusion is not permissible and identification is absolutely out of the question after merely reading Wilson's Reply to Austria, dated the 19th. of October, in which the difference of position between the Yugo-Slavs and Czecho-Slovaks is so clearly and precisely laid down as to render any misrepresentation or falsification absolutely impossible. A difference, this, not uselessly or vainly stated, if it be true that every word and every idea of the President have a significance and an influence which no one will dare to divert from the straight path of justice and honesty.

In that Reply, then, is said:

« Since the sentence was written and uttered to the Congress of the United States, the Government of the United States has recognized that a state of belligerency exists between the Czecho-Slovaks and the German-Austro-Hungarian Empires and that the Czecho-Slovak National Council is a *de facto* belligerent Government clothed with proper authority to direct the military and political affairs of the Czecho-Slovaks. It has also recognized in the fullest manner the justice of the nationalistic aspirations of the Yugo-Slavs for freedom ».

Thus, the Czecho-Slovaks who, during the war, and in Austria's very bosom have created an army, a policy, a Government in opposition to Austria and to Germany, are recognized as belligerents. On the other hand, a simple recognition of the justice of the national aspirations of the

Yugo-Slavs who, during the war, or better still, up to the end of the war have done nothing more than issue programmes and deliver speeches on Yugoslavia, and only a few of them have done that, whereas the rest continued fighting faithfully and fiercely by Austria's side, and more especially against Italy.

Now, it would be quite natural that, owing to their different position, the Czecho-Slovaks should be considered by the Powers of the Entente, as they effectively are, as Allies, because their standing is that of belligerents; whilst the Yugo-Slavs should be considered as *aspirants*, and nothing more than aspirants to the protection of the Powers of the Entente, until such time as they have constituted their State and given it the direction which the Czecho-Slovaks have already given to theirs. But what is happening instead? That, whilst the Yugo-Slavs are aspiring to the Entente's protection, they are enjoying, on the contrary, the protection of Austria herself, and by the expiring Austria are considered as the heirs to her flag, to her fleet and to her position on the Adriatic; they, who have never been, nor are now capable of becoming a maritime nation — strange prodigy of a people which is God's elect and the Devil's at one and the same time; equally dear to the Liberals of the Entente and to the Reactionaries of Austria, one cannot understand why; or, rather one can understand only too well, unless Italians, during the war, together with the blood of their sons have also lost the brains of their fathers.

Meanwhile, these Croatians, in the name of Austria, are to prevent that like Trieste and Pola, Fiume should be re-united to her Motherland, Italy, and with Fiume, Zara and all the remainder

which is Italian and lives and will ever live as Italian on the opposite shore of the Adriatic. But Wilson's Law speaks plainly.

In Wilson's Law there is a Commandment which says:

« The Nations must freely dispose of their fate, according to the principle of nationality ». — On the basis of this principle, who can say that Fiume and Zara are not Italian cities? And who will prevent that, being Italian cities, they, according to their expressed will shall be re-united to Italy? If one can discuss upon and doubt of the will of any people, one cannot discuss or cast the least doubt upon the will of the citizens of Fiume and Zara; so fully and so religiously expressed (their open plebiscite has assumed the form of a real national consecration) on the appearance of the Italian flag and Italian troops. It is not a question of mysteries, hypotheses or presumption now; any one who wishes, can see for himself. And I should like to address a special request to Mr. Nelson Page, the illustrious Ambassador of the United States in Rome, to go personally and collect evidence, and more than evidence, the plebiscites of those Italian cities, and afterwards truly and faithfully report to President Wilson. The ignoble Croatian agitation would thus be judged and definitely condemned at the same time.

And here, for the present, I stop.

No one can doubt the sincerity of Italy's equitable intentions in regard to peace. No one can, without obvious bad faith, attribute to her any iniquitous intention of being overbearing towards others, as this is contrary to the spirit and the tendencies of her policy. And therefore no one should, now, attempt to create ambiguities which

may one day become the cause of trouble to Italy. President Wilson's pronouncement demands that no new elements of discord and antagonism, which may be capable of disturbing the peace in the future be created between nations. It is imperative scrupulously to comply with that lofty pronouncement, which was the ensign of victory, if the Peace Congress is to be approached with hands and souls purged of iniquity. Italy will certainly comply with it to the letter. Let others, great or small, comply with it likewise, and also with minds relieved of old and new ideas of more or less disguised European imperialism.

To continue the game of mean pre-war politics which consisted of making small and weak States the instruments of great and strong ones, against near or distant neighbours, would be worse than an error: it would be a vulgarity unworthy of history.

THE END OF A TABOO.

No one, either in Germany, in Austria or in Hungary wishes to assume, now, the slightest responsibility for the lost war. The new men whom defeat has carried to the government of those countries are cursing the old ones who are foundering together with the ambitions of the dethroned monarchs. The Press, which encouraged the folly of the dethroned monarchs and of their Ministers, is now groaning and humbly imploring alms of bread and dishonour from the enemy which, in the hour of invasion, it pitilessly insulted. The last of the Hapsburgs, descending from his throne, is reminding those who were not his subjects, or the subjects of his ancestors, that *he is not to blame* for the war, which he found amongst the appendages of his succession. Max of Baden is announcing to the world that Germany emerges from the war, victorious at least over herself; for she has learnt, at last, that the principles which guided her moral and political existence during the forty years of the Hohenzollerns' rule, are false; and that force cannot subjugate right, but right can subjugate force. Also: Erzberger and Schiedmann, the two offi-

cians, one donning a black tie, the other a red one, are standing at the Emperor's side; in the name of Catholicism and in the name of Socialism, and are bowing their heads over the error of the war which they encouraged for four long years with their speeches and with their propaganda, at home and abroad. What more? The author of « *Solitary Souls* », Gerard Hauptmann, and other writers and literary men, in a melancholy Manifesto are finally apprizing the German people that « with a clear and terrible logic, God's designs have triumphed over the designs of man », and are inciting the Germans towards the love and no more towards the hatred of human kind; thus annulling, simultaneously, the work of the Kaiser's *Alter Gott* and that of the literary men who wrote on the war and so gaily exerted themselves to encourage the destruction of men and women and even of stones in conquered regions. When, then, will the *mea culpa* towards Italy and the Italians be uttered?

For the whole of the political and literary activity of the Germans during the war has been, with equal intensity and in equal measure directed against England and against Italy. Against England, which was pointed out and indicted as the instigator of the war; against Italy which by means of the most iniquitous falsifications of the Treaty of Alliance was reviled and slandered as the traitress *par excellence*, as sold for a price (the price can be seen, now, that attempts are being made to deprive her even of the fruits of victory!) to the Powers of the Entente. And yet, all that is now being said and written in the countries which up to yesterday constituted the Central Empires against the war and against the men who willed it, completely demolishes the

accusations against Italy. If the war was a crime; if it was the adventure of a group of nefarious individuals bereft of mind and conscience; if it was the work of Statesmen who betrayed their mission and the interests of their peoples, should not Italy, which refused to associate herself to the crime and was, for that refusal, accused of treason by those who wanted her to be their accomplice; should not Italy, I say, by means of public manifestations and public thanks be declared to have well merited of humanity, in those very countries and by those very peoples which are now accusing their ex-Emperors and their ex-Statesmen as common criminals?

Italy is awaiting this public apology if it be true that the German soul is changed and that defeat has rendered Germans reasonable and capable of distinguishing truth from falsehood, reality from fantasy, justice from iniquity and, like Ibsen's characters on the verge of despair, capable of making a public confession and expiation of their sins.

Such confession and expiation should serve to quieten the agitated souls of those who at home, here, were opposed to the Italian war for the same reasons, or rather, owing to the same accusations advanced by the German propaganda, that is, of Italy's treachery towards Germany and Austria and of the price of the treason agreed upon with the Entente.

We made war whilst in full internal discord, by reason, precisely of those accusations which Germany was disseminating and which her faithful adherents were picking up, sad and grieved, or pretending to be, for the Fatherland's dishonour, for her faithlessness to her treaties, and her disloyalty to loyal Allies. It can be truly said

that never was a war more laboriously carried on and more laboriously opposed in the interior than ours, which, considered by some as iniquitous and immoral, was destined in the end by contrast and by the defeated enemy's own qualification, to appear as the noblest and purest war recorded by the history of man. According to those who, during the German victories were not ashamed of calling themselves pro-German in hatred of their other countrymen who had wanted the rupture of the Alliance and then the war, this war of ours was a folly, a folly which reached the most extreme and unavowable consequences. The writer of these lines, on listening to and noting all the movements and the accents of Italian civil discord, pervaded by the German propaganda, was often fain to watch on the faces of many Italians, especially after Caporetto, the folly which Dante saw on the face of Sapia of Siena, in the Second Circle of Purgatory:

*That thou mayst own I now deceive thee not,
Hear, if my folly were not as I speak it.
When now my years sloped waning down the
arch,*

*It so bechanced, my fellow-citizens
Near Colle met their enemies in the field;
And I prayed to God to grant what He had willed
There were they vanquished, and betook themselves*

*Unto the bitter passages of flight,
I marked the hunt; and waxing out of bonds
In gladness, lifted up my shameless brow... (1)*

(1) E perchè tu non credi ch'io t'inganni
Odi se fui, com'io ti dico, folle,
Già discendendo l'arco dei miei anni.
Eran li cittadini miei presso a Colle
In campo giunti coi loro avversari,

Now, it is said, we are all brothers again (a state of affairs which for me has no great importance as I have arranged to be relieved of a funeral procession at my death), and we are all convinced of not being sons of an adulterous Mother. Now that even the enemy has proclaimed to the world that the war he waged was an error of his mind, an aberration of his conscience and a crime in his history, it is to be hoped that these truths, upon which we have vainly striven to collect the unanimous consent of public opinion, be no longer arguments for discussion; so useless would it be to leave the corpse of war controversies without a burial. Now that, finally a taboo has been cast into the abyss, what is wanting to the inextinguishable superstition of a sceptical people like us? Are we, perchance, to create another: after the German taboo, the Yugoslavian taboo?

It would be the very last humiliation.

Ed io pregava Dio di quel ch'ei volle.
Rotti fur quivi, e vòlti negli amari
Passi di fuga, e veggendo la caccia
Letizia presi a tutte altre dispari...

DANTE. *Purgatorio*, Canto XIII.

English version by Henry Francis Cary.

ON THE ROAD TO VERSAILLES.

The Meeting of Ministers in London is now over, and the official Communiqué has announced to the three nations of the Entente the agreement arrived at between their respective representatives on the questions which have been discussed by them. Which questions? We are totally ignorant of the Order of the Day. What agreement has been arrived at, and according to which standards, or principles, or compromises? We are still in the dark, and the doors of the room which had the honour to entertain History for forty-eight hours are as discreet as the lips of the Ministers themselves. Complete silence, therefore. Diplomacy abhors newspaper reports; and for this reason, perhaps, it precipitates itself from time to time into the tragedy of War.

In the mean time, we will continue to discuss on our own account and in the dust which we poor mortals are made of, the Italian questions which victory ought to have solved, but which, it is stated, victory has more than ever complicated. Was it really a victory, ours, which ended with the destruction of the Austrian army and with General Diaz's Bulletin which the Muni-

pality of Rome has hastened to engrave on marble and consecrate in the annals of the Capitol? I am beginning to doubt it. Oh, Italians have certainly found out, since the Battle of Vittorio Veneto, that they are encumbered with seven or eight hundred thousand more prisoners, between Hungarians and Croatsians, who have to be fed — a misfortune which sometimes happens in the exercise of human compassion — but they have not yet found out that the ships belonging to the enemy's Fleet have been transferred from Pola to Venice, as always happens to a nation after victory, and as happened to our Allies who saw the ships of the German Fleet — much more numerous than the Austrian one — being transferred from Kiel to Rosyth Bay. Evidently for Italy, and according to some inscrutable Book of Destiny, the effects of victory must be different to those which fall to the lot of other nations, friends or Allies, scattered all over this revolving Globe. Anyhow, the fact is this: the Italian Victory was not born free, and not even independent; in short, she was not born with wings on, as the fancy of man has ever created her and ornamented her with. She was born mutilated and with a rope round her ankles; with a tutor and a pedagogue at her elbow. She does not, and cannot move a step, by what it seems, without the permission and the advice of her venerable keepers; she cannot even hold out her arms which, in the very midst of war, some of her Italians to whom considerate foreigners had lent the opportune weapons, have lopped off. And thus, with the rope round her ankles and her pedagogue at her side, she sets out on her journey towards the supreme Councils of Versailles.

« With what sentiments are you going to Ver-

sailles ? » asked the speaker of the Socialist Party to Signor Orlando, during the last two ill-starred sittings of the Italian Parliament. And Signor Orlando, amidst the applause of the Assembly, replied: « With perfectly Italian sentiments ». — Perfectly Italian ? Ah, had the Premier said: « With the same sentiments as the English and the French », we might have been, and might have declared ourselves satisfied and re-assured. But that « Italian sentiment », said so crudely and simply, falls upon you like a chill from Siberia. Because, you see, that Italian sentiment is, alas, the sentiment of this or that passer-by; and it may happen that to-day, for instance, it is the sentiment of a democrat, to-morrow that of a humanitarian, that of a Yugo-Slav or of a Thessalonian, or, why not ? even that of a Mormon. We have never discovered that there exists an Italian sentiment, or that it has shown itself during the war, as a sentiment with precise characteristics of its own, differentiating it from others, as coal and diamond have their own characteristics which distinguish them from other minerals, whether in the bowels of the earth or in the open sunshine, and are convertible into ashes or into jewels; no, we have never discovered it, except amongst our little soldiers, in the midst of the blood-stained rocks of the Carso and of the Grappa; on the banks of the Isonzo and of the Piave, and in the ships on the still bitter Adriatic. Politically, Italian sentiment, notwithstanding Signor Orlando's eloquence, is yet « a butterfly which has failed to take on its perfect form »; something poor and changeable, a thing which is *vagula* and *blandula*, which friends and enemies play with, alternately, as the cat does with a mouse, finally snapping it up suddenly by the tail and swallowing it. Do

you not see? It does not even put out its claws after victory, and seems so happy and contented to remain what it is!

At one time, German propaganda, with the intent to discredit the Italian war in the Old and New Hemispheres propagated, by means of all its organs, this remarkable story: « The Italian war is an imperialistic war ». And owing to the easy success which propaganda always obtains when directed against Italians and Italian affairs, the remarkable story actually reached the mark to which it was directed, and from neutral countries it passed to Allied ones, and from these to Italy, where, as a matter of course, it found open arms to receive it, not only amongst opponents of the war, but, worse still, at the proper moment, amongst the war's most inflamed advocates and supporters. For, not only amongst friendly strangers, but also amongst our own compatriots, the most common and practical way to show and express love for Italy is precisely that of placing one's self with one's sentiments, on the side of Italy's enemies: The reasons, the aspirations, the interests, even the most equivocal and knavish, of Italy's enemies are always justified, defended and protected by our friends, our Allies, and by many of our own countrymen — for the love of Italy! Like those lovers who, in their fits of jealousy, kill their sweethearts, so these individuals or aggregates of individuals cannot show their affection towards Italy otherwise than with a weapon pointed at her breast. I have not yet found a friend of Italy, or an Italian who loves his own country, with the whim, the fancy, the originality of considering as damaging to Italy any action committed or any event adopted or accomplished by our enemies or our rivals. When

it is a question of Italy, all become — those who love her, of course — puritans, bashful, mystical; and make use of the jeweller's balance to weigh their pure principles, and of the flaming sword of the law to cut the knot of the most simple questions. Oh, it really cannot be said that Italy is corrupted by the love of her adorers and of her sons. And I do not despair of seeing, on some future day, emerging from the State Archives of Old Austria, some document or other which will demonstrate how Conrad and his Archduke plotted their aggression at the time of the Calabrian earthquake, during the Alliance, merely to please Italy. Love's manifestations are indeed varied and surprising!

What is, at bottom, the reason why some Englishmen and Frenchmen, and also several Italians have espoused — as it is called — the cause of Yugoslavia, if not that of Italy's tranquillity? And what is the reason why they wish that Italy should, at the very least, share with Yugoslavia, *in pectoris* rather than *in fieri*, the fruits of her victory, if not that of ensuring her real security in the future? Offering one's keys to burglars is certainly a splendid way of insuring one's house against theft! And placing one's family in contact with madmen, is also a fine method of assuring its tranquillity!

It is therefore to be hoped that the Ministers of the Entente Powers who have met in London, have adopted, in the discussion of Italian questions, different ideas from those which have been and still are adopted in Press controversies by Italy's friends. It is to be hoped that Italy's rights have been considered and respected not as those of a Power which is prepared to accept a peace of compromise or of bargaining; but as those of

a Power which has conquered peace by means of victory, and which will never, in any case and under any condition or form, consent that situations similar to those which have brought on the war shall ever be again created.

Italy has made her war for the Adriatic; and victory cannot but secure her the absolute and complete dominion of that sea. Whoever shall attempt, for any reason whatsoever, to lessen or curtail this dominion, is Italy's enemy. Nor let it be said that the Pact of London is sufficient to safeguard Italy's interests in the Adriatic: it would be making an erroneous statement, and, more than erroneous, it would be a factious one: firstly, because the Pact of London pre-supposes the defeat of Austria-Hungary, but not her dismemberment and dissolution; and, secondly, because at the time when the Pact of London was drawn up, Yugoslavia was non-existent in the negotiations between the Powers of the Entente. That Pact, therefore, cannot constitute a barrier and an obstacle to the complete claims of Italy's rights, which have been consecrated by her victory; it merely represents the *minimum* of Italy's claims in the conclusion of the conditions of war! The victory has in itself created a new situation which it would be iniquitous in others not to recognize, and foolish on our part not to make the most of, in all its extension and all its lawfulness.

Is it not enough to have lost the debtor in the war? Should we also abandon into other peoples' hands the inheritance which is waiting to be taken up, and which, after all, is also our very own?

In order to effect a similar ignominy, it would be necessary to create a new Code of International Law to the sole detriment of Italy.

ITALY AND HER ALLIES.

Up to a certain point — and only up to a certain point — our Allies are not in the wrong in treating us as they are doing, after victory. Signor Martini, with a final phrase which summed up the whole situation, once determined the fall of a Cabinet — the Rudinì-Nicotera Cabinet — which, after having resigned and having vainly sought to replace a Finance Minister in order to effect its own recomposition, presented itself before Parliament to ask for a Vote of confidence. Signor Martini said: « I cannot give a Vote of confidence to a Cabinet which, by resigning, has shown that it has no confidence in itself ». This is what our Allies, smiling in diverse ways, tell us; or, what is worse, look as if they would like to tell us, every time the so-called Adriatic question comes up for discussion. — « But we cannot be more Adriatic than you are! » — And they remind us then, of all the toasts, the dinners, the treaties and the embraces — Oh, Folleville! — of the Italian emissaries of the Yugoslav propaganda with the Yugoslav emissaries throughout the whole wide world. Who has ever heard of these emissaries? Only now we are learning a

few of their illustrious names. Who had ever imagined, or could ever imagine that the Italian Army List contained in its pages the name of that General who has been giving kingdoms away so freely on the banks of the Thames? And who knows how many there are of his stamp, of whose deeds and words in our ignorance, we know nothing. It would therefore be expedient that, at some future day, some one should enlighten us, and should speak to us of these, our real heroes and exhibit in public the passports which have facilitated their journey beyond foreign Custom-houses and towards immortality.

Undoubtedly, some serious events must have taken place during a certain period of time — the period immediately following Caporetto — serious events which we are unable to discover without the aid, perhaps, of the foreigners who witnessed them and assisted at them. Certainly, during that period, there happened a striking exodus of Italians who, despairing of saving Italy on the Piave, rushed in a furious hurry to save her in Paris and London, accompanied, of course, by Austria's best and most faithful servants. If they had not all become Balillas (1) to hurl the stone which was not always handy, Italy's sons had all become so many Macchiavellis. They were all going about undertaking legations and embassies; and they were all carrying with them some little thing under their arm: this one, a Curzolar Island; another, a piece of the Dalmatian Coast; a third, a portion of the Istrian Coast, and so on, to offer to friends and enemies in order to propitiate some mercy in favour of the

(1) Giovan Battista Perasso, afterwards surnamed *Balilla*, a street-boy of Genoa who, in 1746, by throwing a stone gave the first signal of the insurrection which ended with the expulsion of the Austrians from that city.

poor broen-down Country, which would never rise again. And the Allies, who do not always understand our language, showed that they greatly relished the Yugoslav tongue spoken by our extraordinary legates and ambassadors of peace and anarchy. And even now, after so much victory, they still feign to ignore Greater Italy and the Government which represents her, and appear as if they were always negotiating with those wandering ambassadors. But the misunderstanding is not without danger, for everyone.

Certainly, our Allies show a very superficial proof of their philosophy if they think to see aright, far and near, by gazing on the world with eyes accustomed to look upon joyful events only. And they also show a still more superficial proof of their psychological experience if they think that they know Italy, or have gained a knowledge of her through that hundred or so of known or obscure commercial travellers of universal democracy who, late and hurriedly, in disagreement with or despite the wish of the Minister of Foreign Affairs — himself guilty of not wanting to unbend before the exigencies of every-day reality — the various Bureaus of Propaganda have sent round Europe; with what success and what results everyone now learns and understands. But Italy, it is well to state at once, Italy is another matter. Italy is a country of forty millions of inhabitants which neither that hundred or so of commercial travellers of universal democracy, nor the five hundred deputies of national democracy have the capacity of understanding and representing. Those forty millions of inhabitants constitute a nation exercising a much more severe discipline and possesing a much more tenacious and profound virtue than the thoughtlessness and the fatuity

of her Statesmen may cause to suspect: discipline and virtue of which, after so many centuries of expectation, our brethren of Trent and Trieste and of all the shores on the opposite side of the Adriatic, proud and staunch in their Italianhood, now, as they were in the times of Venice and Rome, are giving an admirable example: the golden material of our history upon which our race has impressed its divine and indelible mark to differentiate it from all the surrounding Barbarians. And do our Allies of yesterday — and we should also like to add of to-morrow — think that they can so lightly jest with this nation of forty millions of ancient Latin souls and minds; and now that danger is over, pretend they can put her on one side and sacrifice her rights and hopes to the fancies of their pleasant ideologists as well as to the interests of our roughest and most dishonest enemies? Let the French Government, of its own accord, if the Italian Government in its pastoral sentimentality has not thought fit to do so, inform itself why certain French torpedo-boats go from Corfù to Spalato and Zara on purpose to hob-nob with the Croatians; and then let it judge for itself whether it was truly for *this*, that from « *Quarto's fatal Rock* » Italy's war was proclaimed, by France's side, when France had been attacked and invaded! In truth, more than offended, we are astonished and perturbed by this sudden darkening of our Allies' mind, which we believed to be illuminated by so vivid a light of gentleness and love after such a terrible misfortune! But, for all that, our soul is still sufficiently strong to bear the weight of these and other leaves which we expect to see falling plentifully from the tree of our illusions.

Certainly, the behaviour of the French Navy on the Adriatic has astounded all who thought they had the right to believe in France's changed sentiments towards Italy, after the common war. Perhaps they did not believe in an ultra-placid change, but they never thought of a storm! And a real storm is that which the French sailors and their superior and inferior officers are exciting in the minds of our Dalmatian brethren, with words and actions which uphold and spur on all the crimes of Yugoslav scoundrelism. But we should like to prevent our Allies from committing another mistake: that of alienating from themselves, without glory, the minds of forty millions of Italians. All they can see, at the present moment of triumph, are three shattered Empires and, worse, three immense catastrophes of peoples without a State. But Anarchy is never, at all times, and in all countries, more than a passing phenomenon. Human life tends to unity. And, sooner or later, all this dust of nations, which is spread between the Ural Mountains and the Rhine and the Danube will resume form and figure once more and will also resume its interrupted journey along the path of history. Minds are now fleeter than years. And germs which, in other periods of human civilization, required a whole century, now require at most a decade to mature and fructify. If our Allies were to look into the future with piercing eyes, they would see that Italy, from the Brenner Pass to the last Dalmatian shore constitutes not only for herself, but for the whole of civilized Europe, a rampart which will repel the impetus of still inevitable irruptions.

But what is the use of making conjectures, now? Now there is singing and drinking in Vic-

tory's honour. And it is quite natural, after the long silence and the long agony of the trenches.

But it would be well, in the midst of joyfulness, to avoid stepping on the edge of the Past.

OUR PRINCIPLES AND THE AIMS OF OTHERS.

After three years and half of war, after the shedding of so much blood, and the expenditure of so many thousand millions, and after the attainment of such a victory, we, good Italians are, morally, at the same point where we were before these serious and terrible things happened; and still the substance of our soul continues to move and dissolve itself in the vessel of our humanity every time it is shaken by a strange hand. Ah, our right? Oh, we must first hear what the broker of such and such a friendly nation thinks of it. It would seem, on the contrary, as if he had some good reasons to show that we are in the wrong. What of our boundary? Oh, we must not overlook the observations which the merchant of such another friendly country has to submit to our consideration, in order to save us from present worries and future dangers. — Thus the segments of our backbone, not properly bound in their ligaments, are dancing a furious St. Vitus' dance between the occiput and the coccyx at every bow that they deem it their duty to make each time a stranger passes by and has a fancy to offer an

advice or a warning, or to dictate a law or a programme for our history and our victory. Oh, yes, we are verily made up of a substance that is specially « *graziosa e benigna* », gracious and benign.

I frankly declare that I prefer the knotty and stubborn substance of which others are made.

Victory has come to the three Allies at the same time. The French, in their enthusiasm, have immediately embraced her and have loosened her sandals in order to prevent her from flying away to other skies and other shores. The English have at once bound her to the prows of their vessels, that the whole world may see her in the infinite extension of the seas. We, who are more cunning, have pulled out her eyes and stripped off her feathers, because it beseems not an authentic democratic people to substitute eagles for the geese of the Capitol. Which of us would dare to admonish an Englishman with reference to the German Colonies? Or a Frenchman with regard to the Rhine or the Palatinate? Both the Englishman and the Frenchman would laugh in the face of any one who attempted such a doltish interference. But we, on the contrary, gravely discuss our questions of the Adriatic Sea or of the Brenner line with any instigator who comes in our way; and we exalt this discussion as a glory of our democratic spirit. I have never yet learnt, in studying History, that democratic spirit is the equivalent of political and moral poverty.

Yesterday I was reading the Proclamation which the Commissioner of the French Republic, M. Mirman, has addressed to the Germans who have remained in Lorraine; a Proclamation which contains periods like these: — « I am persuaded that you will love France as soon as you become

capable of knowing her and worthy of understanding her, after a long and salutary exercise of freedom... If you succeed in discerning, now, the moral aberration into which you have fallen, through the fault of the directors of your consciences, France will mercifully leave you to your remorse; otherwise she will disdainfully abandon you to your abjection ». « In any case » — M. Mirman ends by saying — « whoever dare to offend France's name shall be punished in an exemplary manner ».

Just think. What would have happened if an Italian Commissioner had addressed a similar Proclamation to the Croats who, in their hatred of Italy have, up to yesterday, insulted, wounded, killed our fellow-countrymen of Zara, Sebenico, Spalato and Fiume? And how many meetings of wise heads would not have been called for, in every part of Europe, to draw up a bill of indictment?

The fact is that, in consequence of the anguish and the horrors of the German war, France has at last acquired that profound sense of reality and necessity which the vague ideologies of the past had caused her to lose, and which made her also run the risk of being for ever ruined. And, now, she believes she cannot better avoid future wars than by securing for herself an iron-girt boundary line — it matters little whether it has been welded on the anvil of pure principles or not — and by attending to her internal reconstruction by means of a severe discipline of laws which will not admit, any more, of those peaceful enemy invasions of the last forty years, and which, on the eve of the war and whilst the conflict lasted, caused her to discover that her subsoil had been mined by treason and corruption.

Who can blame lacerated France, if after victory she strives to create for herself new moral and material conditions of security which will prevent future disasters, near or remote, to her territory and to her generation ?

But I see, alas, with terror, that those vague ideologies which, during the past forty years had deprived France of her defences, of all her defences, have migrated to Italy, where they are attempting new experiments and fresh woes.

I see everyone in Italy, preoccupied with their own selves; I see them all intent in cutting out of Victory's robe a cockade for their vanity or a banner for their elections: I see them all running after butterflies, to show their well-shaped idle hands to the young English and American ladies sitting pensively under the Arch of Titus; but I see no one occupying himself about Italy, as she is, in the powerful construction of her mountains and plains, in the stirring agitation of her rivers and seas. Those who make a show of occupying themselves about her, do so merely as an expression of their thought, an irradiation of the principles of their doctrines, which certainly count for a great deal, but are not exactly that same thing, that humble thing, which is Italy. Now, it is a question of securing during peace and for the longest possible time, Italy as a territory, Italy as a nation. And, in order to do this, there are not two methods to follow: there is only one, that which is now employed by victorious France. With our discussions, we are forty years behind the times.

There are many fatalisms in physical and moral life; but I do not know of a more stupid and blind fatalism than that which I should call the fatalism of principles.

In Italy, we have many good souls who tremble at the idea of seeing a hundred thousand Germans included in our confines on the Brenner line, because such an inclusion would mean an infringement of the principle of nationality. But, would it not be more correct and humane to tremble, instead, at the thought of an invasion which, by an open door, or by one that is easily forced open, might imperil the labours and the peace of forty millions of Italians? A certain proportion between different evils should always be made and a definite standard should be adopted in choosing between any two of them. Now, I pose the question: Which is the worse evil, an invasion and a war, or a slight violation of the principle of nationality? A violation which can never be of such a nature to rouse any of those future irredentisms which are spoken of with so much fear; either because the civilized status of our country does not admit of any kind of oppression or of ill-treatment, or because of the small number of Germans who would be included in our boundary; or even because of the non-importance to Germany's prosperity and defence which the strip of territory occupied by the Germans on the Brenner line would ever represent. What then? The apprehensions of ideologists for this, which cannot even be called a problem, arise solely from a mental defect: the defect of considering principles as being isolated in vacuum; which principles, on the contrary, cannot reveal all their efficacy except in the complexity and the conflict of all the elements of existence.

As for the Adriatic, the absurd, on that question, reaches its most grotesque manifestations and its most melodramatic catastrophes.

What reason can induce us or oblige us to give away a portion — and not a small one, either — of the Adriatic; say Dalmatia, for instance, to the Croats and to those disguised as such? Simply this: that such a portion was, up to yesterday, in the possession of Austria, of whom the Croats were the staunchest supporters, and of whom they are to-day her most legitimate representatives. It is not a question, here, of Wilson any more (it is not only the Lord's name that is often taken in vain), or of any of his fourteen points: common sense and international legal sense are completely turned upside down. You emerge from the open field of all the principles and enter the closed field of insanity and criminality. Not for a single hour have the Croats been Allies of ours in our war, so that it might be said that for or from that hour of common danger should issue the metaphorical eternity of gratitude which should justify the most generous forms, if not of joint-ownership, at least of tenure, be it even that of trampling on our soil; but they have been, instead, our enemies until Austria breathed her last breath; and, after Austria's death, her heirs, by virtue of a Will which can be called the true type of *Pulcinella's Will* (1). And we should sacrifice to them not only the principle of nationality (this time we are going to be chauvinists), but with that principle, the faith and the blood of so many Italians on the opposite shore, together with the fruits of our victory, for which our best men have fought and

(1) *Pulcinella*, the popular Neapolitan Masque. It is said of him that he made a will in which he bequeathed, to a fabulous amount, property which did not belong to him. Hence « *Testamento di Pulcinella* », or « *Pulcinella's Will* » is a by-word, in Italy, to signify a Will which is null and void.

have covered themselves with glory on the Adriatic!

And all this, why?

To please Mr. Steed, and the Editor of the *Times*.

Pshaw! Italy is worth something more than an article in the *Times*.

THE HOUR OF CRISIS.

It seems to me that too big words are being spoken with reference to Signor Bissolati's resignation and with reference to the Cabinet crisis; big words which, in the end, will have no other effect than that of distorting from their true sense and meaning the intentions and the aims of the men implicated in the discussion. I believe that a little more modesty of expression would do no harm to the seriousness of individual ideas or, in general, to the nation's political good-sense.

In Italy, it is difficult to discuss the acts of the men who are at the head of affairs and their respective responsibilities with a sure knowledge, because it is difficult to discover the truth across the thick veil of ambiguity which, like a Homeric cloud, enshrouds the persons of Ministers. In all civilized countries, the men who hold the Government are almost always exposed to the test of public opinion, either through their public speeches or the statements made by them to the Press; unless, as it more often happens, their function as journalists and political writers does not act, in consequence of an uninterrupted and

public manifestation of ideas, as an anticipated guarantee of their actions. But in Italy, where Ministers are generally drawn from the various professional classes, in which it cannot be said that political culture is always the foundation of the science of statesmanship, mystery is the natural atmosphere of the Government. Who has ever found out, up to yesterday, that the disagreement within the Cabinet on the most serious problem of the war, which is, at the same time, the most serious problem of peace, was so profound? Some invisible signs of dissention were indeed suspected and were vaguely roaming in the air, through some ill-repressed newspaper controversies, through certain ill-concealed foreign propaganda and through some ill-connected coalitions in the Cabinet itself; but that the discord was of such a nature as to render life in common incompatible and collaboration impossible to the Members of the Cabinet in the decisive hour of realization, I believe the public has never, for a moment, imagined. How has it been possible properly to cultivate the same field together, or to cultivate a tree together in that same field if, at the last moment, the fruit that is hanging from the branches at the season of gathering, cannot be distinguished or will not be recognized? And by what grafting has the national tree been contaminated if, in the end, the cultivators themselves feel that their minds are further away from each other than they are from the minds of those in the neighbouring fields? Italy, of all the Entente Powers, is the only country of Europe where victory has brought on a Cabinet crisis; the only country where victory has been hailed by signs of political rather than Parliamentary discord; the only country

where victory does not pacify souls and minds; where it does not satisfy desires and ideals. Why and wherefore? Some reason must exist; and it must be sought for and brought to light. I fear that the reason lies at the roots — too uncovered, on the bare ground — of our war.

When England and France, attacked by Germany, pronounced the anathema against Prussian militarism, all the democrats who, up to then, had professed unlimited pacifism, hurried to join the colours, and justified their conversion by the new designation which had been given to the war: that of democratic war. War as war, no! but democratic war, yes: it was another matter! Perhaps England and France were not in the wrong, on their part, when to the war of the Central Empires they opposed the war of two democratic and constitutional nations, based on Law and governed by responsible men. The wrong was on the side of the old democratic and pacifist Parties of Italy, for instance, when they considered the democratic war not as connected with the struggle of two democracies against the Central Empires, but, in the abstract, as the means to attain the old ideals of pacifism and to reach the sphere of the Kingdom of Utopia. When it became expedient to discuss the necessity of our war, we at once gave warning of the danger: the danger of reducing a national war to a war of Parties; the danger of reducing a war which had for its essential and unalterable aims the boundaries of Italy, to a war of principles; the danger, in fine, of applying an ideological and therefore by its own nature, an incoercible and unreliable purpose to a war naturally possessing a concrete and tangible object which alone would, and could, suffice to obtain

unanimity of consent and sacrifice. The announcement alone, of the democratic war was sufficient to create difficulties and encourage the reluctance of the most torpid and stubborn elements in the country. And war was fought for the most part and in every sense, in the midst of national discord; a discord which the political motives of the so-called democratic interventionism were bound on their part to foment, because over and above the patriotic and military ardour of its supporters, these motives represented a permanent contrast to the historical realities of war in general and of the Italian war in particular. And Reality is a terrible executioner, even of the noblest ideas and of the most generous illusions; and, sometimes, she lets us find at the bottom of her basket, cut off with our hands rather than with hers, our own heads which had conceived those ideas and illusions beyond the pale of good or evil. The symbol of Salome dancing round the severed head of Jokahan is not without significance. It is a little of what is happening to Signor Bissolati at the present moment.

In any case, the country ought to have been spared the present crisis.

It creates, in the face of foreigners, the most unthought-of difficulties to the solution of the territorial problem of the Italian peace; and may create the most tortuous and dangerous agitations at home, by carrying back and deviating the purposes of the national war into the groove of the purposes of the democratic war, which existed only in the programme of one political Party and not in that of the whole nation.

What then, is happening in Italy at this moment? Are the supporters of the democratic war detaching themselves from the Cabinet only, or

also, and in a greater measure, from the Entente? Are they making the Entente suspicious of the democratic Parties of the Allied nations themselves? And even of Wilson, at the very moment in which, at the Court of England, he is exalting the union of mind and ideal of the Anglo-Saxon race?

I do not think that impatience should be shown in replying reassuringly to the above questions.



AFTER SIGNOR BISSOLATI'S INTERVIEW.

It would be giving offence to Signor Bissolati to allow his interview on his resignation from the Cabinet to pass without discussion. That the report of the interview should have come back to us from England, is not to be wondered at. It is true that England is the classic land of constitutionalism; a country, that is, which would hardly understand why a Minister should state to the foreign Press the reasons of his resignation without having previously stated them to Parliament or to his constituents by some means or in some form, and still less would approve of his doing so. But, besides being the classic land of constitutionalism, England is also one of the two great Powers of the Entente (Italy, of course, does not count), and Signor Bissolati had already declared, in Paris, during one of the past seasons of the Alliance, that he was, I do not exactly remember whether a soldier or a Minister of the Entente. It is useless, therefore, to raise the previous question of Parliamentary form. Let us pass, without further delay, to the subject-matter of the interview.

Ever since he began to occupy himself with Italy's foreign policy, Signor Bissolati has infused into it the same ideas of party strife which un-

derlie his Socialistic doctrine and mentality. He has always considered Italy as being a great exploiting capitalist, and the other countries as being innumerable members of a proletariat which is being «sweated» by the ancient heir of Imperial Rome. Whence it is that he has always called upon Italy to give back, give back, give back — *pro bono pacis*, and in order to avoid possible reverses and eventually, possible irredentisms — all the lands which in his mind's fancy he believes Italy to be unlawfully retaining. During the period of neutrality, when he maintained that Italy should place herself at the head of the Balkan League — the League which would have been like a league of cats, for you well know how the Balkan States have agreed amongst themselves and what deference they have at all times shown to us — he proposed that Italy should defray all the costs of that enterprize, which no one wanted or desired to undertake; and that she should generously make a donation of the Ægean Islands to Greece, from whom Italy had not wrested them; and of Dalmatia (which was then in the hands of Austria) to Servia, who had never expressed the desire to annex it. Signor Bissolati is, assuredly, the purest of ideologists (Napoleon would certainly have never entrusted *him* with any kind of responsibility in State affairs), and is more attached to his ideologies than to his native country or to himself. Thus, what he did not succeed in obtaining in the name of the Balkan League, he is now striving to obtain in the name of the League or Society of Nations; and, whether Balkan League or League or Society of Nations, his principal object is always one and the same: that of depriving Italy of the Ægean Islands and of

Dalmatia, with the addition this time, of the defensive line of the Brenner, which has been pronounced by our own generals to be indispensable to our defence. Evidently the Ægean Islands and Dalmatia must be a dreadful nightmare in Signor Bissolati's mind, if at all times and on every occasion he is restlessly striving to rid himself of them; and, putting himself in Italy's place, to rid Italy of them too. But, although Italians, not excluding those in Dalmatia would be most happy to see Signor Bissolati regain his peace of mind, I am afraid they would not be equally satisfied to see the Government of their country alienate or barter, without adequate compensations, the Islands of the Ægean which represent the pledge of the conditions which Turkey has never kept and the indemnities which she has never paid after the Lybian war; they would certainly not be equally satisfied to see the Italian Government entrust to the tender mercies of Croatian cudgels the flesh and blood of the Dalmatian people which, after all, is the flesh and blood of Venice and Rome. Signor Bissolati proposes to barter the Ægean Islands for the mines of Heraclaea. But Signor Tittoni, in his most wise and masterly speech in the Senate spoke of those mines solely as a compensation due to Italy, on a line with the other Powers, for the sacrifices she has made for all and with all the Allies in the European war. But, as a matter of fact, do any rights accrue to Italy in the East by reason of the European war? To the other Powers of the Entente, yes, certainly. But to Italy, no! for no reason whatever. It should be sufficient to Italy to have had the honour of fighting to make France greater, England more powerful and Yugoslavia more audacious. Ay,

let us inform our dead of this; they who are prematurely sleeping their eternal sleep underground are probably unaware that it was for all these fine things, which were hidden from them to their last day, that they are now asleep for ever. Poor, poor dead of Italy!

But, nevertheless, the living are not less to be pitied than the dead.

Whilst, abroad, the end of the war marks the end of Statesmen's errors, as well as the concord of public opinion and sentiment on peace problems, for the sole aim of making the most of the sacrifices that have been undergone, and of creating the best possible conditions for the security of our future existence, we, on the contrary, just as if the blood spilt up to yesterday were nothing but water, and the wealth thrown into the consuming fire were nought but the proceeds of a robbery, are more disunited than before; we continue to fight amongst ourselves in the Cabinet, in the Press, and to-morrow perhaps we shall fight even in the streets, always to the detriment of the interests of Italy; always in the name and on behalf of her enemies whom in our minds we figure and represent as the latest pattern of ideal nations. Up to the eve of the war we were pro-French or pro-German; now that Germany has been defeated, we have finally become even pro-Yugoslav; and, in order better to justify this new mania of ours, not only do we disown our ancient national rights, not only in opposition to the pride and the faith of our heroes do we exalt the military prowess of the Croatians, which Signor Bissolati with terror reminds Italians that they have witnessed during the war, but, with our actions and our speeches we lend assistance to our enemies, who are not a

few within and without the Entente's lines, in opposing our aspirations and annulling or under-rating the aims of our war at the Peace Congress. Thus: with our pro-Yugoslavism, made up of panic and the fear of God, we are coming face to face with the pro-Yugoslavism of our Allies, which is made up, in complete disregard of Italy, of calculation and of maritime and commercial interests. Who cannot see the plan and the purport of French pro-Yugoslavism which, with the help of Greece, tends to no other object than that of gaining the supremacy over our Lower Adriatic and, across the Balkans, the supremacy over the Balkan highways to the East, in substitution of Austria which we helped to eliminate? *Sic vos non vobis*: our eternal fate! And in order to attain this fate we have not only fought a great national and European war, but we are preparing to face a civil war in our midst. Because, in fine, all the efforts of those who for one reason or another are endeavouring to disperse the aims and the results of victory and to prepare for Italy new conditions of territorial, political and commercial inferiority in the face of our Allies, and new conditions of weakness in the face of our enemies with the disillusionments which they sow, with the rancours which they arouse and the humiliations which they permit are directed to no other purpose than that of preparing the state of mind and the atmosphere of the most calamitous of civil wars. Was it worth while waving so many flags and causing so much Italian sorrow, to arrive at such an abyss?

I deeply regret having to write these things *à propos* of Signor Bissolati who, during the war, has been an example of national discipline. I should have preferred to write them *à propos* of

others who have manifested the same ideas without having the same reasons to consideration which he has the right to inspire. But, alas, we have, now, no time to lose in minuet bows. We are hotly pursued by the sword of our enemies and by the asinine kicks of those upon whom we have conferred so many benefits. We must rapidly see to our offensive and to our defences.

It is useless to illude ourselves or to illude others. We are now passing the gravest moment of our history; a moment which should have been one of settlement and is, instead, one of danger and may result in one of definite disorder. As it was at one time with Germany and Austria, we are now, after this great war, regarded unfavourably and derided by England and France. Through our own fault? Through the fault of others? Certainly, there are, in England, vast centres of agitation against our aspirations which no one thinks of quelling and which are fomented by our Adriatic enemies and are not suppressed by our friends beyond the Channel. And France, as we all well know, is all one centre of agitation to our detriment. In the interior, do you not see? The old factious spirit is pervading even the Cabinet, which is in a perpetual crisis and in its innermost working is more troubled and upset than appears on the surface; and thus troubled and upset it is preparing to discuss the most serious problems of the future with associates who are sure of themselves, but diffident and heedless of us. I ask again: who is to blame for this unbearable situation? If our own men are to blame, they must be changed without any regard, pitilessly, whatever their past merits may be. And if the blame is to be ascribed to our associates, we must unite, re-compose ourselves,

make a compact mass of all the nation and oppose it to the ill-will or the selfishness of others, and not allow any decision or solution to be arrived at which may be prejudicial or compromising to our interests. In any case, something must be done. To remain in a state of discord or inertia is not possible. To continue useless discussions of ideals amongst ourselves, to continue the childish controversies on our intellectual fatuities, is contemptible and iniquitous; when we have round us, amidst such a pitiful devastation, half a million of men killed and one million of wounded, and all the secular patrimony of the nation on the ground. Therefore? Let the Government first of all do its duty; that is to say, let it measure its own capabilities and its strength, and if it finds them up to the mark for the task assigned to them and if it receives the consent of the nation, let it trace out its line of conduct, and impose it upon the Paris Congress. Otherwise let it retire and leave to other stronger men, whoever they may be and whichever side they may come from, the care of our interests and of our future. On her part let the nation, in the forms which it will not be difficult to find and which may be spontaneous and efficient, proclaim loudly and clearly her irreducible and unsuppressible will to issue victorious and not defeated from the war, and not to allow those who are near or afar, friends or enemies, to deviate from or betray her wishes, her aims and her interests, present and future.

To sleep is no longer permissible. We must act and act at once. And act solely on Italy's behalf; not on behalf of your miserable passions or your miserable political and party ambitions.

And have, sometimes, pity for this *humble Italy*, too.

THE PACT OF ROME AND THE POLA SWINDLE.

A popular morning paper raised an outcry yesterday against the Yugoslav propaganda which is being widely spread abroad and is becoming more perfidious and more audacious, during this first period of the Paris Congress to the detriment of Italy and of her aspirations; and it called for « first aid » in the form of counter propaganda on the part of the Government and the national Press. Oh, the national Press! Oh, the chaste national conscience! Whilst the Croatians are amusing themselves at our expense abroad, we are tearing one another to pieces at home for the sake of their handsome faces, and in the name of Fiume and the name of Spalato, which should be names of national concord, we are making a show of the most senseless erudition in newspapers and of still more senseless violence at public meetings, to demonstrate to the world that we want, undoubtedly, the League of Nations, but not before having provoked and succeeded in obtaining the dissolution and the destruction of the Italian nation. It is evidently a question of a new and more horrid form of madness which is manifesting itself amongst mental diseases of our race in the after war period.

From what poisonous exhalation has this new form of madness, which assumes the specific appellation of pro-Yugoslavism, been created? Madness it undoubtedly is, judging by the ways in which it becomes manifest, by the agitations and the perturbations which it provokes all round, by the catastrophes which will inevitably follow in its wake, by the direct and irreducible contradiction to the vital law of preservation — preservation of individual and collective personality, of State, country and nation — and by the restless craving for dissolution which stirs it, besides the incapacity of understanding the evil it works, and of realizing the damage it does, both far and near.

If I am not mistaken, the poison which produced it was the defeat of Caporetto.

Our Allies, too, underwent days equally sad if not sadder than ours of October 1917: the French on the Chemin des Dames, and the English on the Somme. But they did not raise the hubbub round their disaster that we did, nor did they bury under it all the heroic effort which their armies had accomplished during the long and toilsome travail of the war: they closed ranks, they ascertained and punished the persons who were responsible, they reformed the commands and continued the war-effort, both behind the lines and on the battlefield, without attaching to the reverse they had suffered any more importance than to an episode to be marked with the *nigro lapillo*, the black pebble of unlucky days, and from which to draw more useful teachings for the future. We, on the contrary, lost our confidence, and what was worse, confidence was lost by the politicians and writers who, being most in view during the struggle,

felt with greater keenness the biting criticisms of their adversaries, who now that the expected hopes of victory had not been realized, did not hesitate to hurl back at them the insults and accusations launched against them at the beginning of the war. What was to be done? Whilst furnaces were seething in order to prepare new artillery and General Diaz was training new men for the counter-attack on the Piave and the final glory of Vittorio Veneto, they became diplomats, with the intent of beating Austria at least in a closed field if the armies should not succeed in beating her in the open one. (In order to combat the errors of adversaries, it is not necessary to misrepresent the motives of their actions). But, whilst they were engaged in their diplomacy, they happened to meet M. Trumbic in the streets of London and Paris, just as our soldiers, whilst fighting, were meeting his brethren in the service of Austria. And M. Trumbic allowed himself the luxury of playing, for once, the part of Metternich with the tardy grand-children of Nicolò Macchiavelli, and to «take them in» as at one time his ancestors would have taken them into prison or hanged them on the gibbet.

Certainly, if by negotiating the Pact of Rome without the cognizance of the constituted authorities, our candid parliamentary men and publicists intended foiling or checkmating the old State diplomacy and giving a decisive example of the new popular diplomacy, without secrets, without protocols and without ambassadors, it is my belief that for the triumph of their principles and their methods they will have to try agrain. They showed themselves at least wanting in the first and most essential element of any negotiation: the psychological element, which implies a

knowledge of the contracting party, whether friend or enemy, and an understanding of his aims and of his means of carrying on a struggle. They who, from an historical point of view, if from no other, should have known what a Croat is, negotiated with M. Trumbic as they would have negotiated in Parliament with one of their own countrymen belonging to one of the various Parties there, for the formation of a colourless Cabinet. M. Trumbic, instead, had his colour: a colour which does not fade, his cudgel which does not bend, and, in his waistcoat pocket, all the hatred of his race against the Italians, which is not spent in vain nor spent in every market. Here in Rome, in London and in Paris, he saw a group of individuals upset by disaster, distrustful of the future, prepared to do anything and everything in order to save their war in some way or another. And, in the guise of a protector he concluded the Pact of Rome with them, in the name of the most sacred principles of 1789, of course. Of what is his own or of what belonged to the Croatian race he staked nothing in the game, not a drop of blood, not a drop of tallow, nor even an ounce of good will: he staked simply nothing. He was and remained a Croat and an Austrian. And, after the decisive day of Vittorio Veneto, when the Italian army had destroyed both the Austrian army and the empire of the Hapsburgs, there was M. Trumbic at his post — (when I say M. Trumbic, I mean either himself or any other representative of the Croats) — there was M. Trumbic, on the side of beaten Austria, organizing the swindle of the Pola Fleet to the detriment of Italy, the victor! Behold the Croat; always the same, always the sworn enemy of Italy and the Italians! He had previously been led up the

steps of the Capitol and solemnly feasted there! And the geese of the Capitol had been silent: they, which in the fibres of their throats must still feel the thrill of the screech they emitted at the assault of the Gauls!

The Pola swindle ought to have caused even the blindest and those who had fostered the greatest illusions to open their eyes. It was not only the proof or the revelation of the unchangeable mind of the Croats, but what is worse, it was both the revelation and the overwhelming proof of the duplicity which had surrounded and infused the whole of the famous Pact of Rome, and which tended — for the audacity of the Croats in crime has no limits — to destroy and annul the Pact of London. What was, in fact, the Pact of Rome if not a lever wherewith to unhinge the Pact of London? And when one thinks of the accomplices which the Pola swindle has immediately found on all sides, and of the snares to which even after our victory the Pact of London is exposed, one can well ask the pro-Yugoslavs whether they have ever realized or had any conception of the danger to which they have exposed their country, first by their diplomacy and afterwards by their efforts to discredit and cause the fall of the Minister of Foreign Affairs who did not want to open his hands to allow the Pact of London to fall into the Croatian trap. For, in the same way as with the Pola Fleet, so would our rights, already recognized by the Pact of London, have been contested later on; and we would have presented ourselves at the Peace Congress with all the scath and the scorn of our tragic imbecility. We would have had in exchange, it is true, M. Trumbic's gracious friendship, in the same manner as we have

been the recipients of M. Pasic's gratitude after we had twice denied Austria our assistance for the destruction of Servia, and after having saved and led safely to our shores the remnants of the Servian army, ragged and disbanded by defeat, along the rear ways of Macedonia.

Yet, in the interior of the country the controversy on Yugoslavia is still raging, and there are people who are tiring out their brains in newspapers and their vocal chords in theatres and in the streets (I cannot understand why the Socialists who have always kept aloof from these controversies, should now take part in them with the rest), to uphold and defend, in the name of Heaven knows what degenerated liberty and humanity, the crimes of the Pola swindlers against the clear and evident rights of the Italians of Fiume, Zara, Sebenico and Spalato, and against the rights of the whole of Italy and of the Italian victory. *Graecia capta*, conquered and held in bondage her proud conqueror, in her turn. So Austria after her defeat now vanquishes and holds Italy. But Greece held Rome in bondage by the Fine Arts: Austria, instead, holds Italy — pardon, oh, goddess Rome! — with her Croats. It is her posthumous revenge. Besides, each employs the arts which he possesses. Austria's Fine Arts are the Croats.

It will, therefore, be not inopportune that, whilst the Croatian propaganda is pursuing its turbid and defamatory work against Italy abroad, we should exercise our patience in collecting and studying all the texts of the pro-Yugoslav propaganda at home, to show to the public and possibly to its authors, all its political iniquity and all its intellectual monstrosity.

SOME QUOTATIONS FROM CAVOUR.

It is needless to pay any attention to what the Agram newspapers say concerning the Italianhood of Dalmatia, nor to excite oneself about their boasts of the deeds accomplished by the Croats on the Isonzo and on the Piave, in the service of Austria and against Italy. Boasting is superfluous. The Croats have done their duty in the service of Austria on the Isonzo and on the Piave recently, as they served her during last century at Brescia and Milan. And their historical science unfolded for the purpose of convincing their Italian and foreign associates of their rights over our peoples are equally superfluous. The only thing that, perhaps, is not superfluous is this: to state that once, after 1860, some Croatian generals were roughly handled in London and threatened to be thrown into the Thames by the exasperated mob at the recollection of their cruelties and their iniquities committed on their victims in Brescia and Milan. Now, instead, the Croatian propagandists against Italy have established their general headquarters in the offices of the principal London and Paris newspapers. It is true that they have also established these head-

quarters in the minds and the hearts of many gracious Italians.

Let us not, therefore, follow the, let us say, literature of the Croatian Press and of that other which is its accomplice in the other countries of Europe. Let us occupy ourselves, simply, with the Press of our own country.

I have here, before me, the files of many interventionist newspapers and the volumes of many interventionist writers published during the period of Italian neutrality. It is painful to acknowledge the fact but, in order to arouse the public spirit and give it the right direction towards the war, these newspapers and writers had no other thought in mind but to demonstrate that it was Italy's absolute, unrestricted necessity to reconquer the whole, complete inheritance of the Most Serene Republic of Venice, commencing from Dalmatia and Istria as far as Trieste and Trento: a demonstration which must have been extraordinarily efficacious if, notwithstanding the reluctance of the parliamentary *bourgeoisie* in power, which was proceeding in a different direction, it succeeded, in the end, in convincing and in dragging the country into the war. But, now that war is at an end, behold those same newspapers and writers disavow the programme which had served to induce the nation to enter the war and uphold another, revised and corrected, or rather, mutilated; another programme in which the inheritance of Venice appears diminished and contested; and a portion of it, Dalmatia, considered as *res furtiva* and declined with a gesture of supreme disdain, and thrown to the dogs. « Dalmatia ? » — they ask the gods and the Croats — « what is Dalmatia ? Who has ever heard of Dalmatia as Italian ? There must

evidently be a misunderstanding. Neither Dante nor Cavour, either in Italic speech or in Frankish idiom have ever pronounced or written so strange a word. Dalmatia? Why, this strange word is not even found in Tommaseo's Dictionary ». What then?

Then, one of two things: either the public was drawn into error before the war, or it is being drawn into error now. Either the public was drawn into error when, in order to arouse it in favour of the war it was made to believe that Dalmatia was absolutely necessary and indispensable for the integrity of the fatherland and for the security of the Adriatic; or it is being drawn into error now, that it is informed not only that Dalmatia is no longer necessary for the security of the Adriatic, but that it cannot be considered as an integral portion of the fatherland, as it is not, nor ever was, Italian. The dilemma has horns which it is impossible to hide under the red ribbon of any international haberdashery.

The serious part of the controversy on Dalmatia is, unfortunately, this: that the old upholders of the integral national claims, in changing their programme and in throwing Dalmatia to the dogs do not confine themselves to the employment of political arguments (that is, to arguments which are opportunistic and transitory in their own essence), but also attempt to use historical, statistical and ethnographical ones; that is to say, fundamental and substantial arguments which are by their own nature permanent and unchangeable; the same arguments, in fact, which the Croats — that is to say, the enemies — are in the habit of employing, with evident offence to science as well as to the moral and legal sense of all cultured and civilized people, for the pur-

pose of disputing the pure character of our national struggle and therefore of denying to Italians the right of aspiring to Dalmatia; and to the Dalmatians the right of aspiring to Italy: a surprising and truly unexpected phenomenon this, of moral transubstantiation between the Italian flour and the Croatian bran, which will hardly find any Apostles at the Supper to celebrate its marvels.

Even Cavour has been quoted in support of the arguments employed by the Croats, Such a name ought to have been spared from being used for such an argument and such a people.

To quote Cavour for the purpose of attenuating or disputing the Italianhood of Dalmatia is a useless profanation, which can lead to no practical result; because it is sufficient to turn the page of a certain book in order to restore to its proper position the name of the great realizer of the national idea and to reconsecrate his word.

It is untrue that Cavour did not — as it is attempted to intimate — recognize that Dalmatia formed part of the programme of Italian unity. In the same manner as the interventionist newspapers and writers of 1914 and 1915, Cavour, in his famous letter of December 18th. 1860, addressed to Valerio, showed that he was perfectly cognizant of Dalmatia and regarded it in the same light as Istria, Trieste and Trento; only he, who was discussing the question at a time when Rome and Venice did not yet form part of united Italy, was in duty bound not to compromise or allow to be compromised by inconsiderate actions or propositions the immediate or more remote aims of reality. Rome and Venice were yet to be attained; and he, a cautious and provident realizer, contented himself with the mo-

dest defence of Ancona. « I must likewise request you », he therefore wrote to Valerio, who was then Royal Commissioner of the Marches, « to avoid any expression from which it might be inferred that the New Kingdom of Italy is aspiring to the conquest *not only of Venetia, but also of Trieste, together with Istria and Dalmatia* ».

(Note well the expression, which constitutes the whole programme: *Trieste together with Istria and Dalmatia*).

And after having made a summary mention of the complexity of the Adriatic problem, he concluded: « Every inconsiderate phrase which may be uttered in this sense constitutes a terrible weapon in the hand of our enemies, who will take advantage of it in order to attempt to render even England hostile to us, as she would look unfavourably on the Adriatic becoming what it was during the time of the Venetian Republic, namely, an Italian lake. These few hints will suffice, I trust, to render you circumspect in this matter. For the present it is necessary to confine your efforts to well defending Ancona: *this will become the ladder for a splendid progress in a future which our grandchildren will not find too remote* ».

(Note the means and the end: *Trieste together with Istria and Dalmatia* were not to constitute a weapon in the hands of our enemies to serve against the *immediate* problem of the liberation of Venetia).

This happened in 1860, previous to the liberation of Venetia and Rome. And, on the basis of such a letter must one conclude that Cavour had from that moment renounced all claims to Trento and Trieste, besides Istria and Dalmatia?

The great Italians of the *Risorgimento* were not

the puny Italians of to-day and ideas and arguments irrelevant to the national essence were excluded from their lofty historical and political conception of Italian unity. Prudence and, at the same time, the condition of Italy, which was then weak, in the process of revival, and unarmed in the midst of strong and well-armed States, compelled them to pose and to solve questions one at a time. But postponing questions did not signify relinquishing or disowning them. Thus, even in the fiercest moment of irredentist agitations, Francesco Crispi who, by reason of his office had been constrained to effect a repression of them, from his seat on the Government bench proclaimed as haughtily as ever Italy's right to her full territorial reintegration. In fact, in 1889, replying to the interpellation addressed to the Government by Signori Cavallotti and Imbriani, he ended a speech, which was not, or was not intended to be favourable to the agitations of the agitations of the moment, with the following words:

« The illustrious Marco Minghetti, whilst in office and during a debate into which he had been drawn and during which he replied with that shining eloquence and clearness of thought which were habitual to him, said that with regard to the question of nationality, it was necessary to choose the opportune time and even the opportune moment; but that if ever such a question were to arise, and that wars were to bring about a modification of the geographical map of Europe, Italy would have nothing to fear, for she had nothing to give, but a great deal to recover. But, if there are any principles which should animate all patriots, whether they be seated on those benches (pointing to the Deputies' benches), or on these

(pointing to the Government benches), the principal virtue of States and of political men is prudence ».

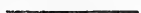
Prudence: a word in Cavour's doctrine of realization.

But I pose the question: Can there be more opportune times and moments than these, following the war and victory, to recover, after so much prudence and so much expectation, all which has been taken from us in centuries gone by?

Prudence and expectation even after war and victory?

The programme of the war was the integral programme for the attainment of our national claims. It was for that programme that Italy fought and won.

To support a different programme is to commit a crime against public faith.



ITALY AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

It cannot be a mystery to those whose thoughts are fixed on reality, that no country in Europe is more naturally disposed to support Wilson's projects than Italy is; because no country in Europe is more intolerant than Italy of any doctrine or action which may lead towards war nor more inclined by tendency and taste towards the gentle arts and the gentle customs of peace. But, unhappily, our internal Party controversies, not always starting from the humble and chaste observation of reality, but always inspired either by the Idea — which is the moral fermentation of passion and emits manifestations at once tragic and ridiculous — or, what is worse, by interest, which is the immoral fermentation of all the errors and all the stupidities of those, great and small, who are for the moment in authority — our internal Party controversies, I say, concurrently with those of our most insolent and most petulant enemies, have succeeded, abroad, in representing Italy as the militarist and imperialistic nation *par excellence*: the nation which is the most agitated by a perpetual war fever, and the most distorted and distracted of all by the mania and the fury of

conquest. And whilst debating and negotiating in the midst of a Europe which, from the greatest to the smallest Powers, is, under more or less well-hidden forms, pervaded by the lust of aggrandizement; those persons amongst us who dissent from the integral national programme, and those who, abroad, show themselves to be the most stubborn opposers of our every right and our every just claim and do not hesitate in changing even the name of things and the contents of definitions, have alternately given the names of militarism and of imperialism to every rectification of boundary which we have suggested and claimed for the defence of our borders, and to every effort made by us to group around the ancient paternal stock all the peoples of the Adriatic which are Italian by blood, mind, conscience and will. So much have they said and done, especially in recent times, that they have succeeded in giving the fable the consistency of truth. Wherefore Italy is still to-day condemned to the double labour of struggling against and destroying not only the snares and the hostility — hidden or visible — of the many enemies who surround her even more closely than her own mountains and seas, but also of dispersing and dispelling the whims of her own citizens. It is true, however, that she is by no means unaccustomed to this double labour, which constitutes the *pathos* of her sorrowful history through centuries gone by.

The action accomplished by Signor Orlando with his speech on the League of Nation is not, therefore, an act of formal homage to the President of the United States, but is the authentic expression of the Italian spirit which moves in law and through law strives to attain the equilibrium of human and social forces. In the same

manner as, four years ago, in consequence of Germany's declaration of war against France, the Italian spirit, which felt the offence which had been perpetrated against law, drew back and detached itself from the old alliance, so now that war is at an end, the Italian spirit, in order to prevent new and no less serious offences against law in the present and in the future, resolutely takes up its stand, and not as a vain parade, on Wilson's side.

But will the League of Nations prove a success ?

This is a problem which does not depend on the will of men, and especially does not depend on the will of its author and of his collaborators ; but depends, above all, on the political and territorial settlement which the Congress will have given to the various European nations independently of the ideal picture which the League of Nations may have supplied.

For my part, I do not believe, for instance, that the division of half Europe and, let us say, of *Mittel Europa* as it had been conceived by the Germans, into so many small States, on the basis of more or less easily recognizable or generally accepted nationalities can, in course of time, lead to a sure and definite system of universal peace. Nationalities are from their very nature excitable, and in the varied daily struggle are more apt to become still more irritated than to neutralize themselves and cool down. There is no treaty that will have the effect of modifying or attenuating natural differences, just as there is no marriage contract which has the effect of eliminating the incompatibility of character between husband and wife. And, in order to keep so many scattered peoples in check, what new principle will possess the energy and the capability of replacing

the authority and the imperial bond of the three great States defeated in war? The admonition addressed by Wilson and by the Delegates of the other great Powers of the Congress to the small Powers in course of formation, which are showing so much eagerness and so great a hurry to employ violence instead of reason in the initial questions of *meum* and *tuum*, is the first indication of the contrasts between the ideal authority of the Executive Council of the League of Nations and the behaviour of its future members. Will this admonition suffice to cool the appetites and to cut the nails growing with so much audacity from very infancy?

Again: will the Powers victorious over Germany be themselves satisfied with conditions of peace representing the expression of strict law, of pure law, whilst Germany still possesses, fallen but not shattered, a hardy and tenacious people which, by reason of its strength and its audacity, is well capable of a prompt rehabilitation and of a new struggle?

For, the difference between the two defeats, that of Austria and that of Germany is this: that the one, by destroying the State has also destroyed the bond which held together those peoples which now tend to a different constitution and organization of their own, in accordance with the different impulse of the race; whilst the other, though destroying the State, has left not only the unity of the people intact, but its very efficiency also: unity and efficiency which are anything but decadent, but quite the contrary, if we are to judge by the effort accomplished before and during the course of the war; of a people, in fact, possessing the full vigour of all its faculties and qualities, a people which the errors of its

old leaders may have thrown into ruin but which, from the depths of its ruin will undoubtedly revive by reason of its own impetus, better taught by bitter experience and re-moulded by misfortune. Is it possible that France and England do not understand this, and that they do not attempt to prepare stronger defences for themselves than in the past? The opposition which France is already raising against the union of Austrian Germans with those of Germany proper, opposition which is in conflict with the principle of the self-decision of peoples, which, in its turn, it is endeavoured to overthrow at the outset in virtue of the other principle, that of the incapacity of vanquished peoples to annex others — (really, this principle may be sound for territories, not for men of the same race and of the same will) — show that the needs of the great victorious Powers are already loudly clashing with the bases upon which Wilson's Ideal City, the safe refuge of the League of Nations, should be erected.

On the road bordered by these hedges, only Italy can proceed firmly and without swerving towards the Ideal City. Her conflicts with the Croats are not of such a nature as to make her apprehensive for the future. Besides, the Croats will also have to settle matters with the Magyars at their back, who are a strong and war-like people with whom Italy has no reason to be eternally in enmity, and with whom she has no reason for not resuming the old relations which, at the time of the common struggle against Austria, resulted in so amicable an accord of arms and ideas. Also, given her situation in Europe and her position of equilibrium between the various nations competing and struggling against each other, peace and the constitution of peace are essential condi-

tions for Italy's material as well as for her political and moral development. In the constitution of peace she is safe from friends and from enemies. But would she be under a different constitution? She knows from long experience that if she has to be on her guard against enemies at fixed dates, she has to be on her guard against friends at all hours and on every occasion. Because our friends are always so made that they never believe they show sympathy on our behalf except by defendig and assuming as their own the ideas and the interests of our enemies. And it is useless to go any further in search of evidence and proofs.

For all which reasons, both of the present and the future, it is expedient that Italy, apart from friends and enemies, should constitute for herself a state of right — even though represented in that which is now called the League of Nations — which should secure for her, morally and materially, the conditions of development to which she is entitled after the war she has fought and won.

And our Delegates at the Peace Conference will serve their country so much the better if they will strive their utmost to create and co-operate in creating a European and world condition in which the good will of our friends and the ill will of our enemies will never have the opportunity to meet and unite to our wrong and our detriment.

THE ATTITUDES.

Without being unduly pessimistic (sometimes it is sufficient to be merely logical in order to draw conclusions from premises), it can be foreseen or concluded, even from this moment, that the Paris Congress will hardly arrive at a definite and permanent solution of the questions which are successively coming up for discussion. There is such a difference in minds and, worse, such a diversity of conception and judgement on the nature and the importance of political factors and of material interests in competition, that no effort of science or will can succeed, it seems to me, in discovering formulas and in excogitating measures which will have other characteristics than those of haste and temporariness. The world, in fine, is not to be reformed or transformed by means of a constitutional or diplomatic Charter resulting from a discussion between jurists and Statesmen of different ideas and of different countries, constrained to submit to a law dictated by one of their number, and to which they would willingly show themselves contrary and rebellious, if they could but act freely or could declare themselves and decide spontaneous-

ly. Intuitively one perceives an atmospheric pressure and compression in the Paris Conference which the mercury in the veins of human barometers vainly try to avoid measuring, and which the Press communiqués vainly endeavour to avoid revealing. Uneasiness is prevalent in minds and purposes. A perfect agreement will not be arrived at, therefore, in the forthcoming decisions.

No one will deny that the conflicts are numerous.

There is a conflict between Wilson's ideologies and the various historical and political realities of the Powers of Europe.

There is a conflict between the aims of the war totally attained by England, and the aims of the war incompletely, attained by other countries allied to England.

There is a conflict between the rights of the victors and the pretensions advanced by those who have intruded themselves amongst the victors, and are supported here and there, according to cases and interests, by this or that Allied Government.

There is a conflict between the method of interpreting the principles of nationality, and the method of grouping the scattered fragments of Austria and of *Mittel Europa* in general, with respect to the safety and the territorial and commercial defence of the Western Powers.

There is a conflict between the international programme of one or more of the victorious Powers and Wilson's American programme.

Lastly, there is the conflict, or more properly speaking the aversion, or still more precisely, the hatred between the small nationalities which have issued from the ancient Empire of the Hapsburgs, and the struggle of the ambitions, the

vanities and the cravings of these nationalities amongst themselves or in respect of other nationalities, neighbouring or distant or greater: ambitions, vanities and cravings which all together should contribute, with racial and historical hatreds and aversions, to create that harmony, that concord, that blending of minds and hearts necessary for the constitution and the government of the League of Nations, promoted and willed by the President of the United States, who is but a passing President — and in eighteen months' time may have as a successor an opponent of his ideas and an enemy of his League.

Meanwhile, the varying conditions and the varying interests of the States represented can be seen by the conduct of the most authoritative men of the Congress.

President Wilson, who has no enemies on his flank like France and Italy, and has only the Ideal City of his mind to build, is wandering to and fro, like Orpheus with his lyre, from Asiatic to African shores, building walls to contain the aspirations of nations or dykes to dam them, and temples upon the sole altar of which the religions of the future and the reasons of the finances of the United States may find a welcome. He is in a hurry, and it does not matter if the walls are not sufficiently solid, the dykes are not of sufficient strength and the temples are not sufficiently crowded by the faithful. Provided the City be erected and the bank secure in the *pomerium!*

Lloyd George appears as if he were unconcerned in and indifferent to the discussions of the Congress. As a matter of fact, why should he excite himself? England had but one aim in the war: to strike down Germany's naval power which was threatening her on all sides and which,

with a little more patience, might have succeeded in prostrating her. Germany's naval power has been overthrown. The enemy's great fleet is all in her ports. The seas and the sub-seas are cleared of vessels and the horizon free from the German flag. England fears no one any more. She is, by now, mistress of herself and of her destiny. Why and wherefore should her Ministers tire themselves out in discussing at the Congress? For a piece of German Colony more or less; a mandate more or less in her spacious domains; for the glory of her old Colonial Empire? She can even afford to free herself from European questions, in which she only became involved, for the attainment of her sole aim, the overthrow of Germany. As to recovering the costs of war, she will see to that, presently, in the wide world.

Clemenceau, on the contrary, is champing the bit. At the present moment, he finds himself between Wilson — to whose aid and to whose armies France owes a great part of the recovery after defeat and the final victory over Ludendorff's armies — and Germany, which is undauntedly raising her head from Weimar and is speaking through Erbert, as yesterday she was speaking through the Kaiser. He cannot oppose Wilson; he must not not suffer Germany's challenge. His racial instinct would prompt him to fix a French stamp on Victory; but diplomatic propriety obliges him, instead, not to forget Wilson's utterances and actions, which were gratefully accepted at the time of the greatest danger. A taciturn man up to yesterday, he has spoken at last, in support of Foch's military argument, and in opposition to Wilson's civil proposition. Both the one and the other (or the others) — Wilson, Clemenceau and Foch — are right, from their

particular points of view. If the League of Nations is to serve for the peace and the pacification of the European peoples, how can Germany, which constitutes the greatest nucleus of these peoples, be excluded; and, on the other hand, how can she be included, enslaved and in fetters? But, on the contrary, how is it possible to leave a nation which has been vanquished but is neither broken up nor in dissolution, alone in the midst of other nations which are disarming?

In the midst of so many conflicting interests and opinions, Signor Orlando by his judicial attitude enables Italy to play the part of peacemaker. But we should like others to recollect that a sound and sure peace will not be attained in Europe until Italy has been rendered completely secure and well defended in respect of her territory and her peoples; we should like to remind those who know and to inform those who do not know, that European peace has been shattered during centuries and centuries, ever since the time when, through our broken boundaries the Italian lands were invaded and the Italian peoples oppressed by barbarians of every caste and of every degree of bestiality; we should like, finally, those who possess sense, science and consciousness of nationality to be on our side to affirm and defend the Italian nationality of the lands situated on the Adriatic and along the whole of the Dalmatian coast, from Trieste to Fiume, Zara, Sebenico, Spalato, Traù and Ragusa; and that they would set on our Victory the same value which we have set upon theirs, namely, the value of a noble, pure and lasting triumph of Latin civilization over barbarian bestiality.

If not, what would be the use of a vain effort for peace?

THE KAISER'S SUCCESSORS.

No one who has followed attentively the trend of the internal movements in Germany during these last four years of war, can be astonished at the rise to power in the new German State of the so-called « Kaiser's Socialists ». David, President of the Constituent Assembly; Erbert, President of the Empire; Scheidemann, Minister of Foreign Affairs, these are the names of three men who signify and represent not a breaking up, but the continuation of the Imperial policy which they have accepted and supported during the war, and of which they now assume the charge, if not the responsibility, after the defeat. « *Le Roi est mort; Vive le Roi!* » is the formula of hereditary monarchies. « With or without the Emperor; Long live the Empire! » is the new formula of German imperialism. In fact, according to the Weimar Constituent Assembly, there is not, in Germany, a Republic and a President of the Republic, but an Empire and a President of the Empire. After the disappearance of the Hohenzollerns, the structure of the State remains the same as Bismarck's powerful hand had forged and welded it in the furnace of the wars of 1866 and of 1870.

At all events, these Socialists who are now at the helm of the German Empire are by no means the improvised knights of a political adventure. Men of industrious mind and of experience, trained in the struggle for the political and social revendications of the great labouring class, they are ripe for all the responsibilities of government and of State; and in their office and functions, and in a greater measure than their predecessors, who, in the end, were the representatives of nothing but a feudal caste historically fallen, they bring with them that authority, or rather that legitimacy which derives from the inexhaustible sources of popular conscience and will. Erbert's speech at the opening of the Constituent Assembly is the speech of a Statesman — (we shall see, later on, if acts will correspond to words) — the speech not of an individual only, but of an entire people which, whatever its faults, its aberrations and its errors may have been in the past, declares its firm purpose to live; and, in affirming this will, shows likewise that it takes into account the new difficulties which surround its existence and the unsuppressible exigencies of that sad reality: defeat. Hence the announcement which has been made of the future programme, in the shape of a concise formula: *Order and Labour*, which is a formula of reality and also a formula of parsimony and intimacy: the usual formula of all wealthy families fallen into ill-fortune, of all commercial Companies hurled into the abyss of insolvency. We are now a long way off from dreams and follies. Far away from Bethmann-Hollweg's brutal language and from the Kaiser's mystical rhetoric. We are floating along the sluggish currents of modest humanity.

The German maximalist Socialists themself-

ves did not pass from dreamland to reality after the defeat, but during the course of the war itself, when they demanded not only internal State reforms, but also the reform of their own Party, in order to enable them to attain, well prepared and well accoutred, to the Government of the country.

Scheidemann's speech at the Wurtzburg Congress, at the end of 1917 can be said to have been the humus from which Erbert's speech at the Weimar Constituent Assembly sprang and blossomed.

There were sentences in that speech which it is not superfluous to remember to-day, after the assumption by Socialism of the Government of the State.

— « Without showing ourselves optimistic, we can foresee that at the next elections we shall obtain such an important influence as will allow us to assume all the responsibilities ourselves and not to entrust them to others... »

— « But we must show prudence in making promises, and not give the people to understand that we are preparing for it a paradise on earth... »

— « We must not, everlastingly, play the part of theoreticians and agitators as in the past; but we must evolve a positive and practical policy... »

— « Socialism is nought in itself: we cannot examine each measure to know whether it is a Socialist measure or not; we must find out whether it leads to a practical issue... »

— « On every occasion we are being taunted, as if it were an insult, with being Government Socialists. Well, we must feel honoured by these taunts. We have gone beyond the time of mere criticism. We cannot continue to pass our lives in breaking windows. Let us abandon our ancient

dogmatism, and let us enter into the realm of reality... »

Sense of reality is sense of Government; and when the German Socialist Party uttered the above sentences through the medium of the present Minister of Foreign Affairs, it showed itself ripe for governing. If they do not lose this sense of reality on the road, the Kaiser's successors in office will be able to ensure to the Empire a safer future than the Kaiser himself has done.

Should the Allies be glad at this speedy reconstruction of the German State ?

If the Allies, at an early stage, thought that Germany, owing to her defeat, would have been incapable of finding in herself the necessary energies for a prompt or a tardy resurrection, they cannot, certainly, be glad of the results of the Weimar Constituent Assembly.

That they had so thought, and had mentally eliminated Germany from their immediate calculations and from their remote anticipations is shown by their strange conduct immediately following the conditions agreed upon for the armistice.

As long as Germany was in arms and represented an implacable menace, the Allies remained united. But no sooner did the menace seem to have been dispelled and Germany appear to be overthrown and incapable of arising, the Allies became disunited: each of them stood aside, as if victory had not been the result of a common and combined effort; each showed itself indifferent to the fate of the others; each wended its own solitary way, in which it almost hoped it would not meet its neighbour of the previous day face to face; each selected its own friends, heedless whether they were friends or enemies of its

former brother-in-arms. And, amongst them all, Italy was and still is not a little surprised; Italy who, in her infinite good-faith was compelled to learn as new some old political and moral truths which it is now useless to discuss and to illustrate.

But the Germans who, feudalists or Socialists, militarists or pacifists though they be, are always men of keen discernment, were not slow to find out the withdrawal — let us so name it — of the Allies from their primitive point of concentration, which was the German name; and when they had fully seen and felt that their old enemies were beginning to become indifferent to each other, they commenced to dare and to threaten on their own account. Erbert, as well as David and Schiedemann had always maintained Germany's right over Alsace-Lorraine, and the legitimacy of the annexation of those provinces after the war of 1870. Erbert, as well as David and Schiedemann had always defended the policy of the Kaiser and of the Imperial Chancellery in the question of the absolute integrity of the Empire within all its boundaries. To re-affirm this right and to proclaim this integrity was only therefore, to be consistent. Naturally, this demonstration of consistency would have been postponed to more fitting times had not German audacity thought to find resistance weaker and solidarity looser. The German sword showed its point through the interstices.

In any way, I do not consider it an evil if the danger appears tangibly from time to time, and shows itself visibly now and then. It may thus serve to prevent the heedless from falling into new errors, and the foolish from agitating themselves in new follies.

Though it may be an easy art of pride to des-

pise the good that has been received, it is not useful political art to despise the recollection of the evil that has been suffered. Germany is the remembrance of that evil. Let it serve, at least, to recall every one together at the point of departure, and at the concentration point of the war.

The speedy reconstitution of the German State under the government of the Imperial Socialists must be considered from a twofold point of view; that of Germany's internal policy, and that of the mutual policy of the Powers which were at one time allied against Germany.

If these Powers continue to slacken the bonds of their Alliance they may be sure that, some fine day, sooner than they believe or imagine, Germany will be once more in their midst, stronger than before, more corrosive than before, more domineering and more revengeful.

And this time, it would be for ever.

A LESSER AND WORSE AUSTRIA.

Under a Yugoslave cloak, the Croats have drawn up, and sooner or later will end by reading and commenting before the Paris Congress, the Memorial of their pretensions, or, if the definition is more suited to their audacity, the Manifesto of their Imperialism. Was it not they who ventilated even the idea of proclaiming Emperor the successor of the Obrenovic ?

There is no limit to the Croats' aspirations.

Do you remember the scene, in Manzoni's *The Betrothed*, of the Innominato's return to his castle after his conversion ? The proud lord assembled all his bravoës in the great hall and, with extended arm, in the midst of a deep silence announced in a loud voice: « I release each one of you from the heinous orders which you have received from me ». The bravoës, at that announcement remained thunder-struck ; uncertain of one another, and each one uncertain of himself ; some were chafing, some were making projects as to where to go to find an asylum and an employment ; some — says the author also — were making an examination of their conscience to see whether it might be possible to turn honest men.

Amongst the bravoës in the service of Austria, you may rest assured, it was certainly not the Croats who considered the possibility of turning honest men. On the day following her defeat they still persisted in wearing the curl of hair on their forehead as they had always worn it (1).

The domestics who stand for hours in the court-yards of the wealthy, end by learning many more things and knowing many more people than those who remain in the private apartments. They watch visitors and clients ascending and descending the staircase, and gather from the expresison of their countenance, all their thoughts and sentiments, and even their obscure and subdued words: they thus succeed in knowing precisely who are the friends or the enemies of their masters, and what are the springs which move their friendship or their enmity; and in the event of their master's ruin they are in a position immediately to decide upon the line of conduct which is convenient to them, and how to make use of acquaintances made by them during their experience in time of service. After the downfall of Austria, the Croats, who had duly learnt who were the friends of Austria and who were the enemies of Italy, did not have much trouble in tracing back the familiar faces they had seen at the foot of their former Lord's stairs.

Owing to historical necessity, the Allies at war against the Central Empires, had not all to face the same direct enemy. Italy had to face Austria; England and France had to face Germany which,

(1) The curl of hair (in Italian: *ciuffo*), on the forehead was a peculiar sign by which the bravoës, or hired assassins of the 16th. and 17th. centuries were known. The curl was, properly speaking, a long and thick tuft of hair which, during an attack or a fight was pulled over the eyes to hide the features of the assailant.

moreover, absorbed within herself Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria; and for various reasons of equilibrium, our direct enemy was not definitely eliminated from the chessboard of negotiations by those narrow-minded Parties in France and England which reckoned on all the elements of probability in order to succeed in weakening Germany.

The Austrian question always remained, at bottom, the tragic knot of the war and if Clemenceau's gesture — the gesture of a polemist — barely succeeded in cutting it materially, it did not succeed in untying it, morally, in the disconcerted minds of those Parties which, after Austria had been defeated and beaten by our armies, did not give up the illusion or the hope of repairing her under the guise of Yugoslavia, and thus erecting that famous Eastern barrier against Germany which, during the war, they had never succeeded in erecting; without reflecting that, this time, they would end by erecting it exclusively against Italy. As a matter of course, the Croats immediately followed the road traced out by those dismal narrow-minded Parties in order to co-operate in the plan, and became their instruments: one could more appropriately say their hired assassins, as befits the tradition of their trade.

There is, in France and in England, a complete stock of old literature on the function of Austria and on the necessity of securing the performance of this function on behalf of European equilibrium; a literature which had its greatest development during the period of formation of the doctrine of pan-Germanism, the movement which more particularly aimed at the overthrow of the political and commercial influence of England and France in Europe and in all the other parts of the

globe. If you open one of the books which form part of that literature, you will immediately discern, on reading the first pages, nay, the very first lines of the Preface, the nature of the sentiments which inspire the fearful authors of those books, and the political aims to which they are directed. Read for instance the last of these books published by Mr. Steed. He attempts to demonstrate not only the essential unity of the territories of the Hapsburgs, but also that all the internal crises of the Danubian Monarchy *are crises of growth, not of decadence*; whence the necessity of co-operating with the House of Hapsburg in order to find and to effect the remedies which will best suit the prosperity of the Dynasty and of the Monarchy. — Read, likewise M. Weil's book. The whole Preface to the work, written by M. Leroy-Beaulieu, one of the most authoritative names of the present French school, is one cry of alarm. « If ever Austria were to disappear from the map of Europe, *the end of our old historic Europe would come* ». Austria must be taken as she is: « *she is the work of Nature, besides being that of politics* ». And not without reason, therefore, he concludes with these words, which I should wish to bring to the recollection of many politicians and writers in France and in England: « Anything which may be put into the place of this ethnographical Babel will always be *a more artificial construction than the existing one, without being more propitious to the liberty of peoples* ».

Now, this old literature is yet operating to Italy's detriment by means of its most poisonous and most dangerous venom. Because all those persons who, in good or bad faith cannot picture to themselves a Europe bereft of Austria, believe that, let

this State once disappear, they can be themselves reassured and secure the tranquillity of their descendants by the creation of another Austria, formed on a Croatian basis, more unreal and worse than the former one; and they thus show how difficult to the human mind it is to conceive things and situations different from those which through unvarying custom it has been agreed to consider as necessary and permanent. How is it possible, for instance, to convince the writer or writers of the newspapers of the Northcliffe Trust, from the *Times* to the *Daily Mail*, that he is, or they are, not ten or twenty years behind the times, with their propaganda, but a whole century; and that he, or they, are discussing, in Paris, in the year 1919, with the same mind and with the same fears with which their ancestors discussed in Vienna in 1815? They perpetually see the shadow of Germany hovering round them, as their ancestors were continually haunted in like manner by the shadow of the great Napoleon; and with the exception of the few inevitable changes that have to be made, they think and act now precisely as those ancestors thought and acted in 1815. How miserably poor the human mind is, especially when it has the pretention of making the world anew! The world, instead, remakes itself on its own account, slowly, deeply, internally, without the aid of the more or less pretentious pedagogues who, from time to time, seat themselves round a table, to reconstruct it at their will and pleasure — on paper. To attempt to rebuild a new Austria with the worst elements of the old one, under the cloak of Wilson's principles, is a vain and ridiculous enterprize, which may even succeed to-day, when all hypocrisies, more or less veiled and masked appear to be successful, but which will

not and cannot succeed to-morrow when, freed from temporary forms and disguises, life will resume its normal rythm, and reality will impose itself upon mankind and make itself felt by means of its organic and natural forces. Do you really think that this is the first time that Kings and kingdoms which had no right to exist, have been defended and have have had men to defend them before a Congress? At the Congress of Vienna, the pretenders actually paid the men who defended them. To-day it is possible that the defenders pay the pretenders. Idealism is so capricious! You remember where Giosuè Carducci, in his moments of spleen, wished he could drown Idealism!

It is therefore needless seriously to discuss the Croats' Memorial.

Why disturb the tragic silence of history and ethnography, and the less tragic ones of statistics and geography merely to establish and to know what is and where is Italy and where is Croatia? Let us leave these illustrious academic exercises to the sportsmen of the new European idealism. The Croats, on their part, are quite right in intensifying their action and pursuing their trade vigorously in the hurly-burly of this idealism. They would be wrong if they were not audacious, now that audacity is the indisputable sign of the vile-ness of the race.

They have found in the European Press many honest Jagoes who have placed them on a par with Italians, who discuss their *desiderata* on the same plane as Italy's *desiderata*; who treat them as combatants and victors in the war against Austria and Germany on the same line of fire as Italy, and who invoke — oh, gracious bounty! — Wilson's blessings upon their heads and upon

the heads of the Italians at the same time. They who, up to yesterday, were nought but the executioners of a sanguinary régime, see themselves, all of a sudden, robed in the toga and considered as judges in the same tribunals where the creators and the propagators of the world's Law are sitting. Why should they not aspire to an Empire? Ay, they are perfectly right in aspiring to an Empire, and thus showing a supreme contempt of human kind and civilization, when they see that, after so many crimes committed on behalf of Austria, their old mistress, and after so much violence against all laws divine and human, they, without a vigil of expiation, without even a baptism of purification, can be considered as an integral part of this humanity and of this civilization. Oh, I should like to see the Paris Congress, after the reading of the Yugoslave Memorial and on the uniform plea of the *Daly Mail*, assign to the Croats, forthwith, the half of Dalmatia, the half of Istria, the half of Trieste, the half of Gorizia, the half of Udine — and, likewise, the half of the corpses of our dead, buried or unburied on all the sides of the Carso, and on the banks of the Isonzo and of the Piave.

In the name of civilization and humanity, then, up, up, and be doing!

THE SAME OLD STORY.

A war, a revolution, a reaction: a short period of truce; then, again a war, a revolution, a reaction: another short period of truce; and then the same thing over again. Frequently the three events take place contemporaneously, on the same plan and on the same level, in the various countries of Europe: thus it happened at the time of the French Revolution; thus it happened at the time of the civil-religious wars, which were interwoven with the wars of conquest and of supremacy between France, Spain and the German States: thus it happens now, during the sweet hours through which we are passing. And, in the midst of all these storms, even Wilson's mission and Wilsonism are by no means new or original. At the end of every war and every revolution, some individuals of good-faith and goodwill have always turned up to affirm, to predict and to propose so to arrange the world's affairs, that the war and the revolution just finished should be the very last. The whole political literature of all times is full of Wilsonism. Afterwards, things went on worse than before. Humanity possesses an inherent faculty which renders it always new to itself,

whilst keeping it always equal to itself: the faculty of oblivion. From one generation to the other, it forgets the ideas it has thought out, the words it has uttered, the actions it has accomplished, and recommences, all over again, to think out the same ideas, repeat the same words and mimic the same actions; spurred on, as it were, by the inexhaustible energy of an hereditary law which, by means of various forms and figures, ever maintains intact an equal physical and moral personality which, from father to son, recommences always the same existence under the illusion that an ever different life has been recommenced. What is to be done? Escape from this galley we cannot, and to back-water is inopportune whilst the boat's crew are exerting every nerve in the hope of gaining the illusive mirage of the harbour. But, meanwhile, how monotonous life is!

One day, a King of France decided upon ridding himself of one of his Ministers, the Maréchal d'Ancre. The courtiers presented to his Majesty the Sieur Nicolas de l'Hospital, Marquis de Vitry. — « And, Sire, were he to defend himself, what should I do? — The King, who was the taciturn Louis XIII., remained silent. But one of the courtiers spoke in his stead. — « His Majesty intends that he be killed ». — And so it was done. — Another time, another King of France, Henri III., wished to get rid of another Minister, the Duke de Guise. Monsieur de Monféry was the executor of his Sovereign's command. — Once again, the same thing happened, in the case of Coligny. Why wonder, then, if the Wittelsbach have found Count Arco Walley, an ex-Captain of the Guards, to kill Kurt Eisner, the President of the Bavarian Diet? In the vicissitudes of history, this is merely an episode of ordinary administration. Besides,

political crime is not a prerogative or an invention of revolutionary Parties; it is also a means adopted by reactionary Parties for the purpose of revenging themselves for the power they have lost, or to strengthen a power which is tottering. Neither is it only revolutionary ideas which act — as Lenin's and Trotzky's act now — beyond territorial boundaries, amongst analogous Parties in other nations. Religious or humanitarian ideas always act above and outside, and very often against, the conscience and the interests of nations. During the wars of religion, the French Catholics fought against the Protestant Governments of France side by side with the Spanish Catholic armies; just as the French protestants, in their turn, fought the Catholic Governments by the side of the Genevese armies. And were not Protestants surnamed « Huguenots », from *eidgenossen*, that is, confederates, — of the Berne and Freiburg Cantons — as Socialists are to-day called *genossen* by their Nationalist adversaries, in order to confound them with their German comrades from whom they derive their doctrine and their means of action and organization? As you see, not even the coining of words, throughout the course of centuries, bears the stamp of an excessive originality.

To-day — and this, at least, might appear to be an originality — there happens in Germany, the contrary of what happened in France during last century. In the last century, the French Revolution came to an end with the Empire; to-day, the German Empire ends with a revolution. But these are merely formal syntheses and antitheses. The following might seem more substantial arguments, namely, that in order to change the feudal régime into a liberal régime, and to destroy

the royal power in order to create ministerial power in France, a revolution was sufficient; whilst in order to obtain the same results in Germany, a European or rather a world war has been found necessary. For, after all, what is the true and proper historical result of the European war, if not that of the internal transformation, the transformation of the régime of the German Empire? I am well aware that together with the Hohenzollern Dynasty, the dynasties of the Hapsburgs and of the Romanoff have fallen too; and with them the political structure of three Empires; but the dynamic importance which the internal transformation of the German régime can exercise in Europe cannot be compared with that of the liquidation of the Austrian Empire and with that of the disintegration of the Empire of Russia. When the tumultuous Bolshevich tyranny has exhausted all its resources, and a new unitary or federal State has been formed by the peoples of Great and Little Russia on the ruins of Lenin's and Trotzky's dual Czarism, it can, from now, be predicted that this State will not exercise any decisive influence upon European civilization, as no decisive influence will be exercised by the other States deriving from the old structure of the Austrian Empire, unless they succeed in organizing themselves and in entering in the ways of peaceful relations between themselves. But the same cannot be said of Germany, whatever may be her future adjustment and her future structure. Under the form of a Republic or of an Empire, the German nation will always remain one of the strongest and most resisting of European nations: a nation which defeat can, for a moment, overturn and prostrate, but of which it will never succeed in changing the nature, which is essentially active and efficient

and will ever find in science and in labour the methods and the means of renewing and re-asserting itself. It is in this sense that I say that the political transformation of the German régime is the real and true result of the war; and that it may become as important, if not more important, to European civilization, politically and socially, as was the political transformation of the French régime in the Great Revolution. Because, after all, the Great Revolution, by destroying feudalism, acted socially as well as politically on European life, and created the possibility of a new endowment in favour of the middle classes which, up to that time, had been destitute of landed property as well as of social power. At present, other social classes are alternately appearing before the ancient footlights of history, and endeavouring to don the helmet and the sword which, at one time and even now, they have been holding for the behoof of personages standing in the first row and belonging to the first category of the social scale.

These reactionary movements in Germany, be they monarchical or Spartachian against the new Government may, therefore, succeed in perturbing the Chronicle of events, if this modest servant of history is a victim to neurasthenia, but will not succeed in offending or discrediting the disorder of things, which will always remain the same, throughout all forms of wars and revolutions, which are the political forms of the life and vitality of the human substance. Who can say what will be the function of the German nation in a régime of liberty? Who can say what new labours of salvation or of death it will prepare for an unsuspecting world? This will be the surprise reserved to future generations; to whom I, on my account, bequeath the legacy of this interrogation,

in the hope that some newly-born reader with eyes still damp with dew, will send me a reply when his eyes will be wet with tears as those of his parents or relations are now, to the world beyond, to the asphodel meadow where I shall wander, a restless shadow, longing for news of future wars.

For, if the Kingdom of the Lord was not re-established on earth by Jesus Christ, two thousand years ago, it will not, by any means be re-established within six months or a year from now, by the Council of Ten at the Paris Congress.

And new wars will happen again to-morrow, as they happened yesterday and the day before yesterday, instigated as of yore by the High Lord of War who, if he is not, personally the Kaiser any more, will again be collectively, as he was since remotest times: the People of Germany.

THE NEGLECTED FACTOR OF THE PARIS CONGRESS.

History, or legend, has taught us that Plato, before passing from active life to a contemplative one, gave a banquet to which he invited his friends. The handsomest courtesans and the most dissolute Athenians were his guests at the glorious feast, which was intended to represent the last temptation of worldly pleasures to the great pupil of Socrates, who was on the point of loosening the hydroplane of his genius from Pleasure's shores to proceed on the journey towards the sea and sky of the Ideal. The experiment was successful. Plato, penetrated on open wings in the invisible atmosphere of his Republic, where he still abides, in serene beatitude. Following his traces, many other pure minds, in the course of bygone centuries have unsuccessfully attempted Plato's pleasing adventure. With the aid of the most fantastic motors of modern aviation, our illustrious diplomats at the Congress of Paris are certain, or pretend to be certain, of finally discovering the particular star in which Plato has planted the ensigns of his Republic, and of hanging on the rays of that luminous halo the augural wreath of the nations of this very old Europe, of whose

destiny they have assumed the care. It is not without emotion, therefore, that we read the glad tidings which the greatest Plato of the United States has brought to his countrymen on setting foot on the soil of his Republic; namely, that «European peoples feel, by now, lightened of the great burden of distrust, and feel moreover, that they are on the eve of the day in which the nations will understand each other and will associate to obtain the prevalence of Right ». In fact, as aviators tell us, whilst flying one feels the sensation of this moral and physical «lightness ».

Plato started from life and from the banquet which was to leave him a vague recollection of life, on his journey in search of the ideal Republic. Contrariwise, the Delegates at the Congress of Paris have started from the Ideal Republic to descend to this lowly world and regulate the affairs of its existence. They, in fact, independently of any earthly care, independently of any paltry contingent consideration, as philosophers say, and of any still more paltry estimate of near and tangible elements of reality, have created, of their own accord, the Society of Nations, in the abstract, just as they have imagined that it ought to be and to work; they have duly supplied it with an outfit of laws and regulations; they have even inaugurated it — still empty, of course — with appropriate speeches; and, their task accomplished, they are now making a tour in search of the dispersed nations which are to inhabit it, as at one time emigration agents used to send their emissaries on tour in the countries of Europe to enrol labourers desirous of leaving their firesides and of abandoning their native soil to emigrate to far-off America, to till the ground and construct railways. A rather perilous enrol-

ment, I should think, with the present cravings and the relative conditions of the human market, judging by the pretensions which the various competitors are advancing against one another: the King of the Hedjaz and Venizelos; Venizelos and Turkan Pacha — Turkan Pacha and Trumbic and Korosec; without taking into account the other rivals who remain in the shadow, or on one side, or behind, awaiting the opportune moment to issue forth into the daylight to demand their compensation or to dictate their conditions. An extremely difficult problem, this, of emigration from the real world to the world of ideal; which, without doubt, will eventually give the Delegates at the Paris Congress more serious trouble than the priests and the poets, the undesirables of the Ideal Republic, ever gave to Plato. And I do not think that the admonitions and the «solemn warnings» imparted, from the very first meetings, to the lesser nations will have any resolute efficiency. Besides, are differences of quality and quantity conceivable only in the category of the Ideal? It would be the same as authorizing discussion in the sphere of divinity, that is to say the sphere of the absolute.

The illustrious Academicians at the Congress of Paris have forgotten, in the vestibules of the great *Salle de l'Horologe*, a little thing which might perhaps have had some importance in their negotiations and their discussions: a little thing, a small trifle which may even excite derision at the recollection of it: the War.

They have arrived in Paris placidly, serenely, candidly; as if each had started from his village, from his home full of rosy-cheeked and prattling children; from his School-house full of abaci, maps and geographical globes; from his

library full of books and catalogues — and not from the blood-stained fields, and not from the destroyed cities, not from the countries convulsed by death and terrorized by the fury of the struggle which has been fought on land, on sea and in the air by the noblest and most fiery generations of the nations of Europe. And they have seated themselves round a table to discuss, without delay, the ideas, great or little of their minds, the conceptions, great or little of their schools, the systems, great or little of their philosophies; but, of the sacrifices undergone by the peoples which they have the honour to represent, of the blood spilt by the nations which they are in duty bound to defend and to protect — blood and sacrifices which are, and must remain, the sacred sources of Right after the war — not a word! And it is this silence on the event, this indifference towards the concrete and positive fact of the war, that have rendered possible these ridiculous and repugnant disputes on merely verbal points, in the name of this or that principle, engaged in between all the intriguers, all the agitators, all the jobbers of all the backslums of Europe, and tending to establish the reign of their ignominies and of their nationalities on the blood and on the sacrifices of others.

It is impossible to read the list of the dead, wounded and missing during our war, published yesterday by the Ministry of Marine, and at the same time read the report of the logomachies of the Paris Congress without itching to slap the face — oh, jokingly, to be sure! — of Humanity, for the forgetfulness which, from one day to another, it shows of its fiercest tragedies and of the sense of responsibility which these tragedies ought to create and nourish for the behoof of

morality in public and private life — if it be true that the problem of morality in public and private life is to be, in the future as well as in the present, a problem of responsibility.

What? Italy has lost (and what I say about Italy must be applied to France and to Belgium, the nations which have suffered the most from the war), Italy has lost some three millions of men, between killed, wounded, sick and missing, and together with these men she has lost so immense a portion of her labour accumulated in wealth; and the discussion of her questions is to take place on the same plan as that of the poltroons and scoundrels who have waited until the storm was over to expose to the sun of ideals their bellies filled, up to yesterday, with the leavings of the kitchens of the House of Austria; and the resolution of those questions are to depend upon their good pleasure, and be subject to agreement between themselves?

This political and moral iniquity is only possible because the Academicians of the Paris Congress have mentally suppressed the war from their negotiations and discussions, and have based the foundations of that, which they illude themselves will be the future peace of the world, upon an ideal Charta, and not upon the reasons of the war which has been fought, and on the sacrifices which the nations that have taken part have contributed to it. Following the old lines of controversy against Germany, they have continued in the *Salle de l'Horologe*, in firing their verbal artillery against militarism and Prussianism, which were the targets of that controversy, without considering that over and above apparent causes, a war has always a *raison d'être* of its own in the condition, requiring mutation, of the nations

which, more or less willingly, are obliged to unchain it or to accept it. Italy's *raison d'être* for the war resided in Austria's overwhelming pressure at her shoulders on the Alps, and at her left side on the Adriatic which rendered her material development and her political and moral independence in Europe impossible — so that the result of the victorious war and the destruction of Austria could not be any other than the creation of a new condition and a new order of things which should prevent the formation of a new Austria, capable of producing and apt to produce the same constraint and the same dangers which victory has succeeded in eliminating.

But properly to understand this and, consequently, to create this new condition of things, it is necessary to remain standing in the field of historical reality and discuss of peace keeping one's foot firmly planted on the ground-work of the war, and with one's mind always turned towards the reasons for which Italy has entered the war and lost, in the struggle, three millions of men and three fourths of her wealth.

If, for Italy, the Treaty of Peace is not of such a nature as will put an end to, and satisfy these reasons, it is a morbid illusion to think that peace will be obtained for the ancient land of Europe.

A peace of ideas is a peace without a past or a future. Ideas have always served to divide men, not to unite them — or to unite them, if at all, in Parties and factions.

And nations are not artificial and transient creations, as factions and Parties are.

A LITTLE MORE DISCRETION, PLEASE!

Prince Alexander of Serbia does not possess the virtue of silence. Whilst on his travels, he speaks too much and, what is worse, does not reflect before speaking. Apparently, he is a man to whom conquest is easy: he pricks pins on the map and in the holes left by the points he places the pillars of his throne. The ancient barbarians, instead, used to mark the boundaries of their conquests with their sword. Do you remember the bold warrior who said: «The kingdom of the Goths will extend to this point» and planted his sword in the sea, off Reggio? The sea which, in those parts is rather capricious, amused itself by swallowing his sword and the remainder of his armour.

Prince Alexander of Serbia, then, before returning to his Balkan konak deigned to state to the Marseilles correspondent of *Le Matin*, that he has an urgent need of Zara, Spalato and Antivari, in order to create a State, all in one piece and, naturally, all of one faith and one tongue; and assured the aforesaid correspondent that the business would be greatly to the advantage of the Congress and, as a matter of course, to humanity;

because, as you are aware, in these times, Humanity is printed in big type on all the posters of the war and of peace, as at one time were the popular dramas *Charles the Sapper* and *Dora, or the Spies*. Now it cannot be denied that Zara, Spalato and Antivari are fine seaside cities, and as such are likely to excite the most immoderate desires of an ambitious conqueror. But that they should be pre-destined to serve as troughs for those illustrious animals which abound in Serbia, and which it is agreed not to call by their proper name, although under all kinds of denominations they serve to the botulism of mankind, I really do not believe; and, at least, as far as Zara and Spalato are concerned, which, of the three, are dearest to the hearts of Italians, I hope not. Could not, therefore, Prince Alexander find other outlets from which to forward his herds? At one time, Salonika seemed a godsend. Why, therefore, attempt to make the water of the Adriatic muddy?

I have not the slightest desire to write disagreeable things against the Prince of Serbia, or against Serbia, which was so sorely tried by the war; although as an Italian I would have every reason to do so. Every reason: for it rarely happens to meet with, in history, a greater, how shall I say? indifference or *nonchalance*, on the part of one country towards another country which has been its benefactor. It is well-known that Italy twice refused to follow Austria in her designs of aggression against Serbia; it is likewise notorious that, after the dispersion of Serbia, Italy hastened to her aid, and by the effort and the valour of her Navy, the King, the army and the Government of Serbia were safely rescued; and this notwithstanding the fact that, after Italy's entry into the

war Serbia had done her utmost to render Italy's situation in the face of Austria most difficult, and had refused, under futile pretexts, to attack Austria on her side in order to relieve the task of the Italian Army on its side. But this is ancient history; and we are now thinking of the history of to-morrow. This does not signify, however, that between ancient history and that of the future there should not be found sufficient links to justify and render possible, discussions and negotiations appertaining to the actual fleeting moment, which, by the way, is not a pleasant one.

Now, in this fleeting moment, and with regard to Serbia, the following fact must be noted: a fact which does not redound to the honour of the Paris Congress and of its Academicians who have allowed it, and continue to allow it, namely, that Serbia has extended her domain of her own accord, arbitrarily and surreptitiously, by the annexation, effected before the adjudgment to her had been pronounced, of two nations belonging to the defeated Austrian Empire; two nations which were most fiercely hostile to Italy, one of the Allied Powers, and which had been fighting against her up to the very hour of the Battle of Vittorio Veneto. And whilst Belgium, which, for her Spartan-like sacrifice to honour deserves every regard and assurance for the future, is denied the slightest increase of territory, Serbia is allowed to effect the greatest possible aggrandizement, accomplished not with the forms of the Society of Nations, but with those peculiar to that other Society which, in criminal life and to signify the greatest insult to honour, is called the *Onorata Società*, or « Honoured Society »: — the *Camorra*. How and wherefore, and by means of what iniquitous complicity has such a phenomenon

been possible and, worse still, been accepted? How and wherefore in consequence of this phenomenon which is entirely new in the annals of diplomacy, can the representatives of Belgium, France, England and America be gathered to-day in the same hall, together with the representatives of Slavonia and Croatia, one of whom had even been a Minister in the last Royal and Imperial Cabinet of Vienna, the Seidler Ministry? In any case, and whatever the complicity may have been, the chief responsibility rests with Serbia which, by disguising Slovenes and Croats as Serbs — whilst they, by what it seems are not anxious to have anything in common with her, and are showing a preference for a federal Republic of their own, instead of wishing to subject themselves to the rule of Prince Alexander — not only has purloined from Italy a not indifferent portion of what Italy justly claimed in the war but has also given a juridical personality or legal standing as Allies to those who were Italy's most ferocious enemies during the war. How can our Delegates at the Congress have accepted, on their part, this situation of affairs; and why, notwithstanding the too ingenuous and too hasty acquiescence on the part of the other Delegates, they should not have contested the credentials — evidently false and inadmissible — of the Slovene and Croatian Delegates, blended with those of the Servian Delegates, is not easy to understand; and, in any case, if any error was committed, it was not a justifiable one. Neither from a diplomatic nor from a moral point of view is the presence of Slovenes and Croats at the Conference tolerable. Not from a diplomatic point of view, because they are enemies of the Entente; not from a moral point of view, because they are

inferior to the other Powers in the scale of civilization, and, consequently, incapable of exercising any rights. In one of the Articles of the League of Nations, a precise distinction is made, in the question of mandates, between nations capable and incapable of free choice; and this distinction is specially applied to the peoples of the Ottoman Empire.

Now, is not the different treatment used towards the Slovenes and Croats of the Austrian Empire a glaring injustice and a still more glaring cruelty towards those peoples?

It is, therefore, natural that those who have so successfully plotted this deceit to Italy's detriment should believe they can still dare all things and advance unlimited pretensions, in the hope that their audacity may find, in some dead angle of European interests, and in some unexplored region of American finance, a suitable ground to cultivate. But when audacity reaches the point of digging its claws into the pure Italian flesh of Zara and Spalato, it stops being an attempt against International Law and against property, and assumes the form of a criminal assault.

And, in that case, nothing remains but to apply the branding-iron.

AN EXPONENT.

M. Trumbic's *Memorandum* cannot be thrust back to the small gaol whence it issued, without some kind of verification and some consequent observation.

These, I hasten to declare, not in reference to M. Trumbic's action.

Owing to an instinctive repugnance towards anything that is false or vulgar, we have always refused to occupy ourselves with this noxious individual, even when he was being led through the streets of Rome as a living miracle — the miracle of Croatian devotion towards Italy — and we shall not occupy ourselves with him to-day, when the *Memorandum* unveils and reveals to the most blind, of eyesight and of mind, what big pearl was hidden in the Yugoslavian rosy shell. But the phenomenon cannot be denied. And we will discuss the phenomenon, and not the individual, who is and must be kept at a distance, absolutely, from any discussion of a political or moral order.

All the minor Powers, or the newly formed Powers, such as Bohemia, Poland and Greece, which possess a particular *raison d'être* of their

own, and a special right of their own to attain the highest grade in autonomous life in European civilization, have, at the Paris Congress, representatives of their function and their mission; men of enlightened mind and conscience, who may not perhaps succeed in being convincing in all their arguments, but who cannot fail in inspiring the profoundest respect and the deepest sympathy for the labours they are engaged in, which is, after all, the continuation of their long apostolate and the expression of the ideals or of the dreams of their nations during centuries gone by.

But Yugoslavia is represented by a man who, owing to his mind, his character and the work he is engaged in doing, cannot be included amongst or confused with the representatives of the other small States which are aspiring to peace: a man who is neither a politician, nor a writer, nor a jurist, nor a diplomat as Benès, Zamorski and Venizelos are — and who is not even a refugee, a martyr, a rebel, a soldier, a propagandist of any species or weight, who has in him, in his soul, in his conscience or on his body the signs of the heroism of the sacrifices and of the suffering of the nation in whose name he speaks and acts; but who is simply a cheat, a swindler, who was yesterday in the service of Austria, and who is to-day serving interests of a more unavowable nature than those he served in Austria's behalf; a low-born swindler, a mixture of Cagliostro and Scapin, without intelligence, without eloquence, without literary knowledge; furnished only with the puny art of mendacity, the puny industry of braggadocio, the puny resources of sleight-of-hand; a swindler, in fine, whom you would not care to receive in your house — (and Signor Son-

nino was truly well-inspired in not wanting to meet him, either at the Foreign Office or elsewhere) — and in whose company one could not be seen in public without feeling humiliated. And it was only in a turbid and tumultuous period of war, such as we have just passed, during which, unfortunately, one has been obliged to use any kind of wood to make fire with, that he has been able to thrust himself forward as the counsellor and leader of a people; and of such a people! The representative is worthy of the nation he represents. The exponent is worthy of his employer. *Talis Trumbic, talis Croatia.* One and other are outside the pale of law and civilization.

It wanted a swindler of his stamp, unscrupulous, indiscreet, bereft of discernment, unaccustomed to public business and without any idea of civilized life, to create a Memorandum like the one he has created, or to divulge it as he has done; in the hope that it might, perhaps, be accepted or, at least taken into consideration, I do not say by the Powers, but by the persons who are most obstinately hostile to the Italian cause. That *Memorandum* is not only the sign and the proof of its author's inferiority, but is also the sign and the proof of the inferiority of the Balkan race which goes under the name of Croatian and Slovene; and of its utter incapacity to rise to a higher grade of political probity. To imagine that a handful of mere incoherent nonsense can take the place of incontrovertible facts unfolded in the open sunlight, on the field of battle and on the sea; to imagine that a statement, a denunciation, an anonymous letter (and what other value can be set by the Entente Powers on that *Memorandum* if not the value of those contemptible means used by police confidants to initiate or legitimize

an action against persons against whom they have a grudge ?), can destroy a pact, a treaty, an Alliance, welded in blood and for the sake of history; to imagine that a suggestion and the advice offered by the first comer, the promises and offers made on paper by an irresponsible person, the conjectures and hypotheses put forward by an incompetent man possessing neither function nor authority, can avail to lead others into temptation or into error; to imagine all these things together means declaring one's own qualities. And, as a matter of fact, the author of the *Memorandum* qualifies himself for what he really is: a tool of the Austrian police; of that Austrian police which, as at one time it hatched up reports and built up prosecutions against Italian citizens, so now it hatches up reports and builds up prosecutions against the Italian State and against the Italian Army and Navy in the lump. Whether a servant of Austria or not, the Croat is ever the same.

But, can it be said that, notwithstanding the meanness and the vulgarity of his action, M. Trumbic has not done us any harm ?

He certainly has done us a great and a most serious harm.

In the first place, by deceiving Italian writers and political men who were more easily influenced by insinuations and illusions than by analysis of men and ideas, he has created a real and effective secession in the field of public opinion which, although of limited proportions, has nevertheless seemed of sufficient importance abroad owing to the names of the individuals and to their participation in the national war policy. Availing himself of this secession and with the complicity of our open and masked enemies, he

has been able to create the legend of our imperialism and obtain credence for it, abroad; and by means of this legend he succeeded in underrating the importance of our national aspirations, the legitimacy of our conquests and the results of our victory. By instilling a prejudice into the minds of the Delegates of the Entente at the Conference with the legend of our imperialism, and with that of the discord prevailing in Italy on the initial problem of boundaries and claims, he has rendered the work of our own Delegates more laborious and more painful, diverting it into a controversy which was purposely designed to cause time to be lost as in reality it succeeded in doing, during the Delegates' work of persuasion and refutation; thus obstructing its speedy action and its still speedier execution. During this conflict he has finally rendered possible the orientation and the polarization of purposes and errors, of interests or even suspicions hostile to Italy and the Italians.

Unfortunately, Trumbic won his first battle in Italy, not abroad. And the point of departure of his success abroad was not his propaganda, but the discord he left behind him in Italy, and the skilful utilization of this discord, the evident marks of which can clearly be seen in the *Memorandum*.

The importance of this *Memorandum* can be attributed more to the coincidence which it reveals between the political reasoning of its author and the initial arguments of controversy of the Italian supporters of the Pact of Rome, than to the nonsense about the Italian Army and Navy which it contains.

Trumbic's *Memorandum* is in perfect unison with the campaign of his supporters in Italy in

the questions of the struggle against Sonnino, the struggle against the Pact of London and the struggle against Italian imperialism (alas!); it is in unison with that campaign in the minor details: in the ethnical, political and geographical considerations put forward; in basing the political argument on *Slav democracy* as against *the small groups of the Italian bourgeoisie* which aspire to imperialism. And, what is worse, it is in unison with it in the effect to obtain from Wilson (who is not bound by the Pact of London), the recognition of the ideals of Slav democracy, in opposition to the small groups of the Italian *bourgeoisie*. The following sentence in Trumbic's *Memorandum* ought to send a cold shiver down the backs of Trumbic's Italian friends: « *Public opinion in Italy is prepared to accept the decision of America on the Yugoslav conflict* ». And this explains the reason why the proposal in favour of Wilson's arbitration was made to the Congress. Italian public opinion prepared — over and above the decimation with which Italy is threatened — to accept an arbitration? It is an offence and a lie. Because Italian public opinion is prepared for something quite different. But I should not like, oh, pro-Yugoslavs of Italy, I should not like, in the presence of the shadows of our dead, to have on my conscience the attempt to prepare it to such and end.

I believe that, after reading the *Memorandum*, many of Trumbic's old supporters must feel the necessity of making an act of profound contrition. But that is their own affair.

Meanwhile, let the Italian Delegation do its duty.

Signor Orlando! On resuming your journey to

Paris remember that you will return to Italy, on this, or it is safer to stay away.

On this; namely, on the shield which bears the revendications of Italian right intact, and the satisfaction — all the satisfactions — of the Italian blood shed during the War.

A happy return!

ON THE EVE OF DECISIONS.

We will discuss the « great principles » and the « great universal constructions » after the Congress has given its decision on the questions referring to the insignificant realities of our war, and to the negligible constructions of our land and sea borders, for which so much sorrow has been expended and so much blood spilt. If the « great principles » and the « great constructions » enter within the boundaries of our realities, we should have no reason to advance any protest against them, nor to exercise our irony upon them; if, on the contrary, they are of such a nature as to offend those realities, or show themselves unable to recognize or to understand them, we shall then advise our Delegates to do without them; I mean to say *I* shall, for the infinitesimal part which appertains to me. As to other people, they can, of course, if they wish, amply take advantage of the liberty of being, or seeming to be, idiots, and of allowing the young squadrons of humanity which will cross the earthly or celestial spaces in motor cars and aereoplanes in the after war period, to laugh at them behind their backs or over their heads.

All the arguments explaining our demands have been, by now, fully stated and illustrated. A long war of three and half years' duration has not been sufficient; and a longer history of three thousand years and more — (how many years have gone by in vain, since the day, in which the She-Wolf first offered her milk for the nutrition of the human beast, in order to render it fit for civilization !) — are not sufficient, it seems, to convince the Judges of Peace of our rights and of the rights belonging to the Italian peoples scattered along the ultimate shores of European barbarism: even if a Memorial has been found necessary; a Memorial of the same type of that (oh, shame!) presented by the quondam servants of Austria; a kind of conclusive plea, in fact, like those addressed to the Court in cases of litigation over a right of thoroughfare or over a trespass. And, oh, supreme sorrow, this conclusive plea has had to be presented, besides having been drawn up by the citizen of Trieste who for thirty years has represented Rome in the Italian Parliament. Rome, which acted, through him, as the representative of all the unredeemed cities; as if his name were not sufficiently eloquent to signify the aims and the ideals of our war! But it is to be hoped that, after so many words, facts will be initiated; and that these facts will correspond to rights: true rights, authentic rights, historical rights — reconsecrated by sacrifices and illuminated by the light of all ideals. Because, believe me, all the rest is nothing but bestiality.

M. Pasic, who gathers in his flowing beard all the errors and all the faults of his enemies and ours; enemies of yesterday and of to-morrow, has had the not-too bright idea of allowing some of those faults and errors to fall out of his beard,

whilst combing it in the offices of the *Paris Journal*, thinking, perhaps, to bury under such a plentiful fall, all the arguments and all the methodical reasoning of the Italian Memorial. « The Pact of London », he said, passing his hand like a comb through his beard, which is anything but Catoonian: « « but we are not acquainted with it; and we do not recognize it, because we were not present when it was signed, and, besides, Wilson's doctrine is opposed to secret treaties ». Holy chastity of Balkania! But, in whose name and of what does M. Pasic speak? In the name of Yugoslavia? It is quite evident that Yugoslavia could not be present when the Pact of London was signed, for the very simple reason that the two so-called nationalities which, together with Serbia, would now like to form her, were, at that time, on the other side; on the enemy's side, and were fighting against Italy and against the Entente; and were, moreover, receiving their pay and their orders from Vienna, and not from London. Or, does he speak in the name of Serbia only? But the Pact of London was precisely the pact concluded by the great Powers in the great war, to save, amongst other things, Serbia herself, which had been devastated and destroyed by the soldiers of the Central Empires amongst whom the most ruthless and the most ferocious were precisely the Croats and the Slovenes. To protest against the Pact of London, not to recognize the Pact of London because it does not bear the signature of the ex-Minister of the Seidler Cabinet who, together with Trumbic, is now buzzing round the Paris Congress as a representative of Yugoslavia, is an act of insolence towards the Powers of the Entente, which may put forward ignorance as an excuse if, as a thousand

signs indicate, it were not aggravated by bad-faith, and, without offence to anyone, especially Balkan bad-faith. We would therefore advise M. Pasic to let the Pact of London alone, which is something which does not concern him and cannot concern him, neither as the representative of Serbia, nor, much less, as a representative of Yugoslavia, the soulless *tricorn* in this war. Let him also leave Wilson alone. There are no theories, as there are no laws, which can be applied retroactively, except in the case of criminal compacts which have no place in any Code of Law, national or international. The Pact of London merely contains conditions subscribed to by Powers allied for the war, in view of an enemy to overthrow; and this enemy once fallen, to deprive him of all that he has acquired by force and has kept by force during long centuries. The posthumous opposition to secret treaties has nothing whatever to do with the Pact of London; because it principally refers to treaties concluded between States in time of peace without the knowledge and the consent of peoples and of their respective political representatives; and, in reality, it is extraneous to the Pact of London, considering that the knowledge and the consent of the allied peoples are implied by the very act of war. Were the revendications contained in the Pact of London and for which it fought, unknown, perhaps, to the Italian people? Some renunciation, determined by special conditions and oppositions on the part of one of the Powers may not have been known; but that renunciation has been withdrawn and healed to-day by the unanimous will of the nation which, with one voice, demands that Fiume be included amongst her revendications; and even before it had been withdrawn and healed

by the will of the nation, it had become null and void in consequence of Russia's withdrawal from the Alliance; it having been Russia who had demanded it. Finally, neither did Wilson, on entering the circle of war, ask for the abolition or the annulment of old treaties concluded by other countries; a thing he could not do — and, if anything, he himself would have proposed, or the Powers of which he became the last Associate would have proposed, new ones — because whether new or old, whether public or secret, treaties are necessary to give assurance to the peoples that are fighting, and to serve as guides for the sacrifices which have to be undergone and the aims that have to be attained. Peoples which fight inconsiderately, adventurously, without precisely knowing why, are outside the pale of history. It is only in the Woods that killing is done for the sake of killing, or to snatch away the piece or raw meat from the mouth of a ferocious rival.

Therefore, let these Balkanians, who, it may be said, are not yet born to existence within the Law refrain from exercising their minds in juridical previous questions, of the kind which M. Pasic is hawking around from Corfu to London, and from London to Paris, as if they were stupendous problems before which the sun ought to stop rotating, and the wind to stop blowing. These are *nugae*, as our forefathers called them in Latin — silly things, as we would say — which should not even obtain the honour of discussion amongst persons of juridical common sense; if, unhappily, this juridical common sense had not all fallen, together with the blood of combatants, in the pits of the war; and there had not remained at the surface but the vanity of some old idea or of

some old saying which feeds upon corpses in order to revive the colour of its old feathers a little, and make them appear as new. It behoves Italians — who should, at least, do penance for the too many errors they have committed to their own detriment in this war — to array themselves in such feathers no more, but to abandon transient patterns and go back to the cloth of the great Italian tailors. I would suggest to our publicists and political men a course of Guicciardini.

Meanwhile, let our Delegates in Paris follow Guicciardini's dictates. Let them not lose themselves in running after the flies and drones of other peoples' ideals. For Italians there can be only one ideal, now: that of obtaining that Italy may issue from the war unified and without any break of continuity.

Unified and fortified.

Because Force is a personage who has not yet spoken her last word in the history of mankind. And it would be ridiculous for Italians to think that she is dead and buried together with the fortunes of the Hohenzollerns and of the Hapsburgs.

But I have not yet lost all hope in the elasticity of the valves of the old Italian political heart.



GERMANS AND YUGOSLAVS.

During the last few days, the French Press has resolutely taken up its stand by the side of the Italian reasons and we cannot help being glad that the brotherhood in arms which yesterday allowed us to beat the enemy on the field of battle should be perpetuated in a brotherhood of ideas and purposes, which will to-morrow render it possible for the two nations to draw from their victory the greatest possible benefits, which should be finally summed up in mutual security and in the security of European civilization of which they are the most trusty exponents and the most faithful guarantors.

A struggle between France and Italy on the ground of diplomatic conflicts would have been a very moral and political monstrosity of discord, and even worse, after the common war; that is, after the noble and strenuous effort accomplished by the two nations with the object of returning to the point where Bismarck had divided them and had kept them disunited for thirty years; a monstrosity aggravated by the fact that the Bismarck of the new separation would not have been a great victorious diplomat, but a mere Trumbic, issuing forth from the tortuous back-alleys of Austro-German corruption; a mere tool of Balkan bad-faith, operating amidst the free peoples of Europe in the name of principles which he and his peers have always disowned and fought against, at so

much per day, in the service of the Ministers and of the Archdukes of the Vienna of old times. France and Italy could not repeat their former error, in such vastly different conditions, without dishonouring themselves and making known even to the barbarians of all species and of all hordes that the « gentle Latin blood » is incapable, even in war, of holding in a bond of unity the peoples which boast of having their veins full of it. France and Italy could not re-open the old book of mutual distrust, of mutual suspicions, and of by-gone conflicts which resulted in their common damage and favoured their common enemies and aggressors. To make an experiment of brotherhood during peace: here is a new and original problem which should excite the intellectual curiosity and the æsthetic virtuosity of the two countries on both sides of the Alps. But can such an experiment be possible ?

In Europe are by now clear and evident — even, it is to be hoped, to the most monomaniacal levellers of ethnography — only two fermentations resulting from the war: the German fermentation and the Yugoslavian fermentation; the Rhenish fermentation and the Balkan one. In whatever way you wished to reform the geographical map; on whichever idea and principle you wished to reconstruct the States, you will infallibly find at the bottom of the European vessel those two fermentations ever ready to act by their own natural impulse, and ever ready to befoul the waters and to corrupt the atmosphere, and to leave neither rest nor peace to the peoples which are so fortunate as to live within their radius of infection. Which is Serbia's greatest vanity? That of giving herself the airs of a Balkan Prussia. Prussia: so as to subdue, to absorb, to annul

the neighbouring peoples, and leave no rest to the more distant ones. With the excuse — also a Prussian one — that she is suffocating within the circle of her native forests and mountains, and that she is in need of somebody else's sea, in order to enable her to evolve and progress. Someone else's sea — the infinite.

If the Editor of the *Times*, who appears to have the ambition of cutting out for himself in Yugoslavia the Empire which an ex-Lebaudy (the brother of *le Petit Sucrier*) once intended to cut out for himself in the Sahara, were to turn his memory a little more on the causes and origins of the European war, he would probably see that by his oblique and iniquitous campaign against Italy he is only encouraging precisely the same controversy and the same struggle which Germany once sustained against England. What was the argument which Germany used against England? It was the following: « Empire, for England, represents the past: for Germany, the future. Why should Germany trouble herself for England's reasons? Owing to robbery or cunning, England is in possession of a fifth of the habitable globe; she must yield up to the labours of a younger Germany that which she possesses owing to robbery or craftiness. It is in vain that England protests that she has no aggressive designs against Germany. The mere existence of the British Empire is, in itself, a continual aggression against Germany's own existence. Whilst the robber State lives and prospers on the life of others, Germany claims the right of laying snares for it to fall in, and of arming herself in order to overthrow it. And why does Germany claim such a right? Because, enclosed as she is, between the North Sea and the Danube, between the Rhine and the

plains of Poland, she will suffocate if she does not expand; and her expansion can have no other limits but those of the British Empire. If Napoleon did not succeed in ridding the earth of that, which Heine calls the most obtuse, the most vulgar, the most *bourgeois* and the most unbearable of all the Empires, will Germany, by means of her thought, her labour, her weapons and her *kultur*, succeed in ridding the world of it? » — And it cannot be said that, impelled to the execution of the great enterprize, Germany, with all her enormous preparation, was not within an ace of felling the colossus which Napoleon had barely succeeded in scratching. But the danger once over, there are some Englishmen of the Steed type (I do not venture to generalize as far as the point of offending the susceptibilities of the numerous supporters we have and wish to keep in the noble nation of our ancient friendship), a type, in fact, made up more of presumptuous German intolerance than of fine British structure, who are endeavouring to renew on behalf of Yugoslavia and against Italy the controversies which Germany sustained against England. « Why should Yugoslavia trouble herself about Italy's rights (national rights, let it be noted, not imperial ones)? Those rights represent the past. And Yugoslavia represents the future. Why should Yugoslavia trouble herself about Italian civilization in the Adriatic? That civilization signifies Rome and Venice — that is, two Empires which have no longer any reason to exist — whilst Yugoslavia signifies the youth, sturdy though barbarous, of a people which will have to make its own way on the sea even if it has never shown any seaman-like tendencies (Germany, before aspiring to substitute herself for the British sea force and power had, at least,

constituted a great sea force of her own!), and does not even know how to handle the rudder of a small fishing boat. Lastly, can Yugoslavia remain stifled between the Balkan mountain gorges and the affluents and confluents of the Danube? ». — And to think that she has remained so well, there, for so many centuries!

But the truth is only one, and it is the following: — Both Germany and Yugoslavia possess a substratum of barbarism which can only rise to the surface by means of explosions of war, and which can be compared to water which boils in a pot and causes the pot lid to fly into the air. The German lid, which all the sciences and all the arts have contributed in forming, is of a greater weight, but it is not sufficiently resisting, however, to withstand the pressure of boiling Nature. The Yugoslav lid hardly exists, as no science or art has yet succeeded in modelling or ornamenting it. Each of them represent a permanent danger to France and to Italy, unless the Paris Congress succeeds in erecting strong dykes to contain both one and the other in the future, near or remote. How is it possible to imagine that Germans will give up the idea of making war, when they have lived upon nothing else but this idea during centuries and centuries; and when, with this idea they have crossed their own history and other peoples'? And how is it possible to imagine that the Yugoslavs will depose their war weapons when, in the service of the House of Austria, they have known nothing else but those weapons in the countries of the old Empire? Of these soldiers of fortune they would now make a free people, a civilized people, a people, forsooth, which may even dispute the rights of the Italian nation in European civilization! But, although we have no reason

whatever not to promote the improvement of races — there are, in fact, so many Societies for the improvement of the canine and equine races — we have no reason whatever to lower our own race to the level of that of the Yugoslavs which, besides, still remains to be formed. We have only one task to perform, a task which yesterday was Rome's and Venice's, namely, to sweep clean all the Islands of the Adriatic, all the lairs and all the centres on the Adriatic shores, of the barbarous and factious elements which might disturb our peace and the peace of Europe by their disorderly violence and their traditional raids. It is the same task which France has to perform on the banks of the Rhine.

All the rest is, truly, nothing but bad literature and worse philosophy.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

It is generally admitted that the Year of Grace during which the Congress of Paris is sitting and is attending to the felicity of human kind is 1919, and not 1815. It is likewise generally admitted that the Congress of Paris of 1919 is all vibrating, like a sounding-board, with the pure principles which are most calculated to ensure human kind from war, pestilence and famine and from other similar calamities; unlike the Congress of Vienna of 1815, which possessed neither human bowels nor ideal guitars with which to serenade the moon, but which busied itself solely with the ambitions of shifty tyrants. Finally, it is generally admitted that all those persons who are attending to the felicity of human kind round the table of the Congress of Paris, would rather have their feet cut off than to set them down in the field of interests, removing them slightly from the field of principles, and, it is superfluous to add, from that of Wilson's Fourteen Points. The Bourbon of Naples, the King of Saxony and other Monarchs whose thrones were tottering ominously are not there to open their purses as in 1815, to authorize diplomats so that these might zealously de-

send their hopes and their crowns at the Congress. Who would dare to do likewise, now, with such a penury of Kings and crowns? To-day, it is known, secret diplomacy is scarcely a faint recollection, and everything is done in the light of day and in that of electric lamps. Even business. Read the leading articles in newspapers published in the great capital cities.

Have you ever doubted that there could be anything else, in the English market, but a stroke of business behind the Press campaign in favour of Yugoslavia? I hope not. When we expressed our doubts, the idealists belonging to the beautiful Italic kingdom (Italy, as you know, is an inexhaustible mine of imbecility), always replied, whilst they patted us on the shoulder in sign of compassion: — « Certainly not; you are not acquainted with the mechanism of the English soul: it is an entirely Garibaldian mechanism (in fact where did Garibaldi receive a more hearty welcome than in England?), a mechanism which moves in Law, emits Justice and is irradiated by the Ideal. The eagerness to protect and support small nations is inborn in the English soul. And our dear Steeds possess a mechanism of their own, which is their soul, but which is English, every bit of it ». — And it is well. But as I am a total abstainer and a vegetarian, and detest roast beef and red wine which idealists are so fond of; fonder perhaps than they are of Croats and Yugoslavs, I have never entertained any doubts on the political and moral motives of the Press campaign promoted by diminutive Talleyrands (oh, very diminutive, and particularly lacking in the grace and the spirit of playing the simpleton possessed by the Duke of Dino) against Italy and in favour of Yugoslavia. « Excavate in Rome and

you will find bones of Christians » — said the Catholic orator. « Excavate deeper », replied the humanist writer, « and you will find the bones of Pagans ». Whilst excavating, we have found, at last, hidden behind the rights of the Yugoslavs over Fiume and the Adriatic, the interests of the shareholders of the Cunard Company.

Previous to the publication of the news by the newspapers, we had received some warnings of the subject from friends in London. One of the letters said, amongst other things: — « It appears that behind the pro-Yugoslav campaign are the interests of a great English Navigation Company. If this be true, our cause is as good as lost; as when interest is concerned, the English *ne démorde pas*, they do not loosen their hold; and the British Government does not think it has sufficient liberty of action to be able to oppose the interests of British Shipping and the Press which supports and represents it ». We handed the letter to those who might find some use for it; and, owing to that cool sense of responsibility which, in the case of total abstainers and vegetarians is often sounder than in the case of those whose blood is too heated by red wine and red meat, we refrained from speaking of the subject in public, so as not to kindle unpleasant controversies with the Press of a nation with which we wish to remain, and must wish to remain friends. But now that the information is widely diffused and from Paris it has been published in all the Italian newspapers without being contradicted or corrected; now we cannot help saying that no worst act of brigandage was ever attempted against a friendly nation than this, which a certain English Press and a certain ring of English capitalists are attempting, to the detriment of Italy; that no

knavish trick was ever so iniquitous and so detestable as this, which, under the excuse of principles of race, if not of nationality; under the excuse of the protection of small nations and small States, these individuals are attempting to commit against a nation which is just issuing, covered with blood, from a fierce war of three years' duration. Ah, the handsome knight-errants roving about, for the love of their Ladies and for the glory of the great Lord of Heaven! Ah, the handsome Crusaders, undertaking expeditions for the liberation of the holy sepulchres of oppressed peoples! Let us be candid: the Germans, at least, were more sincere; or rather, and without comparison, they were truly sincere. They had their philosophy, their politics, their diplomacy, which they proclaimed, asserted and imposed upon others, without any disguise, without any hypocrisy, without any mental restrictions; crudely, cruelly even, but also fairly and uprightly. They openly said, from the tribune of the Press, from their Professors' chairs, from the Throne, that they wanted to conquer the markets of the world for their own glory and their own salvation; not for the glory of God and the salvation of mankind; they said that they wanted to suppress small and great States, friendly kingdoms and hostile Empires, in order to plant on their ruins their greater power and their still greater *Kultur*. They were playing an open game. But someone is cheating here, Gentlemen! In the name of principles, Italian cities are being staked to-day on the gaming table of diplomacy, by means of cards which are not precisely those which Wilson has brought with him from the White House. Here punting is effected on the « auto-decision of peoples » and one wins, instead, « Cunard Company's

Shares »). Ah, pardon me! Police intervention is absolutely necessary here!

I trust the English Government will look well into the game of a certain Press and of certain Companies in the City. A Government based upon public opinion must search for the sources of that opinion and must learn from what subterranean currents such sources spring and resound gurglingly on the foot-path. We are well aware that in Parliamentary systems, Ministers are constrained to follow the foot-path and the various classes which encumber it. But there is, and there must be, a limit; the limit represented by the rights and the interests of other countries, especially if they are friendly and Allied countries, and above all, Allies of war. In no country is it permissible — and much less in a country which wishes to be considered as the leader and standard-bearer of all the liberties — to engraft the interests of this or of that private Company on the tree of the great international questions, in order to deform them or suffocate them. And the Congress of Paris, which aims at the constitution of the Company of Nations, cannot be reduced to the proportions of a Stock Exchange wherein take place speculations on shares of other Companies which are taken care of by the Commercial Code of Laws, and which are not precisely the Nations of the world.

If possible, an eye should be kept on the foot-path, or on the pier!

TO ACT BY EXPERIENCE.

Although discussion is useless whilst the Jury are considering their verdict, let us go on discussing, or better, let us continue to philosophize, so as not to lose the habit, on the uselessness of good and evil; that is to say, on the vanity of human affairs.

Wilson, then, has recovered his wonted health, and is about to busy himself with Italian affairs. We have also learnt, from newspaper rumours, that before solving the question posed by Iapan on the equality of coloured races he intends placing the Ocean between his person and the *Salle de l'Horologe*, but not before having decided on the fate of Fiume. It is to be hoped that, with regard to Fiume, he will find in himself a good inspiration for a just decision.

In himself — for one must never be diffident of the good inspirations of honest and upright persons; and Wilson's friends say that he is a model of uprightness and honesty.

Does the error into which he has fallen in respect of Italian affairs arise more from other people's action than from his own will? You will remember that, in one of his speeches which he

delivered here, in Rome, he stated with much ingenuousness, and with no less sincerity, that he regretted not having known our country before, and not having done enough for it, during the war. Our friends are always requiring to discover us twice, before they are able to appreciate us. The worst is, that they always discover us too late, and when they can do nothing more than express their sorrow for having *known us too late*: just as it happens in a famous melodrama. Thus we who, unlike our French and English Allies, did not receive the aid of the armies and of the Navy of the United States, have now only the pleasure of enjoying the graces of the President's idealism. Men and arms, none; but many ideas. And to think that with ideas, in so many centuries during which the Italian brain has thought for itself and for others, we are so richly endowed! But it is our fate to revel in superfluities.

To tell the truth, it is not all other men's seed that which now fructifies to our detriment in Wilson's mind. When the President was in America, it was the task of the Allies, directly, or indirectly by means of their Yugoslavian bravoos, to promote a propaganda campaign against Italy. But when he had set his foot on Italian soil, it became the task of Italians themselves to complete the propaganda of the Allies and of their bravoos. Here, amongst us, he found everything that was necessary definitely to fix his ideas and his conceptions. Here, in our midst, he found civil war on the question of the Adriatic; here, in our midst, he found the orators and the theorists of our wrong rather than of our right. What could the good judge do, if not add the evidence gathered on the spot to that with which our ene-

mies (or, if you prefer, our Allies) had supplied him, on the other side of the Ocean? It is true that, according to the Military Penal Code (we are in a régime of war) the evidence given by the parents and relatives of the accused is of no value and is not admitted. But in politics every-thing is of some use; even parricide; for everything becomes public opinion. And in democracies, as you know, public opinion is the foundation of all power and the basis of every bestiality. Oh, for Lycurgus' knife! Perhaps you have forgotten why and wherefore Guicciardini used to call for the knife of Lycurgus in Italian life. And it is useless that I should remind you of it. In the mean time, I invite you to read Whitney Warren's article in *Le Temps*. Many Italians ought to feel ashamed on reading that article, which is so rich in historical and political truths, so vibrating with justice and humanity, and which they never would have dared to write, nor to think.

Let us pass on.

Let us speak of English friendship.

We were scarcely born to life, when our fathers used to whisper into our ears the words of the *Grand Old Man* against the Bourbons: « *Negation of God* ». And we, who had not known the Bourbons, but only the fear of God, grew up in admiration of England for the love of Gladstone, even after we had commenced reading history by ourselves and learning, for instance, that Queen Victoria had been one of the bitterest opponents of Italian unity and that in 1860 and 1866 the supporters of Austria in the English Parliament were not less industrious and efficacious than the present supporters of Yugoslavia; with this attenuating circumstance in their favour, which cannot be advanced by the Steeds and

Northcliffes, that in 1860 and 1866 England was not a war Ally of ours, as she has been up to yesterday and still is now — not without some profit in the moment of extreme peril, to herself more than to us. In any case, I repeat, the recollection of Gladstone's phrase (for we live more on memories than on anything else), was the kernel of the tradition of our friendship with England; a kernel which grew and developed to the point of effecting the overturn of our policy of thirty years' duration when our ex-Allies of the Triple Alliance pointed their guns against the British Empire. But it is not worth while reviving the beard of the war with a dye of youth.

It may perhaps be more useful to remember, now that a summary of events can be drawn up, that notwithstanding tradition, brotherhood of ideas, common principles of freedom and other like matters, our dissention with England has always been unsurmountable whenever it was the case of definite action and definite resolution in which our direct or indirect advantage was implied.

There was a moment in which the problem of our front imposed itself upon the Allies, not unaccompanied by danger signals — a problem which, had it been solved according to the ideas of our General Staff, would have resulted in the breaking up of Austria two years before the Battle of Vittorio Veneto, and, consequently, according to deductions arrived at by Ludendorf and by Boroevic, the breaking up of Germany would have taken place two years sooner. But the policy of England, which did not want to point her guns against Austria, opposed the project of our General Staff; and our front was abandoned to our own defences, which although it represented

an heroic effort, was at that time insufficient to beat and destroy the strong and experienced army of the Hapsburgs. Thus hundreds of thousands of dead continued to make of the Carso our Calvary and the bulwark of the Entente.

Again: during the period of secret negotiations between Austria and the Entente, who can say that English policy did not strive its utmost to induce us to renounce or to tear up the Pact of London?

Lastly: during the war, and more especially after victory, did not London become the centre of agitations against Italian aspirations and was not the most influential English journalism the inspirer and the protector of those agitations? And did not the English Delegates at the Conference raise, from time to time, the various proposals of Messieurs Trumbic, Pasic and Vesnic, which had been formulated by the last named personages and agreed upon in accordance with the writers and inspirers of the most influential Press of England? Frankly, a closer coherence than this, between the supporters of the English policy detrimental to Italy, and its executors cannot be found.

Nor do I render these facts and actions of our Allies evident for the purpose of diverting the Italian mind from war Alliances; I bring them to view simply to fortify that mind and to accustom it to consider both Alliances and Allies in the light of reality, and not in that of memories and of fancy. International life is an every-day experience; and if it be a grave error (an error, the consequences of which we can now estimate) to act in that experience with the ideas and the passions of previous days, it is a no less grave error to alter our course or change our direction every

time a wrong is inflicted upon us, or at every delusion which we come across on our way. We are, and must remain England's friends, and friends of our Allies because, during the war, we have woven a web of interests which can and must be extended in the future; and it would be mere folly to widen its meshes instead of tightening and unifying them. But this does not mean that we should give up discussing openly, freely and thoroughly the terms of our friendship and refrain from summing up the acts of our solidarity. A great people proves its efficiency by the elimination of its superfluous or aberrant factors and by its system of making use of its own factors which are necessary to its action. Up to now, we have not succeeded in doing the first of these two things, and we have shown our incapacity in organizing the second. We have thus obtained the minimum of results with the maximum of effort, whilst for instance, our competitors in the Adriatic question have succeeded in obtaining without any effort, the greatest result, which, if nought else, would be this: to checkmate our very victory, which was the Entente's decisive victory.

At all events, it is sufficient for the present to confirm that for some reason or another, we find, arrayed against our most simple and elementary reasons and against our most logical and natural aspirations, the idealism of some, the egotism of others and the materialism of yet others; and we find, moreover, questions which for their very essence should be undiscussible or, better, inadmissible, elevated to the dignity of discussion.

There must be a reason why everybody should find the way to act against us, whilst we show no other tendency but that of wishing to agree with all; there must be a reason which at present

escapes our perception, but which to-morrow will appear plain and evident to our less remote descendants. Nevertheless, this reason must be found; for we must needs understand and, having understood, act, with sure experience.

To understand, especially, whether the damage exists in our machinery or in the machinery of others.

AND IF NOT, NO!

The Congress of Paris is every day falling deeper into incoherence and futility. It was to have given back to the world peace and security for centuries and the centuries of centuries to come, and has not succeeded in finding an agreement even for a transient truce. It was to have applied the most pure principles of justice and humanity, and no sooner has it succeeded in enunciating one of these principles than it feels the immediate necessity of destroying it by means of another contradictory principle, or of eliminating it by means of a previous question. It was to have created the constitutional Charter of the political and moral unity of the peoples of the Universe, and has not succeeded in drawing up and formulating even the most simple agreements required for the relations of good neighbourhood, which, up to yesterday, mere custom was sufficient to define and regulate. It was to have proclaimed the absolute dominion of ideas in international life, and has only succeeded in the end, when it has succeeded, in sanctioning the most subtle compromises between the strong to the detriment of the weak and between people of the

same race to the detriment of those of a different one. It was to have inaugurated new methods of negotiation and discussion, and has ended, by a process of elimination, in becoming a narrow Sanhedrim of four priests, in perpetual fear of one of their number who wishes to assume the character of Moses, and who has not yet found the rod wherewith to divide the waters of the Red Sea and lead the peoples which are not his, to the opposite shore. What more? It was to have rendered impossible the intrigue, the corruption, the bribery, the jobbery and the obscure dealings of all kinds which engraft or superpose themselves on the great interests of Nations and States; and has, instead, rendered possible all these ignoble and criminal aids to diplomacy to an extent they never reached in the past; whence may be seen, for instance, in the Adriatic questions, groups of English agents, journalists and intermediaries successfully operating to keep in check the rights of a great victorious Power like Italy, and creating new situations in the Entente, which were unsuspected and unsuspectable at the moment of the Alliance and of the war. Metternich and Bismarck, from the halls of their Valhalla must indeed smile at all these glories of the new democratic diplomacy.

But will this diplomacy finally succeed in concluding a Treaty?

Certainly, from the very beginning, it has shown itself capable of doing anything — composing a book of verses or verselets, creating a Bible, a liturgical chant, a heroic poem, a pastoral symphony — but a Treaty, that is to say, an agreement, a public act which will determine conditions, define obligations, formulate pacts and laws, not in the infinite and for eternity, but in

restricted limits of time and space, with the intent of solving precise questions, for known persons (persons juridical and persons dramatical); a contract which is not Rousseau's, and which will not aim at establishing a theory about mankind that a subsequent theory will cover with ridicule or hurl into nothingness; a contract, in short, such as private citizens and constituted authorities have always stipulated in order to conclude a transaction or conclude a war: no, by no means! To demonstrate this it would be sufficient to mention the fact that the illustrious Consuls of the Two Hemispheres have started by discussing a question which could, and should, have been the last: the question of the League of Nations (they knew not which, and how many of these Nations would be *dignae intrari*), thus consuming in one day all the fuel of the discussion, which they will now have to rekindle in order to include the amendments on the Monroe Doctrine, or to exclude the proposals of the Japanese Delegation on the equality of races — whilst, after five months, the essential questions, the territorial questions are still standing on the threshold awaiting to be introduced and to be solved: the questions for which the Congress was called together, the very questions of the war for which the armies have fought and the contending Nations have impoverished themselves and have been thrown into mourning and into the gloom of death. These things unfortunately, are taking place in the Congress: philosophy is stifling history; phantasy is stifling reality and rhetoric is stifling the science of government. And the destinies of Nations are depending not from their rights and from the sacrifices they have undergone to assert them and render them triumphant; but

from the consent, the condescension or the digestion of this or that of the four members of the Congress, who may be more or less well disposed or badly informed. Given this situation, the hypothesis may be put forward that our reasons will be crushed down and our aspirations will be ignored. And in such hypothesis what is to be done ?

We have not waited until this hour to give a reply: we replied ever since the danger became apparent; ever since we discovered that error and ill-will had taken possession of the minds and the souls of our Allies. There are not two replies, as there are not two solutions of the questions; there is only one. We have not attended at the Congress of Paris to hear our Allies tell us where Italy begins and where she ends, or to permit her ancient structure and her supreme defences to be modified. Italy is what she is, what Nature, History, wars and sufferings, during centuries have made her. We do not present ourselves before the Congress to have her formation corrected, but simply to call attention to the fact that after four years of war we have reintegrated her in all her parts and freed her from every contamination and every oppression of the enemy. And the Congress, cannot, in decency, do other than take note of this state of fact. To discuss the Italianhood of the Italian territories of the Adriatic; to discuss the adjudgment of these territories after their manifestation, which corresponds to their essence, towards Italy, would be the same as to annul the labour of the war and to annul the reasons of the war as well as those of Nature. By so doing, the Congress would take the place of Austria, would continue the personality of Austria and the work of denationalization vainly at-

tempted by her at the acme of her struggle and of her oppression. That Wilson should aspire to become the Metternich of this Congress, and Lloyd George its Tisza, we cannot believe. But if it were so, we ought to prevent, for the sake of their reputation, and the reputation of the countries they represent, that they should carry their aberration too far. Can it be that they want to put themselves in Austria's place, become the lords and masters of the Adriatic, and internationalize that sea ?

No treaty of peace can obtain Italy's consent, or can be signed by the Italian Delegates, if it contains a renunciation of Italian lands and peoples; or if it contains an abdication of the absolute and legitimate influence of Italy over her sea, that sea which has been too long contested and wronged.

It is no longer the style of political literature of our times, but Mr. Wilson can read the following words in Mazzini's works, with which Genoa the Proud has presented him as a gift of welcome; words which, in the biblical style of the great Prophet of nationalities reveal the whole religion of Italian aspirations: « The curse of Cain awaits whoever shall forget that, whilst *one only* of his brethren is moaning in the abjection of servitude, and cannot repose calmly and lovingly under the shadow of the three coloured flag; he cannot own a fatherland nor is he worthy of possessing it ». And Mazzini does not speak of possible snares by other Adriatic peoples, of which Cavour speaks. Can it be that Italy should leave a single Italian to the mercy of the Croats ? And all her sea to the mercy of foreign Navigation Companies ?

Conclusion :

A Treaty of peace in Europe is not possible without the adherence of Italian civilization.

And the Italian Delegates cannot sign a Treaty of peace which may be in contrast with the aims and the interests of Italian civilization.

And it is well that this should be known.



OLD STUFF.

Men who are truly free-minded, men whose intellect is truly unprejudiced, whose soul is truly anxious cannot but feel humiliated and mortified at the exhibition of the pedagogical and scholastic destitution which is offered by the Paris Congress in the midst of the ruins of such a war, and of the suspension of so much of the world's life. Whatever may be the forthcoming resolutions, whatever may be the paragraphs of the piece of paper which will issue from those resolutions, we all feel that the creative genius is wanting; the original and spontaneous genius which can penetrate and understand all the convulsed elements and all the energies dispersed in the horror of the present chaos; and which has the capacity and the might to endow this hoary humanity with a new adjustment, a new form, a new breath or a new ensign. We all feel that, after the hundred years which have gone by since the French Revolution, the same reasoning and scribbling democratic fanaticism which stirred the childish brain of the Incorruptible Robespierre is now shaking the brain of the Congress and will lead it, in the end, to produce the usual, self-same

abortion which bookish ideas have always produced, and will ever produce, in the social sphere. Humanity was born from two beings of different sex, bound together by a serpent; from two sentences and from two theorems bound together by the more or less factious dialectics of a Religious Science Professor. And now, besides having the Professor, we have also the experts at our elbow!

Who invented the theory of the right of peoples to dispose of themselves?

Who invented the formula of the League of Nations?

In five months' time, the Congress has done nothing but writhe uncomfortably between the theory and the formula without having found a fierce and mighty giant, a Danton without eyeglasses and without a flower in his button-hole to teach it that the policy of the Nations is not created by means of statistics and of compasses. It is simply absurd that the Congress of 1919 should be remasticating the pastilles of 1870, and fancy they are the products of the chemistry of modern thought.

The right of peoples. Do you remember the Address sent by Bohemia to vanquished France in 1870? « The German Nation has the indisputable right to repel by the force of arms the attacks against her States and her liberty; but were she to premeditate the imposition of a certain form of Government on the French Nation, or to wrest from her a portion of her territory the populations of which have the sentiment of being French, she would violate, in respect to these populations, *their right of freely disposing of their own selves*, and would thus subordinate right to force ». — Was there any necessity, the-

refore, for President Wilson to leave the White House and to come to teach us this old phrase which, here in Europe, is wearing a somewhat long beard, considering that it had grown, since 1870, on the chin of the peoples subjected to the House of Hapsburg? But neither was there any necessity to assert this old phrase in theory, and disavow it in practice in respect of Italy which is proclaiming it for Fiume; and in respect of Fiume which is proclaiming it for its annexation to Italy; because as to denying and disavowing it, more logically in practice, besides denying and disavowing it in principle, Austria had seen to it long before. And, verily, to cross so much Ocean in order to come and tell us what Austria has told us for such a number of years, is an act of courtesy for which we are, and our descendants can be grateful to the illustrious President, but from performing which we would have willingly dispensed him; as we have dispensed him from supplying us with men and arms wherewith to fight Austria, whilst we have used all our efforts, as best we could, to procure victory by ourselves without anybody's assistance or anybody's permission. It is certainly very gracious on Mr. Wilson's part to show such a preference for Italy for his interesting ideal experiments in *anima vili*. But there surely must be a great deal of uncultivated land in America, whereon to make his experiments!

The League of Nations.

In its issue of September 10th.-25th., 1915, the *Paix par le Droit*, formulated its minimum programme and called upon the Peace Society, from that time, to defend before the competent authorities, at the termination of hostilities, the two following principles: the recognition and the ap-

plication of the principle of nationality; and the constitution of a free *Society of the Nations* which were determined to submit all their questions, without any exception, to arbitration, and to place their combined forces at the service of general peace.

There is nothing new under the sun.

The programme of those dreamy idlers of the *Paix par le Droit*, became, after some years, the programme of Mr. Wilson, and the Paris Congress sees itself obliged to become, in its turn, the organ of that programme, to which Mr. Wilson appears to want to hold on, as firmly as a statue to its pedestal; whilst the questions of the sorrowing nations of Europe have been relegated to the second or third row, and are put to an ornamental use, under the form of festoons, Cupids and bas-reliefs, for the decoration of the pedestal of the President's statue — with how much dignity and utility for the sorrowing nations of Europe there is no need to belong to posterity (as late as possible!) to ascertain and to judge.

Now, it is useless to form any illusions: nothing durable, nothing true or just, can emerge from a Congress which is dominated and directed by the thought and the will of a single individual: of a man, too, who, by habit of mind and soul, abides in the field of abstractions and of the most senile abstractions which, in times gone by, have worn out the printing machines of politics; such as that of the liberty and the equality of men excepting, of course, men of colour, who disturb America's policy in the Pacific; of a man of indisputable good-will, but too simple, and too off-handed for a world as complicated as the Old World; of a man, in short, who possesses such an incomplete notion of European affairs as to be obliged to

obtain cognizance of them, one after another, by means of inquiries and experts, as, for instance (laugh not, oh ye Seas of Italy, with your eternal Aeschylean laughter!) for the Adriatic question which directly concerns us; a man who is but a transient authority, and who is already past, in fact, whilst he has been disposing of the destinies of Europe, and who has not, in himself, the virtual power which will ensure to-morrow, the defence of his ideas and of his acts of to-day, not only in the State, but in his own Party also. And I am horrified in thinking that the history of my country is likely to be diverted from its lofty ways; that the blood of so much fervid Italian youth will have been spilt in vain — owing to the false information possessed by Mr. Wilson on Italian affairs, or owing to the errors which Mr. Wilson's experts insert in their tardy Reports, or even owing to the interests of the American finance which has its starting point in Mr. Wilson's idealism. In the course of human events, this is the first time that supreme political and territorial questions, which concern the life of historic peoples, and which spring from the dim, mysterious depths of so remote an existence, are expected to be solved by the expert opinion of four Professors, and of as many — if not more — American bankers.

And this, unfortunately, is happening to us, through the mental error of a man, who, notwithstanding, declares himself a friend of truth, if not a friend of ours!

Evidently, we are not more fortunate in our friendships than we are in our Alliances.

AT THE LAST MOMENT.

After four months of vague nonsensical twaddle about the freedom of men on earth, and of well-meditated and bargained-for silence as to the freedom of Great Britain on the seas, Mr. Wilson has finally descended to discuss the Italian questions, and has discovered the existence of a Pact of London for Dalmatia, a Pact which he has not signed, and which he does not feel in duty bound to recognize. At the same time, the signatories of the Pact of London have suddenly become aware, in their turn, that there are certain principles enunciated by Mr. Wilson, which they have not asserted and which they do not feel in duty bound to apply to the city of Fiume; nor have they the intention of so doing. When the Czar Alexander I. and Napoleon met at Tilsitt, they threw themselves in each other's arms and: — « Sire, » said the Russian, « I hate the English as much as you do ». — « If that is so, » replied the Corsican, « we will not have much to discuss between us, and peace is made ». — In the same manner, now, Wilson, Lloyd George and Clemenceau are threatening to build their peace on the body of the Italians. But, for all that, we are not going to lose

our heads and our souls, which are by now tried and put to a severe test since no inconsiderable time by the graces of our Allies. Nor shall we stake our future, in a moment of sadness and despair, on their marked cards. In this supreme crisis of the war and of the Alliance, we will show ourselves calm and strong; and, above all, united. For, to-day as it was yesterday, the union of all Italians is, alone, the most strenuous and the most sure defence of Italy. The only availing resistance against the concourse of aggressions is that of a compact mass. To disband, or to divide into fragments would be the same as to lose ourselves, and lose, at the same time the reasons of war and of peace.

In so frightful a turmoil of deceit and delusion, one force only must support our resistance; it is the force which we derive from the consciousness of our right, and, what is consoling, from the sincerity and the nobility of our action during the dangers run by those who were not yet our Allies when we resolved to enter the field to avert from them their first defeat, that is, their extreme ruin. The knee of Germany was pressing on their breast and would have caused them to lose their breath for ever, when we appeared on the horizon of their misfortune. And at our appearance they held out their arms, and, in their commotion they wept with all the tears of which their eyes were capable, in the presence of our banners, the colours of which they now hardly recognize; and they promised and swore by their dead, which were falling by the thousand under the strokes of the fierce invader, that they would never forget the service rendered by Italy to civilization — their civilization — the civilization which they are now bartering on the market of that Yugo-

slavia which they are striving to create for their bankers and their jobbers to the detriment of the Italian races. But what matters it? We then did what we thought it was our duty to do, and we shall not repent having done it. But, at the moment when we see that the representatives of England and France at the Congress of Paris, now so serene and so forgetful, cannot find, in themselves, in their remembrances and in the sorrow of their war anything to oppose to Mr. Wilson's cold, doctrinaire sport against Italy; that they can find none of those feelings of revulsion which all Italy found to oppose to that other sport — so differently ferocious and sanguinary — of the Kaiser and of his armies at Charleroi and on the shores of the North Sea, we claim, at least, the right of remembering all these things for them and for the glory of their dead. Oh, certainly, they are perfectly right in being grateful to Mr. Wilson for the assistance he has lent them to accomplish their last achievements against Germany. But, for the sake of chronology, it would be expedient that they should not forget that they would not have had the pleasure of expressing their gratitude to Mr. Wilson to-day, had Italy not run, at the outset, to place herself at their torn sides. And Mr. Wilson, too, by this time, instead of trying conclusions with us, would have had to try conclusions with the victorious Germans who, from Mexico to far Japan, would have prepared for him a specimen of the Caudine Forks, immensely more imposing than the triumphal Arches which the ingenuousness of the Latin races has erected in his honour and for the purpose of allowing the flag of humanitarian idealism — covering the merchandise of American jobbery (for a long time eager to conquer the

markets of the Old World) — to pass under them. But who remembers last year's fire?

At the last moment Mr. Wilson — evidently following the latest advice of the Yugoslav preceptor who is completing the family's education during the visit to Paris — has declared that he does not acknowledge the Pact of London because it does not bear his signature; the Pact which contains the Italian revendications over Dalmatia. Not recognize the Pact of London now, after two years of epistolary literature between the White House and the various Foreign Offices of Europe, in which literature no mention has ever been made of any refusal to acknowledge that Pact? After four months that the Congress is in full sway, and during which his Fourteen Points have been considered doubtfully, even by himself and by his adepts whilst no doubt whatsoever has been cast on the Allies' Treaties? Not recognize the Pact of London at the point where it is a question of Italian revendications; and not recognize the rights of Fiume at the point where these rights meet with one of the Points of his Gospel, of that Gospel which, owing to the variations it has to undergo day by day, seems likely to end by being set aside amongst the apocryphal ones? There is positively no political sense, nor a sense of justice and equity in the manner of proceeding and of negotiating of this strange simulacrum of a peaceful transatlantic Robespierre looming ominously over European peace. Neither is there any sense of juridical moderation and of commercial probity. Whatever may be the principles that it is intended to adopt to regulate the world's affairs, the Old or the New World, it is impossible not to take into account a fundamental Law which constitutes a

previous question not only in business transactions but also in the application of principles: the law of *do ut des*. Now, we should never lose sight of the fact that Mr. Wilson has not given anything to us Italians; he has given nothing of that which he has given to the other Allies and which can determine an obligation on our part towards him. To the other Allies he has given two million and half of men for their war against Germany; and by reason of these two million and half of men, besides all the rest which he has given them, he can feel justified in demanding the equivalent, be it in markets, influence, principles or ideas. What has he given to us? To us, over and above the loans, which are business transactions and the Red Cross aid which can eventually be paid for, he has not given any forces wherewith to win the war: forces, that is to say, real and proper elements of obligation for peace. And, contrariwise, — these things would seem absurd and inconceivable, were they not happening under our very eyes — and, contrariwise, he comes forward to claim from *us* the settlement of the bill of his principles represented by the sacrifice of our territorial revendications! He does not claim from England the settlement of the bill for the freedom of the seas; he does not claim from France the settlement of the bill for Alsace-Lorraine or for the Rhine, or for the armies which he has supplied and the weapons he has given them: no, he has recourse to us, he wants everything from us and claims everything from us, for his Yugoslavs who, up to the last day of the war were the supporters of Austria, their sovereign lady. And we are also to be placed under suspicion, before the sorrowing populations of Europe, of delaying, of opposing, of hindering the conclusion of peace (Wilson's

peace), because we persist in not placing our shores and our peoples of Dalmatia at the feet of these former servants of Austria. Pshaw! Italy has undergone many invasions; she has suffered many wrongs and lived under many yokes in the course of centuries, ever since the power of Rome was overthrown. But that she should now, after her victory, be submitted to the supreme wrong and to the supreme yoke inflicted upon her by half-a-dozen Yugoslav marauders abetted by a larger number of English, French and American jobbers, under the shadow of Mr. Wilson's star-spangled banner, no! this is not compatible with right and morality, and much less can it constitute a subject for discussion and negotiation with the Allies. Undoubtedly the German Delegates on the way from Weimar to Versailles will laugh gleefully — for once — at the thought of these rough days which the Italian Delegates are passing in Paris; and, raising the blinds of their railway carriage windows, they will probably cast a scrutinizing glance afar, to see whether there appears a trembling streak of blue in the dim distance of their horizon. But the gods wisely reserve the consolation of hope to mortals, even in the depths of an abyss.

For our part, our state of mind will undergo no change during these adversities, which are to be registered amongst the most severe which have resulted from our tragic Alliances.

They are painful experiences, which a great people has to undergo in order to acquire a full independence of spirit, a complete consciousness of its being — and also a complete consciousness of its life in relation with the world.

Italy was not born yesterday, nor will she end to-morrow, in the midst of the intrigues of the

Paris Congress. The historic sense of her perpetuity must come to her aid in these days, and must help her to surmount, wisely and calmly, the dangers which press upon her on all sides and which might otherwise cause her to fall, humiliated and disorganised, into the void of a fruitless victory.

The gravity of danger must clear up, not darken the conception of our responsibility, and must also string even more tightly the bow of our will.

A moment of weakness and of surrender would annul our victory and leave us irreparably defeated in the war.

THEIR PROFITS AT OUR EXPENSE.

There is no longer need to discuss the formal portion of Mr. Wilson's Proclamation to the Italians when Signor Orlando's counter-Proclamation and the unanimous comments of the Press have exhaustively demonstrated its diplomatic impropriety and its political and moral iniquity. By the contorsions of its sophistries and of its errors of Law and fact; by the incoherences between its premises and its deductions, by all the falsehood of its intonation, that Proclamation at last reveals the cloven hoof of the Devil who had come in our midst enveloped in the diaphanous azure light of a celestial Messenger. Imprudence and haste have lost him. His abuse of the old edict — the edict addressed to peoples — which, at the outset, had accredited him to public opinion, has exposed the game hidden behind the title of the Ideal. Italy has at last understood the game.

At the point which matters have reached, hypocrisy would be a useless crime. It is imperative therefore to speak loudly and clearly to our friends of yesterday and, let us hope, of to-morrow, and tell them the reasons of our distrust and of our grievances. Our common Alliance may emerge

better strengthened in dignity and honesty from the demonstration of truth.

All the labour of the Congress of Paris has been, for the most part, directed to this end, namely: that of removing, holding at a distance, of eliminating Italy from the concert of the war Allies; that of placing the Italian questions and interests not on the same plane as that of the others, but on a different and inferior plane; that of considering, in fact, and keeping Italy in appearance amongst the great Powers, because, owing to the existing Treaties, it could not be otherwise, but really and effectively, amongst the minor Powers; if not on a par with Serbia, and with Montenegro, then something between Japan, not acceptable to Wilson and the Hedjaz, somewhat acceptable to England: in a situation, in fine, of which there was no reason to be proud and in which Mr. Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau might now and then make a show of protecting us against Wilson, and Mr. Wilson might now and then appear to be benevolent to us against the pride of Messrs. Lloyd George and Clemenceau. Truly, a most touching situation!

What have been the consequences of this situation? Mr. Wilson having effected his entrance in the Conference in the character of High Priest, of dispenser of favours, mandates and blessings, our two Allies of the previous day who, undoubtedly, had serious and difficult tasks to undertake in the interest of their respective countries, concentrated all their efforts upon their own questions, which they had placed in the fore-front, but indifferently left ours a long way behind, with the intent (every one adapts his means to his ends) of making up again with the bread belonging to us, the board laid out for the High Priest,

from which they had, bit by bit, abstracted the « Freedom of the Seas », the « Sarre Basin » and the « Left Bank of the Rhine »; and had done so, being well aware that there were many hungry mouths eagerly awaiting to bite our loaf; and knowing also that the High Priest would have been only too glad to see that loaf intact within view and under his hand.

Thus, after having solved the questions appertaining to England and France, with our loyal co-operation and our full and cordial assent, they passed on to us. But how laborious was that passage! And with how many stoppages, from one half day to another! And after how many secret meetings and plottings, now between two, now between three, during the short crossing! The discussion of the Italian questions seemed to be a bitter pill to swallow for all; and every one would have willingly done away with it, by handing it over — one never knows — to the forthcoming League of Nations. The League of Nations! What an appropriate Court, wherein to bring up Italy and the Italian aspirations for trial! Italy, under the indictment of Imperialism; the Italian aspirations as the proofs of the crime. In any case, in order to reach the goal, no means has been neglected, no expedient has been left untried, no moral coercion has been spared, from the date of the German Delegates' arrival at Versailles, to the date of the arrival of the *Washington*, which was to take back the indignant Achilles to the White House. Oh, the *Washington*! We have seen it appear and disappear on the horizon of the Conference, like the black-sailed Phantom Ship, in the distant seas of humanity. But afterwards we have learnt that the famous vessel turned back, without Caesar, but with bare-

ly a cargo of tardy American troops. And instead of leaving, after he had found out that the Italian Delegates insisted upon having their questions solved before the arrival of the German Delegates at Versailles; and the charm and the delays, once dispelled, and the negotiations broken off; Mr. Wilson sent forth his Proclamation, as the head of a Syndicate sends out false news with the intention of causing the shares of a commercial enterprize to fall in the Stock Exchange, with a view of obtaining possession of the concern and holding it in his power. The coup was made.

That the glory of his Fourteen Points and with it the fortunes of the States to be resuscitated from the ashes of the Austro-Hungarian Empire were the precise aim of Mr. Wilson's coup, no one in Italy is, by this time, inclined to believe any longer, and no one in Europe can any longer affirm and maintain. And that it is only for the sake of the Croats' fair faces that Wilson, Lloyd George and Clemenceau are denying to Fiume the right of re-uniting herself to Italy in virtue of the principle of auto-decision; and denying to Italy the duty of accepting the plebiscite of that city, none of the five hundred thousand Italian dead who are lying buried from the Piave to the Isonzo; and none of the four hundred thousand cripples and mutilated men who are wandering over the land of Italy will ever be led to believe or to understand. Were it a question between our dead and wounded in the war and the Croats, there is no doubt that it would have been already solved in favour of the first named without even the shadow of a discussion or a dispute. But, unfortunately, it is a question wherein something quite different is at stake.

And it is this: that the bankers, the shareholders of the great Navigation Companies, and the business men of our three great Allied Powers want the dominion of the Adriatic for themselves, for the Eastern traffic; they want Fiume for themselves, as a mid-way port between Dantzic and Constantinople, to complete the line of maritime and commercial power over which, ever since the eve of the war and during the course of the war, an outcry has been raised because it was thought that the capitalists, the bankers and the business men of Germany and Austria-Hungary wanted to obtain it for their own exclusive profit; they want to substitute themselves, as a real and proper State, a State of a novel species and of new formation, in the place of States which have their historical and political basis in their natural situation itself. The Yugoslavs are merely the men of straw; and Yugoslavia is nought but the political disguise of this immense maritime and industrial concern which those people are desirous of erecting on the ruins of two Empires, and for the promotion of which, after all, the noblest and the fairest youth of Italy has shed its blood during four years of war! But all the Italians are now asserting that the Adriatic will dry up before this enterprize obtains the success which its promoters and supporters hoped for it. The Americans and the English shall not transact their business over the skin of the Italians.

In order to understand the opposition which is being made to prevent Fiume from becoming Italian, it is necessary to consider, at the same time Wilson's proposal to confer Dantzic upon Poland; and to think also of the Constantinople mandate which Wilson is aspiring to obtain for America. We have no objections to raise against the attri-

bution of Dantzic to Poland; on the contrary, we are very glad of it; we only wish to remark that American capital cannot possibly be excluded from an outlet on the sea which Wilson has offered to Poland. And we should only be too glad if American or other capital would expend all its power upon Dantzic and upon Constantinople and would not wrong Fiume and Italy. We do not ask to be protected. We only ask not to be wronged and suppressed.

We have entered the war for a two-fold reason: a reason of a general and ideal order; for the rights and the liberty of peoples, against Germany, which had attacked these rights and this liberty; and likewise a proper and particular reason of our own: the security of our land and sea boundary, and the liberation of the Adriatic and of the oppressed Italian peoples on the Dalmatian shore. Our intervention brought with it all the benefits it was intended to bring to the ideal part; that is to say, it brought about the overthrow of Germany's power; of that Germany — let it be well remembered by our English and French friends — against which we had no special reason for rancour or dispute; and the Allies derived from the overthrow of Germany all the benefits, all the legitimate advantages which we have never, for a single moment, thought of lessening or frustrating; and which during the discussions of the Congress we have, instead, done our utmost to propitiate and to favour.

But, what of our own particular part?

Is our intervention, in so far as it concerns our own particular part, to be rendered useless? And are the effects of our intervention, of our war, of our victory to be rendered null and void in respect to our ends, which consist of the liberation of our

Adriatic brethren and the liberation of the Adriatic itself? And are we to have fought such a tremendous war to allow its fruits to be enjoyed by American and English capitalists?

This is the problem.

Because, when all is told, the possession of Trieste is useless without Fiume. By leaving Fiume to others we would have fought such a tremendous war to lose both Fiume and Trieste, and to cause Trieste to perish and to allow our enemies and their new masters to live and thrive upon Fiume.

Is all this possible?

We ought to emerge from this war with all our aims attained.

After all the sacrifices we have undergone, we ought to obtain all the advantages of victory.

We ought not to have sacrificed our former alliances, and our people, and our hard-earned savings of two generations, merely to prepare a banquet for English and American capitalists.

THE SPIRIT AND THE LETTER OF THE TREATY OF LONDON.

Italy has delivered her solemn verdict upon the conflict which has arisen at the Paris Congress on the question of the Adriatic. We would lessen the importance of the plebiscite voted by the people on both shores of that sea and the corresponding Vote of the Italian Parliament, were we to add any words to the sovereign expressions of the national will. If these expressions constitute the Law — unless (everything is possible) the Paris Congress and Mr. Wilson deny, in Italy's case, even the most elementary principles which constitute the juridical and political basis of modern democracies — no one can question or set at nought our Law. But is it permissible to eliminate surprises from the calculation of our probabilities ?

Meanwhile, it is opportune to elucidate all the points of the conflict and to leave none of them in the shadow, or in partial shadow, in order to demonstrate to the world, even before demonstrating it to our Allies and to the Associate, the absolute justice of our thesis, so that no doubt of any kind be raised about the absolute honesty of our intentions. I mean « honesty » in a political

sense; that is in the sense of consistency between our ideal premises of the war and our territorial demands after victory; which are not demands of an imperialistic nature, though Mr. Wilson has audaciously thought fit to denounce them as such, but of a strictly and sincerely national character, as all those persons who are judging in good-faith are in duty bound to admit.

The culminating point of the conflict is the Pact of London and the exclusion of Fiume from that Pact.

Up to the eve of the rupture, Mr. Wilson assumed he could not recognize the Pact of London because — oh, the stab in the back! — it was a secret treaty, and because the first of his Fourteen Points excluded secret international agreements from the diplomacy of the future. An inadmissible and above all, a specious argument this, and for many reasons: firstly, because theoretically, when one speaks of the illegitimacy of secret international agreements, one wishes to signify agreements concluded without the approval of the peoples and of their Parliamentary representative bodies; secondly, because the conditions agreed to for the participation of one or more peoples in a war cannot be classified amongst the occult and insidious international agreements which *tend to produce war*, because they are themselves a produce of the war; thirdly, because the new causes owing to which a new Power enters into a war do not destroy the primary causes nor the agreements entered into by the other Powers, which are closely bound to the primary causes; fourthly, because without a formal intimation, the agreements entered into between Allies cannot be considered as null and void in consequence of the intervention of the

latest arrival, nor can the former agreements be considered void of force because other more recent agreements in addition have supervened. But all these are arguments on questions of mere form, or arguments of mere historical or, better, pre-historical value now that Mr. Wilson no longer makes of the recognition of the Pact of London a question of theory but, as is written in his *Memorandum*, a question of opinion — of his personal opinion on the adjustment of our Eastern frontier. « Personally » he says, in fact, in his *Memorandum*, « I am entirely disposed to admit that Italy should obtain, all along the extension of her Northern frontiers and wherever she comes into contact with Austrian territory, all that has been granted to her by the so-called Pact of London, but I have a clear opinion that the Pact of London can no longer be applied for the adjustment of her Eastern frontiers... » And here follow all the well-known reasonings concerning the disappearance of Austria and the formation of new States, and the necessity of endowing these new States with a sea outlet at Fiume; reasonings which, by now, need no longer be contested, as none of them has ever proved to be capable of resisting the most elementary historical and political criticism, and which it would be useless, therefore, to examine and to consider.

The only argument left, then, is this one: In the Pact of London, Fiume is not attributed to Italy, but to Croatia.

But — and here really arises the question which the Paris Congress did not see, or did not want to see and examine — to Croatia in what capacity? As part of Serbia, or, even, of Yugoslavia, or as part of Austria-Hungary?

At the Paris Congress they have argued round

the question but they have never penetrated into the heart of it. And it is most strange that men in authority, who are, at the same time, politicians and jurists and possess, or ought to possess, a special technique of their own for the interpretation of treaties, should have halted, as if they had turned to stone, before the Medusa head of Croatia, and should not have felt the courage or the inclination to scrutinize it closely. Yet, the meaning of the attribution, made in 1915, of Fiume to Croatia is so clear and limpid, so simple and open, that it is sufficient to state it, to destroy all the sophistications and all the falsifications for which, up to now, the letter of the Treaty has given opportunity.

When that Treaty was signed, in 1915, not only was there no intention, and still less was there any proposal on the part of the Allies to destroy Austria or to make her disappear from the map (on the contrary, in the minds of the English and the French there was a design and an aim to detaching Austria from Germany during the war and of holding Austria as a good card in the game of the Entente against Germany, to be played in the event of victory), but neither was there the most remote suspicion of the advent of Yugoslavia, nor of any part to be given to Yugoslavia in the future adjustment of Europe. Therefore the Allies on formulating the conditions of victory, and in assigning to Italy the boundaries and the lands bestowed upon her by her national rights, also took the life of Austria under their care and, as Trieste, which was considered as the principal lung of her commercial respiration, had been assigned to Italy, the Allies left Fiume to Austria, as that city of the Dual Monarchy had been Hungary's lung of commer-

cial respiration. Naturally no mention could be made in a Treaty made by the Entente of the future of Austria or the future of Hungary, but, considering that the Entente had taken in hand the conditions of existence of Austria-Hungary, Croatia was selected on Russia's suggestion and for the motives which determined Russia to make that suggestion, as representing Hungary, of which country she formed a part; she was selected, in short, as representing the State to which, more than to any other country, she was and appeared to be bound for life and for death.

Mr. Wilson, by means of a fantastic deduction which is surprising not only on account of its arbitrary indifference to any logical pre-supposition and to any historical and political precedent, but also on account of its more than arbitrary — its outright iniquitous — contempt of the intentions of the contracting parties in a Pact, which is nothing else but an Agreement, Mr. Wilson, I say, starting from the destruction and the disappearance of the power of Austria-Hungary, arrives at conclusions and donations which considerably outrun the functions and the powers with which he is invested in the Conference; and of which it is strange that he should not feel and understand the juridical and moral as well as the political limitation.

« Austria has disappeared », says Mr. Wilson, « therefore I can re-arrange the geographical map of the Balkans according to my conception and my power ». — Oh, no! You cannot do that, Mr. Wilson. You can suppress any of your Fourteen Points or add one or more points to them, but you cannot suppress any of the four Cardinal Points nor add a point to them. Neither

can you transform Nature. Nor can you transform the spirit of a Pact or of an Agreement.

Austria once fallen, the sole consequence which, politically and juridically, Fiume can derive from Austria's fall is this, and only this: that the cause for which the contracting parties of the Pact of London had thought it expedient to assign Fiume to Croatia having disappeared, Fiume should follow the fate marked out by her national right and by her sovereign will. But to assign Fiume to Croatia, never! To assign Fiume to Croatia after Austria's fall, in virtue of the Pact of London, would be committing a true and gross fraud, to which it is not possible that the representatives of civilized Governments would lend themselves.

Fiume had been assigned to Croatia as forming part of Austria-Hungary, not of Serbia or of Yugoslavia. And it is not possible that, the terms and the factors being changed, and the personality being altered, the conditions of the Pact should remain intact.

In a moment of absent-mindedness (let us hope), Messrs. Lloyd George and Clemenceau thought fit to interpret the Pact of London in the Croatian sense. But on being recalled to reality they cannot do otherwise than interpret it, in good sense and good-faith according to the spirit with which it was framed. Any decision contrary to that spirit would be a wrong inflicted not only on the rights of Fiume and on Italy, but also on the juridical civilization of their countries.

We are waiting. Sure of our Right in peace, as we were faithful to our pacts in the war.

« NOBLESSE OBLIGE ».

A year had scarcely gone by since Italy had renewed a thirty years' Treaty with Germany when, in 1914, this last mentioned Nation decided to assail France. The object of the aggression had been stated and illustrated by General von Bernhardi in 1912, two years before, in his book on the forthcoming war: « In one way or another, we must settle our accounts with France in order to have our hands free for our *Weltpolitik*. The first indispensable condition of a sound German policy is the overthrow of France. And this time we must strike hard and in such a manner as to prevent our enemy from rising once more and crossing our path ». And, in fact, everything had been scientifically prepared for the execution of this design; the weapons and the minds—and, above all, the opponent's moral and political disintegration. In twenty day's time, in forty, if calculations were correct, the Emperor, mounted on Attila's horse, would have made his entry into Paris. (The commemorative medals of the great event had already been struck). In the calculations was also the presence of the Italian drummer, with his face turned towards the Maritime Alps. But the Italian drummer did not appear on the scene. And Attila did not pass.

Italy had been united to Germany for thirty

years and she had likewise been divided from France for thirty years. What mattered it? At the decisive moment, notwithstanding the recent controversies on the question of the S.S. *Manouba* and on the question of the Otranto Channel; notwithstanding the Marseilles demonstrations in favour of the Turks, and the demonstrations in Tunis against the Italians, Italy, no sooner had the aggression been perpetrated, did what she was in duty bound to do. She detached herself from Germany. And placed herself on the side of France. Had she done otherwise, she would have dishonoured her name, in her juridical tradition and in her political history. And she held fast to the honour of her history and of her tradition.

Immediately after the declaration of Italian neutrality, messengers from Berlin came running down in all haste. « What do you require? » said they, « Gold? Incense? Myrrh? » Everything they threw down at our feet, to prevent us from passing from neutrality to war; everything, especially the spoils of France in the Mediterranean. And, finally, von Bülow came, bringing with him all the ideas which von Bernhardi had upheld in his book, for the purpose of keeping Italy bound to Germany in case of war. « We must think of strengthening, in every possible manner, the political power of our Allies. We have strengthened Austria in the Balkans, we must now strengthen Italy in the Mediterranean, especially in the case of a war with France ». And von Bülow arrived in Rome with this resolute programme. The first portion of his mission was precisely devoted to persuade Italy, by means of a Press propaganda and of negotiations with the Cabinet, not to think of the Adriatic but to think, instead, of the Me-

diterranean, and to join Germany in fighting the maritime and Colonial power of France in the Mediterranean. As a prize, we would obtain Nice, with Savoy, Corsica and Tunis. Had not von Bernhardt sustained that it was worth Germany's while even to make war to conquer Tunis on Italy's behalf?

But Italy, once more, during the second period, declined the German Wise Men's gold, their incense and their myrrh. And she entered the war by the side of France. She did, that is to say, once more, what she was in duty bound to do. And she would have dishonoured herself had she done otherwise.

But would not France dishonour herself even more, perhaps, now; and would she not cancel her name from the list of the civilized Powers of Europe if, for the sake of the Yugoslavs and for the sake of Wilson she were to detach herself from Italy, and were to proceed to Versailles without her? She certainly would dishonour herself — and she would not even be mindful of her future. And, in a single hour, besides victory itself, she would lose the reasons of victory and the reasons of her life.

We abandoned the Germans for the sake of France. France can well abandon the Yugoslavs — as no one knows who and what they are — for the sake of Italy and of the Italians of all the shores.

We staked the whole of our future in the game against Germany — which, at that time was the stronger of the two, and, in consequence of the victories she had gained appeared to be invincible — and against the Emperor of Germany who was and had been our friend and the friend of our Sovereigns for thirty years. France can well

put a little good-will into the game which is being played between Italy and Wilson; especially as all the cause of freedom, all the cause of democracy in the old countries of Europe are at stake.

Can such a thing happen as France going to Versailles without Italy, to discuss the terms of peace with those very Germans from whom Italy detached herself in order to place herself at her side in the war? Is such a thing possible? Very likely. But the day in which France were to find herself at Versailles on the side of the Nortcliffe-Steed gang and on the side of the Yugoslavs — whose powers, the Germans, and with reason, do not intend recognizing — and not on Italy's side, would be a day of deep mourning for the civilization of Europe. The men of Old France would refuse so to act, and would exclaim: « *No-blesse oblige!* ». Will Mr. Clemenceau yield, instead? He would be rendering a bad service to his country.

I am well aware that some time ago, to an Italian Member of Parliament who called his attention to the fact that the consequences of a dis-sension between France and Italy might be disastrous to France, in ten years' time, M. Clemenceau replied: « In ten years' time, I will be no more ». But M. Clemenceau who possesses more *esprit* than Louis XV., and has also a greater sense of responsibility should understand that flashes of wit must not be carried to extreme consequences — neither should the heresy of such premises.

The representatives of the Allied Governments are men of powerful temperament, and therefore they are less apt to dissociate their personal sympathies or antipathies from the real and proper interests of the countries they represent. Who can

say that M. Clemenceau, in the conception and the animus which determine his judgments, does not insert a little too much of the personality of one who, for thirty years fought against Italy and the Triple Alliance; and cannot conceive, now, an Italy different from that against which he fought? And who can say that Lloyd George, even after his attacks against the *Times* and the Northcliffe-Steed gang, is not the same man who studied and schemed, in the past, in the company of that gang the erection of the Yugoslav counter-altar to oppose to Italy's aspirations in the Adriatic? Cavour was more mistrustful of England in the Adriatic than in the Mediterranean. And the distrust of our great Statesman is strikingly proved at the present moment. But Lloyd George does not reflect that England has the need of more numerous friends now, after the war, than she had need of before; and is probably illuding himself excessively that the disappearance of the maritime power of Germany, signifies the absolute security of England on the seas and throughout the ages to come. But Germany, before she disappeared as a naval power, gave a practical demonstration of the value of a weapon which represents the depreciation of all Fleets: the submarine. And Wilson, by himself, means more, against the British Empire than even the maritime power of Germany, and even more than the submarine. Let Mr. Lloyd George strut round Mr. Wilson as long as he pleases. But the theory of mandates, which Wilson has not invented and has barely had the merit of putting into practice for the liquidation of the German colonial Empire, can also be applied for the liquidation of the British Empire. We will speak of it when thistles are in bloom.

In any case, and whatever may happen, the resolutions which are to be taken in these days are resolutions which will determine the fate of the European Powers.

Will peace be concluded, if it be concluded at all, without Italy? Well, Italy will recover her freedom for the future, and will find, outside the circle of the Powers with which she has been allied in the war, new roads to follow. A great country of forty millions of inhabitants, in the midst of a worn-out and defeated Europe can well be useful to friends and dangerous to enemies or to indifferent parties, with her work, her intelligence and her moral and physical vigour. We have lived amidst storms. And amidst storms we will continue to live and to teach to others the science of life.

Peace will not be concluded? Well, it is not Italy's fault, but the fault of those who by means of their artificial structures, by means of their cosmopolitan banking and industrial Companies, have endeavoured to substitute their artificial structures to the natural structures of States, and to crush down or eliminate the natural elements of the life of the nations.

But can you imagine a Treaty of Peace without Italy, without the victorious nation?

Can you picture to yourselves a Mr. Wilson, flanked by Lloyd George and Clemenceau, officiating on the altar of the League of Nations, without Italy which to-day more than ever represents in her soul and in her loftiest forms the sovereign principle of nationalities?

Yes?

But then, what a burst of laughter would resound throughout the two Hemispheres!

THE DEMOCRATIC WAR!

During the period of Italian neutrality, seven months previous to our entry into the war, whilst opposing the foolish and, — by what appears now clear — the ruinous ideologies, so detrimental to us, of the promoters and stage-managers of the « democratic war », I wrote (it is useless to renew the usual protest on the odiousness of the letter « I », considering that it is impossible to burden Mr. Lloyd George or M. Clemenceau with the responsibility of my ideas), I then wrote in the columns of this same newspaper the following words: — « Before placing ourselves at their head, why should we strive to obtain an understanding between the two Powers which claim to possess in themselves the strength to accomplish two great historical missions; that is, Serbia which is aiming at the re-constitution of Greater Serbia with the southern Slavs; and Greece which, in her turn, is tending towards the re-constitution, by land and sea, of the ancient Byzantine Empire: the two Powers, in short, which have always arrayed themselves against Italy, rather than in her defence; the first, Serbia, with the Croats' propaganda in the Adriatic; the second, Greece,

with her disturbing action in all the questions arising between the Otranto Channel and the Ægean Sea?

And I concluded thus:

« I am unable to understand this tendency (a moral and idealistic tendency) and am unable to understand its golden language. I cannot understand the disinterestedness of my country displayed for the profit of the interests of other people. I do not understand the principle of nationality in the abstract or as sole agent of the life of peoples in history. *I only understand the principles, the ideas and the actions which, at a given historical moment, are useful to my country.* Besides there are no principles which have or can have an absolute value or are capable of an absolute application. The men of real efficiency in political life are the realists, not the dreamers... And I hasten to express my ardent wish that some strong realist may shape himself and may build up a doctrine for us which will be more useful and more conducive to the health of our country ». It is superfluous to say that Italy has not yet found this realist.

The war, which is a fierce and terrible struggle of interests, which is the supreme tragic expression of the peoples' struggle for life, was conducted and managed by the Italian politicians as a pure Crusade in favour of democratic ideas the triumph of which at the points of the bayonets of the victorious armies had been promised by the leader of the English Radicals, Lloyd George, and by various leaders of the Radical Governments, of France, Viviani, Briand, Ribot and Clemenceau. During the course of the war, no question was ever raised, — seriously and with positive ideas and intentions — of what practical results

Italy would expect to realize in the event of an Italian victory. The neutrality was not negotiated, nor were the war and peace negotiated. Everything was deferred to the loyalty and the generosity of the Allies, who were naturally prompted and inspired by the purest sentiments of Europeanism and of interplanetary humanitarianism. Yet, during the course of the war, there were not wanting some premonitory signs of the loyalty and generosity of the Allies in the humble but still not negligible questions of material existence; for instance, in the questions of coal, grain, freights, and, lastly, also in the distribution of the war means, of arms and men. But who had the time, then, to think of such small matters? They stinted us in everything: from bread to fuel and to barbed-wire; they sent us, when they did send after unheard-of difficulties and humiliations, the leavings of the grand banquet, for which they made us pay at the double rate of gold and blood; and from these premises there was nobody to draw the probable inferences for the future! Nobody who, from the annoyances to which we were put and the difficulties which were placed in our way at the most critical moments of the war, did not foresee the annoyances to which we would be put, and the difficulties which would be placed in our way in the glad or sorrowful moments of peace. The rigidity, the aridity, the immobility of the Italian political brain, in comparison with the agility, the fertility and the ability of the brain of the Allies in the exploitation of situations, will appear phenomenal to the historians of the future, especially when it is contrasted with the heart and soul of the country, so rich and fertile in resource, so fierce and powerful in all their reactions, so vigilant and ready in all their manifesta-

tions! The ancient Greeks represented Victory without wings. We, instead, possess a Victory without a head. And all the glory rests with the great and noble heart of this eternal people of Italy, which is not an « indolent giant », oh, Poet! and neither it is old, of, so abandoned by its leaders, it has been able to find for itself a sure lead in the just and straight road of its action.

During our war, our political men did nothing else but mount guard at the sepulchre of the democratic Ideal, an occupation to which the Allies had destined them, whilst they themselves were settling amongst themselves and on their own account the division of the spoils of Christ. What an honour such a mission was! And this honour grew immeasurably when the Associate, from across the Ocean came to join the Allies. To be European democrats was already something; but to be world democrats, what joy! The French Revolution, the *Marseillaise*, Lafayette, Wilson; what music! And what a melodrama! The Italian democrat lost touch with the earth and flew through the translucent blue of the star-spangled banner. But artless man that he was, he did not see what was hidden in the folds of the star-spangled banner! If the radicalism of Lloyd George and of Clemenceau barely covered the old imperialism of Europe, Wilson's humanitarianism covered the world-imperialism of American capital which from its industrial phase was aspiring to the commercial phase of dominion. And he, the artless man, began to strut round Wilson and to fan with his peacock tail all unfolded, the Ideal which he thought was shining, like Moses' light, on his forehead, and which was, instead, the other light (not to be despised either, nor incompatible with civilization) of American gold, which our

Statesmen were wrong in not knowing how to introduce (as it was their duty to have done) and to make flow into our national policy.

For I do not say that political men, whether friendly or not — Lloyd George, Clemenceau or Wilson — were wrong in looking after the interests of their countries, by means of their ideas; I simply say that the Italian political men were wrong in the concrete case, not to have known how to negotiate, in a financial sense, with English business men and with American or French bankers the solution of our Adriatic problem, as the Yugoslavs have more ably and more wisely been able to do. It is the mentality, the faith and the good-faith in pure principles and in pure ideals of Italian political men which frighten and terrify me; because they show me that with those principles and ideals, and owing to them my country is becoming unarmed and deprived of the possibility of offence or defence in the great struggle of modern life — which is now, more than ever, the struggle for wealth. Wilson is the chief exponent of this struggles because he represents the richest country on earth. And his authority is not derived from ideas, but from the reserves of metallic currency which are at the back of his ideas and in their paper circulation endow them with an absolute value and, in any case, with a value greatly superior to that which the pages of Plato or of Mazzini ever possessed.

The fundamental error of Italian policy in the war and in peace has been not to have wanted or known how to search for, and to find, the interests struggling under the architrave of ideas; worse still, not to have put into evidence, not to have proclaimed and defended our own particular interests, coherent and connected with our territo-

rial aspirations; not to have gathered together and co-ordinated round our special interests the interests of the stronger; not to have given, in fine, a unique, certain and realistic character to our war, and apart from the ideological character which it assumed and which was continually vacillating and fluttering between the vanities of individuals and the fatuous hopes of factions. Thus have our political leaders closed the war in open discord, and have given the two Hemispheres an insane exhibition of struggle and division, on the very eve of the Congress, on the, alas! democratic problem of the Italian territorial boundary in relation to Wilson's American principles; making the world believe in a division of the country, which has never existed; and accrediting a legend of the imperialism of our national policy, which was fated to facilitate all the coalitions of interests and tendencies against our victory and our future!

Thus ended the « democratic war » — wasting and dissipating in all its efforts the true, the great, the glorious war fought by our people, not for the triumph of this or that variable idea, of this or that changeable Party, but for the triumph of its spirit, which is of divine essence and is eternal, and for the triumph of the laws of its existence and its civilization which are worth something more than the fortune of the electors at political meetings or of the elected in Parliament.

Five hundred thousand killed and as many mutilated and wounded, are too many, in truth, for the glory of the vague ideas of our democrats and for the by no means vague interests of our Allies of France and England.

AS IN THE CASE OF GERMANY.

That which many of us had foreseen has taken place. Immediately after the war, the Allies have revealed themselves what they were and always will be: enemies. All the stage effects of « Latin Brotherhood » and of « Liberal and Democratic Brotherhood », have fallen at one stroke no sooner had the Germans retreated from the fields of Northern France and from the threatened littorals facing England. Those stage effects served only whilst on the theatre of the war there still remained, as a grisly phantom, the fear of Ludendorff's armies. The fear once dispelled, Italy's services could be dispensed with. And Lloyd George and Clemenceau pretended not to recognize her, and were astonished, rather, to see her by their side at the Congress of Paris.

Italy, in fact, when she did not appear as an intruder, was considered as being brought up for trial, at the Paris Congress. And her trial is not yet over. As swallows returning from the South sharpen their eyes to discover on the horizon the colour of their nests, so the correspondents of Italian newspapers, sharpen their eyes on the horizon of the Conference to discover whether

Fiume and Dalmatia are still in existence; whilst our most important newspapers print as titles and in big type the small news of *Le Matin* or of *Le Temps* or even of *L'Homme Libre*, announcing that perhaps to-morrow or next day will happen the *pleasant surprise*, the delivery of the sentence of acquittal or of conviction in the case against Italy. And to think that those who are now acting as Judges have been on the point of being dragged along to the Kaiser's feet with the rope round their necks! And that we inserted our hand between the rope and their necks in order to prevent the noose from giving the last pull and then letting them fall, throttled, into extreme slavery! But, let us forget these miseries; and let us only think of the future.

At the Congress, then, the Allies have placed Italy in a position of indictment. There has not been a single question referring to Italy which has been discussed by a criterion, I do not say of justice or equity, but even of honesty; of that elementary honesty which consists, for instance, in not stealing the cigarette-case or the pocket-book from the travelling companion who offers you a cigarette or shows you his passport. There has not been a single question of difficulties or conflict between her and her rivals, which has been considered, I do not say with sympathy, or in a friendly manner, but even with that common sentiment of reserve and decency which prompts persons even of elementary manners not to treat in the same way the unfortunate of the pavement and the lady who is in mourning for her sons killed in war. On the contrary, all the questions which were vexatious and offensive to us and damaging to our interests and to our security, have been reared, cultivated, pruned and grafted on

to theirs in order to yield a greater result to our detriment in the present and in the future. Think of the twice-repeated trick — fortunately avoided the second time in consequence of Sonnino's sharp refusal — of proposing to submit the question of Fiume and Dalmatia to Wilson as sole arbitrator: the just Wilson whom we know not only as our enemy and the protector of our enemies, but likewise as the enemy of the Pact of London. Think: after six months had elapsed since our victory was attained, they were not even disposed to guarantee the Pact of London, that is, our War Pact, with the excuse that Wilson — who entered into the war two years later — was not disposed to recognize it. Think, finally, of the concomitant missions of M. Allizé on behalf of France and of General Smuts, on behalf of England, to Vienna with the object of creating situations and arousing agitations on our borders which would directly tend to depreciate and to annul our victory and to raise new threats and new wrongs against our territorial security and against our economic and commercial life. And then draw your own conclusions with reference to the new diplomacy inaugurated by the illustrious representatives of the Democracy of France, England and the United States at the Paris Congress — in comparison of the old diplomacy of the Central Empires at the Congress of Brest-Litowsky. Is there any difference between the two? Certainly; but all in favour of the Central Empires which declared their intention of imposing their conditions upon a vanquished country, by right of force, and making the scale turn with the weight of Hindenburg's sword and not by means of the gold bags of international banks. I cannot say whether to-morrow the world will declare its satisfaction for having

caused the fall of two Empires and having instead placed three round its neck: the three empires of finance; no longer those of Arms and *Kultur*. Ah, it was not for this! It was not for this, indeed, that so many tears have been shed, and so much blood has been spilt in the profound abyss of the war!

The Allies do not treat Italy as an enemy in a rhetorical sense; but in a real sense; effectively and with premeditation.

In fact, they have adopted for Italy the same threat they have adopted for Germany: starvation.

What do they say to Germany? « If you do not sign the Treaty, we will not send you any food ».

And what are they saying, or causing their authorized organs to say to Italy? « If you do not bow to our will, we will not send you any more grain, nor coal ». They are even saying something worse than to Germany: because if they threaten Germany to deprive her of food, they threaten to deprive us of both food and coal.

Behold Italy, therefore, victorious Italy at the Paris Conference, reduced to the same conditions as defeated Germany at Versailles: reduced to submit to imposition on the part of her former War Allies; that is, on the part of those whom she saved from dire ruin; reduced to submit to the same imposition which offends Germany: either the Treaty as we have made it, or starvation. I do not know whether Messrs. Lloyd George and Clemenceau have formed a precise idea of the situation they are creating for Italy, and whether they intend making history by means of these tragic jests. We are very sorry for them and for their countries, besides being sorry for ourselves and for our country. And without probing any further, we restrict ourselves to denounc-

ing, to that part of the civilized world which they have not yet succeeded in reducing to slavery, the barbarous threat which they have dared to make against Italy after war and victory.

Do they delude themselves with the idea that Italy is all contained in Signor Orlando's suavity? Or that they can trifle, now, with that suavity as Bismarck in 1870 trifled with Thiers' tears which were, after all, the tears of defeat?

They would fall into the same error as Germany on the eve of the war; and would show how little they know of the Italy of the Piave and of Vittorio Veneto.

No! Orlando's suavity does not correspond to the sentiment of Italy.

To-day, in the depth of her heart, Italy has the bitterness of her Farinata — and of her Crispis.



THE GERMAN THEORY AND THE ANGLO-FRENCH ONE.

In the year 1915 Italy, together with France and England, had signed a Treaty — the Treaty of London — in which were contained the conditions of peace after the war.

In the year 1917 Italy, together with the same Powers, France and England, had also signed another Treaty, after the Meeting of Saint-Jean de Maurienne, in which Treaty were contained other conditions, concerning the eastern part of the Mediterranean, to be put into execution after victory.

Now, what has happened ?

At the Paris Congress, during a long period of five months' duration, France and England refused to guarantee to Italy the execution of the Treaty of London — this refusal being made in the name of the American Associate, who had signified his intention not to bind himself to terms not signed by him — and it was only after the secession and the departure of the Italian Delegates that they declared their decision to meet their engagements. And, as to the Treaty of Saint-Jean de Maurienne, they thought fit to ignore it altogether — in the name of Kerensky who, hav-

ing fallen from power, had been unable to adhere to it. So that, once in Wilson's name and another time in the name of Kerensky, our Allies strove to escape — which, in part they actually succeeded in doing — from the Treaties signed in their own names in time of war, and which had been concluded for the explicit aims of the war and were to represent, after victory, the aims of peace itself.

Well, in the face of this manner in which the Powers of the Entente interpret and execute Treaties which they have signed, I do not think it excessive on my part to state that the Germans, since the month of August 1914 and up to the present moment, have been most foully slandered for their theory on « *Scraps of Paper* ».

The theory of the Germans was, at bottom, a theory of strategic opportunity, and referred, besides, to a Treaty of neutrality, dated 1839, which the Kingdom of Prussia, and not the Empire of Germany had originally signed. — « Believe me », said the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, von Jagow, to the Belgian Minister, « believe me, *it is with death in her soul* that Germany has resolved upon violating the neutrality of your country; and I, personally, feel an immense sorrow for it. But what is to be done? It is a question of life and death for the Empire. If the German armies are not to be placed between the anvil and the hammer, they must strike a violent blow on the French side, in order to enable them, if need be, to turn against Russia ». And in the Reichstag, von Bethmann-Hollweg declared in the same sense, and although he confessed that he was placing himself in contradiction with the rules of the Law of Nations, that: « *Necessity knew no law* ».

But what necessity could our English and French Allies have pleaded yesterday, or can they plead to-day, for having refused once to guarantee the Treaty of London, and for having thrown the Treaty of Saint-Jean de Maurienne into the waste-paper basket without even looking if it were a scrap of paper or a piece of bandage torn from a wound? What necessity can they plead which compels them to violate the rules of the Law of Nations, as the fear of Russia compelled Germany? Were, perhaps, the armies of Venizelos threatening the frontiers of Syria, or Mesopotamia or of Egypt, so that France and England were justified — in order to save their colonial Empires — in tearing up the treaty concluded with Italy at Saint-Jean de Maurienne, and in giving the city of Smyrna (which they had agreed to give to Italy) to Venizelos instead, so as to induce him to remove his armies from the aforesaid frontiers? And all this whilst Greece was hob-nobbing with the German Emperor, and Italy was casting her blood and her fortunes into the furnace of the war?

They have been slandered, the Germans!

« We were compelled », said von Bethmann-Hollweg on August 5th. 1914, in his speech to the Reichstag, « we were compelled to override the just protest of the Luxemburg and Belgian Governments. The *wrong* — I speak openly — *the wrong that we are committing* we will endeavour to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached. Anybody who is threatened as we are threatened, and is fighting for his highest possessions, can only have one thought — how he is to hack his way through... »

Von Bethmann-Hollweg, therefore, loudly proclaimed the *wrong* he was operating against Belgium.

Could Mr. Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau repeat to-day, with words coming equally straight from the heart what was said by von Bethmann-Hollweg; now that they are tearing away the Treaty of Saint-Jean de Maurienne from the hands of Signor Sonnino and Signor Orlando, and giving it to M. Venizelos?

Macchiavelli said — (let not the Italian Delegates fear that I am awakening the great thoughtful Shadow for the purpose of placing them in an awkward position) — «that although fraud is, by nature, always detestable, yet to employ it may sometimes be necessary and even productive of glory: as, for instance, in war» (and this can be applied to von Bethmann-Hollweg's justification). «But», he goes on to say, «I do not mean that fraud is productive of glory when it impels you to break your given word and the pacts you have concluded, because although it may happen that the State or the Kingdom might benefit by it, it will never gain any glory by using it». (Let the Allies see whether these words can be applied to their actions). And, lastly, here is the rule, a political rule *par excellence*: «I mean the fraud which is employed against an enemy who has no confidence in himself: the fraud which is essential to the conduct of the war». On the strength of which argument, I ask: In the opinion of Messrs. Lloyd George and Clemenceau, is Italy to be considered as an enemy? Or was the Treaty of Saint-Jean de Maurienne concluded against enemies? And if it was concluded between friends, and was essential to the conduct of the war, and not made against the signatories of the Treaty, why should the «given word and the pacts which have been concluded» be now broken?

From one moment to another, between one shooting-trip and another, Smyrna disappears from the Italo-French-English Treaty at the Paris Congress, as a roe disappears in a trap. Who will ever see it again? Who will ever pay any more attention to it? Who will ever again speak of it, or discuss it? Yet, if you utter the words: «*Scrap of Paper!*», everybody will reply: «*Germany!*», and everyone will unanimously pour imprecations upon the bad-faith of von Bethmann-Hollweg and von Jagow.

They have been slandered, the Germans, most foully slandered!

A propos of the Paris Congress, when one is discussing treaties and stipulations, it means that political matters are being discussed, not doctrinaire or sentimental matters. It is therefore useless to introduce amongst treaties and stipulations the sentiments of those English and French private citizens who are taking their afternoon nap, or playing at lawn-tennis and at bridge whilst the Delegates of their respective countries are building up the stronghold of future European discord. Ill-posed questions and ill-defined responsibilities are fated to generate, together with the greatest misunderstandings, the most grievous errors and the most heinous crimes in the future. Let us therefore put on one side the ideas and sentiments of private citizens of France, England and even of America, and, instead let us consider the action of responsible persons only. How is this action evolved? To what end does it aim? To whose benefit or detriment is it being carried out and developed? Up to now — and apart from the attitudes and the efficiency of our Delegates, which will be judged at the proper time — no one can assert that this action has

ever been evolved and carried out in favour of Italy. The peôples of France, England and America can become the victims of their own Delegates, and declare themselves as such, to-morrow; as we ourselves are, and assert from this very moment that we are; but without supinely mingling and confounding names and responsibilities, the real fact is this: — that the political lines traced out and followed by the Delegates of the Allied Powers have never had the time nor the opportunity to meet with the Italian lines. And what is worse, that at the very point where they had previously been marked and agreed upon, they parted company, they separated unexpectedly and knew and recognized each other no more: as for instance, in the matter of treaties. Therefore, how can Italian public opinion have confidence and faith in the friendly spirit of the Allies in the solution of questions which form the subject of discussion at the Congress, or are brought to the discussion of the Congress as new and not previously considered, whilst the existence and the reasons of those questions which have already been solved and defined by existing Treaties are doubted; and whilst their execution has been submitted to conditions and wills and interests absolutely extraneous and irrelevant to the original pacts and to the very aims for which these pacts were established during the war?

I pose the problem. To which, perhaps, it is no longer worth while to seek a reply.

THE DIARY OF THE ADRIATIC.

During the past fortnight, the Adriatic question seemed to have been caught in the net of the so-called Tardieu compromise. We now learn, instead, that it is on the point of emerging from the meshes of that compromise only to be caught in the meshes of another compromise, which the President of the United States is elaborating. All these nets which the illustrious debaters of the Paris Congress are weaving laboriously with the intent of catching therein our rights and our future, will probably have no better luck than those which would attempt to catch within their meshes the vibration of a human brain, or the respiration of a human heart. The vital functions are not matters for compromises or adjustments. One must have the necessary courage, if possible, to kill the enemy, or if it is more profitable, to kill the friend, by striking him in the chest or in the back. Tying him to a corpse is merely a torture which seemed to be reserved to the gruesome phantasy of those whom the glorious descendants of 1789 are in the habit of calling by the infamous names of tyrants or of petty tyrants, according to the greater or lesser extension of the State while it is under their dominion.

One question which I have always posed to myself is the following, which I have now the honour of submitting to the consideration of political writers and of the Delagates at the Paris Congress, if my article happens to have the fortune of falling within their range of vision: — By means of what instantaneous or premeditated inspiration have Italy's Allies and the Associate found themselves unanimous, at the termination of the war, in placing themselves in conflict with the Italians of both shores of the Adriatic, and on the side of the Croats, in defence of the not yet recognized Yugoslavia? — For, the action of the Allies against us was instantaneous and has been continuous and uninterrupted, as will be demonstrated by the following Diary which I have had the patience to compile on the basis of correspondence which I received during these exceedingly long seven months from our colleagues on the opposite shore. Can it be possible that the news contained in that correspondence was unknown to the Government? And, if known, what impression did it produce on its lofty mind? And in the event of its having produced an impression of some kind, what action has the Government taken in order to avert the resulting perils and damage? These are interrogations which will all have to be replied to at some future time. Meanwhile, after having read the Diary we shall be able to draw from them the most sure and the most irrefutable inferences. Here is the Diary:

9th November 1918. — French warships arrive at Spalato and furnish a pretext for Yugoslav demonstrations. Those who have taken part in these demonstrations tear down the Italian flags, under the eyes of the Allies, who look on impassively.

November, 1918. — Notwithstanding the contrary advice of the Italian Naval Authorities, the French Admiral entrusts the maintenance of public order in Cattaro to the Servian troops.

November, 1918. — American officers on board motor boats encourage, by their conduct, the hostility of the Yugoslavs against the Italians. An American midshipman passing in front of Spalato in a motor boat waves a flag with the Yugoslav colours, in sign of salute.

November, 1918. — The Italian Commander of the S.S. *Magyaroszag*, the Commander of the M.A.S. 109, and the Captain of the S.S. *Doltin*, having to lie alongside the Spalato quay, the first in order to land some soldiers and sailors of the ex-Austrian army and navy, receive an intimation from the Harbour Master, Stipanovich, to lower the Italian flag and to hoist a white flag at the poop and either the French or Yugoslav flag on the foremast, *such being the orders of the Corfu Government.*

December, 1918. — The French warship *Altair* arrives at Zara to inquire into the demonstrations on the arrival of the Japanese destroyers. The French officers land and hold secret confabulations with the Yugoslavs: they also take charge of the latter's letters of protest against the Italians.

November, 1918. — On Nov. 30th., on the occasion of a vibrating manifestation of Italianhood, serious conflicts take place between our compatriots and a group of Croatian roughs. On the following Wednesday, the French cruiser *Courbet* presents itself before Zara casting anchor in front

of the Yugoslav Casino. The Commander of the cruiser requests the Italian representative to supply him with information regarding the aforesaid incidents, thus assuming the function of an official inquirer. He leaves nothing undone to show the Yugoslav population the legitimacy of his presence and the efficiency of the military strength under his command.

January, 1919. — At Spalato, the Servian and French Headquarters, endeavour in every possible manner to hinder the communications between the Italians residing in the city and those on board the guard ships. The search-light on board the French guard-ship is continually turned during the night on the stretch of water between the quay and the Italian vessel.

February, 1919. — A French major from Spalato presents himself at Pygomet and states that he has been sent by the Commander-in-chief of the French troops in the Seast, to verify if we have gone beyond the armistice line.

February, 1919. — Officers and men of the British warship *Veronica* land at Lissa, where they take part in a ball at the Croatian Club. They are heard to shout: « Long live Yugoslavia ! », and also: « In a few days you will obtain your freedom ! » They promise to return to Lissa.

Spalato, 9th. March, 1919. — Some agitators compel the crew of a sailing ship to lower the Italian flag, and persecute the Italian residents and Delegates. The Allied Delegates having equivocated as to whether an intervention of destroyers was necessary to quell the disorder, arrangements are made with the American Dele-

gate who thought he might induce the Delegates to act in unison; but no steps are taken by the American.

March, 1919. — The ex-Austrian S.S. *Godello*, requisitioned by the French authorities, starts a passenger and goods service, with evident damage to our interests and our prestige. The steamer ought to have been de-requisitioned by the French. A steamer belonging to the Spalato-Fiume Line is running under the auspices of the French Navy for the purpose of winning the Croats' favour.

March, 1919. — Branches of the *Musée du Commerce et de l'Industrie*, the chief Office of which is situated in Paris, 20, Quai de la Mégisserie, have been opened in *Agram* and *Belgrade*. Other Agencies will be opened in Spalato, Scadro and Serajevo.

Spalato. — At Spalato, a Croatian instigator spits upon an Italian officer. He is arrested and brought up for trial on an American warship. The Croat is sentenced to one day's imprisonment and a fine of 10 Kroners, that is, 4 Italian Lire, amidst general laughter!

March, 1919. — The proposal of the Italian Admiral to occupy Spalato with international forces in view of a revolutionary movement is rejected by the Delegates, who declare their entire confidence in the Servian troops and consider them sufficient, together with detachments of international troops to maintain order.

Spalato, March, 1919. — The French Delegate makes an application for a regular requisition of

steamers at Scutari and Skedra, which have already been requisitioned by us.

The American and English Delegates in the name of their Governments express an opinion contrary to that of our Government, and assert the right of the Committee to decide upon and to sanction all requisitions effected after December 21st.

March. — The French Delegate in the name of his Government makes an inquiry on the state of the warships which were being built in the various ship-building yards on the ex-Austrian coast occupied by us.

March, 1919. — Extracts from an inquiry made by an Italian Admiral, and his impressions on the political and military situation at Spalato, and on the conditions of the armistice: « M. Kestli « declares that he is Governor of the whole of « Dalmatia by order of the Belgrade Government. « The other Members are considered as mere « employés.

« The Provisional Government instituted according to Article 6 of the conditions of Armistice is considered as non-existing. The Servian Government has literally taken possession of the place, and its action has been sanctioned by the Americans and the French. The Servian Government considers the territory which has been entrusted to the Americans by the Allies, as if it were definitely annexed to Serbia. General Vasich has been appointed military Delegate for Serbia to the local Government.

« The action taken by the Superior Naval Command of the United States up to the end of February can be resumed as follows:

a) No control whatever over the Provisional Government, nor over the Press. A tacit toleration of the most vulgar insults inflicted upon one of the Allies: Italy.

b) No measures taken against the insults to the Italian flag.

c) Proposals for the removal of Italian war-ships.

d) No notice taken of the nationalities of the fallen Austro-Hungarian Empire.

e) No decisions taken nor any energy shown on several occasions when the prestige of the Italian flag and the good name of the Italians and of the Allies themselves have been seriously damaged.

Admiral Niblach, the Delegate of the Adriatic Interallied Commission, since the month of February and immediately after his arrival at Spalato, has taken up the Superior Naval Command also. He does not consider himself as the mandatory of the Allied Powers for the application of the conditions of the Armistice, because, in his opinion, these conditions have nothing to do with this zone; as the zone is contested; and, besides, he has openly declared that this part of Dalmatia has been recognized as belonging to Serbia.

March, 1919. — The Italian Delegate ascertains that the terms of the Armistice are not being complied with. His views are not upheld by the other Delegates. He presents a Minute noting the non-compliance. The other Delegates do not accept a proposal, advanced by him, of an interallied occupation to prevent possible riots.

March, 1919. — An inquiry is made with reference to the incidents which took place on March 9th., between Italian sailors and an instigator, by a Commission composed of the Commanders of the Allied warships. A Minute of the inquiry is drawn up, *but it is not accepted by the Italian Delegate*, the conclusions being unfavourable to the Italians.

April, 1919. — The French Delegate issues a Communiqué stating that his Government has ordered that the ex-Austro-Hungarian steamer *Godollo*, which had been requisitioned by the French Government, should be assigned to military traffic, and also to the transportation of goods and passengers. This measure practically tends to the re-establishment of the Hungaro-Croatian Setamship Company, under the protection of the French flag.

March, 1919. — The S.S. *Lusley*, which is under requisition by the British Government, surreptitiously attempts to land correspondence and newspapers, which, however, are seized.

April, 1919. — The American authorities at Spalato make a census of the Italian population. They consider as Italian only those persons born in the kingdom of Italy, and take no notice of those born in Dalmatia and of those who, from choice, are Italian. The result of the census will not represent the real situation.

May, 1919. — A naphta-vessel having on board a French naval commander and crew hoists the French flag only, whereas by a decision of the Committee of Admirals it has been established

that that vessel also should hoist the interallied flag, together with the French flag.

May, 1919. — The arrival of the Servian Band at Spalato affords the opportunity for demonstrations of a serious nature against Italy, accompanied by insults against Italian officers and non-commissioned officers who are passing in the streets. « Long live Wilson! » and « Down with Italy! » was shouted. From the balcony of the Municipal Palace, Servian and Allied officers look on at these manifestations. The American Commander offers apologies, and promises to ask for the recall of the French Commander.

May, 1919. — The officers of the British warship *Ceres* are continually present at meetings held in the Yugoslav Club at Zara, although the presence of the vessel is not justified. The Yugoslavs had been previously informed of the forthcoming arrival of the vessel.

I have suppressed from this Diary many odious episodes of a personal character, and have only left those of a political nature, in order not to go beyond the line which I have traced for my demonstration, and within which I intend rigidly to contain my discussion.

It is clear by the afore mentioned facts, that there is a method in all the action of our Allies; a method corresponding to a well determined aim, to a well-arranged and harmonized programme. There are no doubts, no uncertainties, no misunderstandings and, much less, dissensions between our Allies of France and England and the Associate, Wilson, on the Adriatic problem: there is something more than concordance

between them ; there is uniformity of views, unity of assertion and unity in the means and the end ; which is to prevent Italy from becoming mistress of the Adriatic ; and to impede her from finding, by herself and by the expansive force of her liberty and her trade, the way to come into agreement with the Balkan peoples commencing from her closest neighbours, the Yugoslavs. Whence the design of creating at her side the perpetual anxiety and preoccupation about Yugoslavia, which is rendered still more acute, still more poisonous, still more engrossing and resisting owing to the Allies' political strength and financial power. But who can seriously imagine that at the very hour in which they are cutting up in quarters the fat ox of Asia and of Africa to prepare them for their Homeric banquet ; and that, whilst in the ports, on the rivers and on the mountains of continents they are gaily strutting it as conquerors, three great Powers like France, England and the United States by means of its President, are likewise sitting for months and months with their heads bent over the microscope endeavouring to discern the Croatian bacilli in the blood of Istria and Dalmatia ; if, under this toilsome work there were not hidden an idea and an interest far superior to the reasons of life of those bacilli ?

The unpardonable fault of the Italian Government was that of not having seen or even looked for what was in the soul and in the mind of the Allies during four years of daily contact and daily transactions with them ; of not having felt or understood from the many signs which blurred the atmosphere the scarcely concealed drama of the Alliance ; and of having appeared at the Conference with its soul in a state of candour and

with a flower in its button-hole, without even suspecting the storm which was brewing and which would soon upset that candour and brush away that flower.

The Italian Government remained for seven months seated at the green table without understanding anything of the game which was being played, or of the style of the players. And perhaps even now it is illuding itself that its partners are showing it their cards. But those cards are merely the geographical maps drawn by Mr. Wilson's experts.

To-day, after seven months, there emerge, one following the other, none but compromises which only serve to tangle the threads of the question and to mingle them in a way which will render the finding of the knot impossible. And you will see in the end — if there will be an end — that no solution can be acceptable because no compromise can ever be possible in regard to the absolute. And the right of Fiume of deciding of her own fate is the absolute — against which the formal logic and the formal diplomacy of the Allies will inevitably break their horns.

Furthermore, as it is happening in our question, so will it happen in all the other questions which are lying waiting to be solved before the Congress of Paris, which, as one can plainly see, is not arriving and cannot arrive at any decisive result, because it is acting and enacting outside the pale of the laws of history and the teachings of reality.

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